Saturday Review

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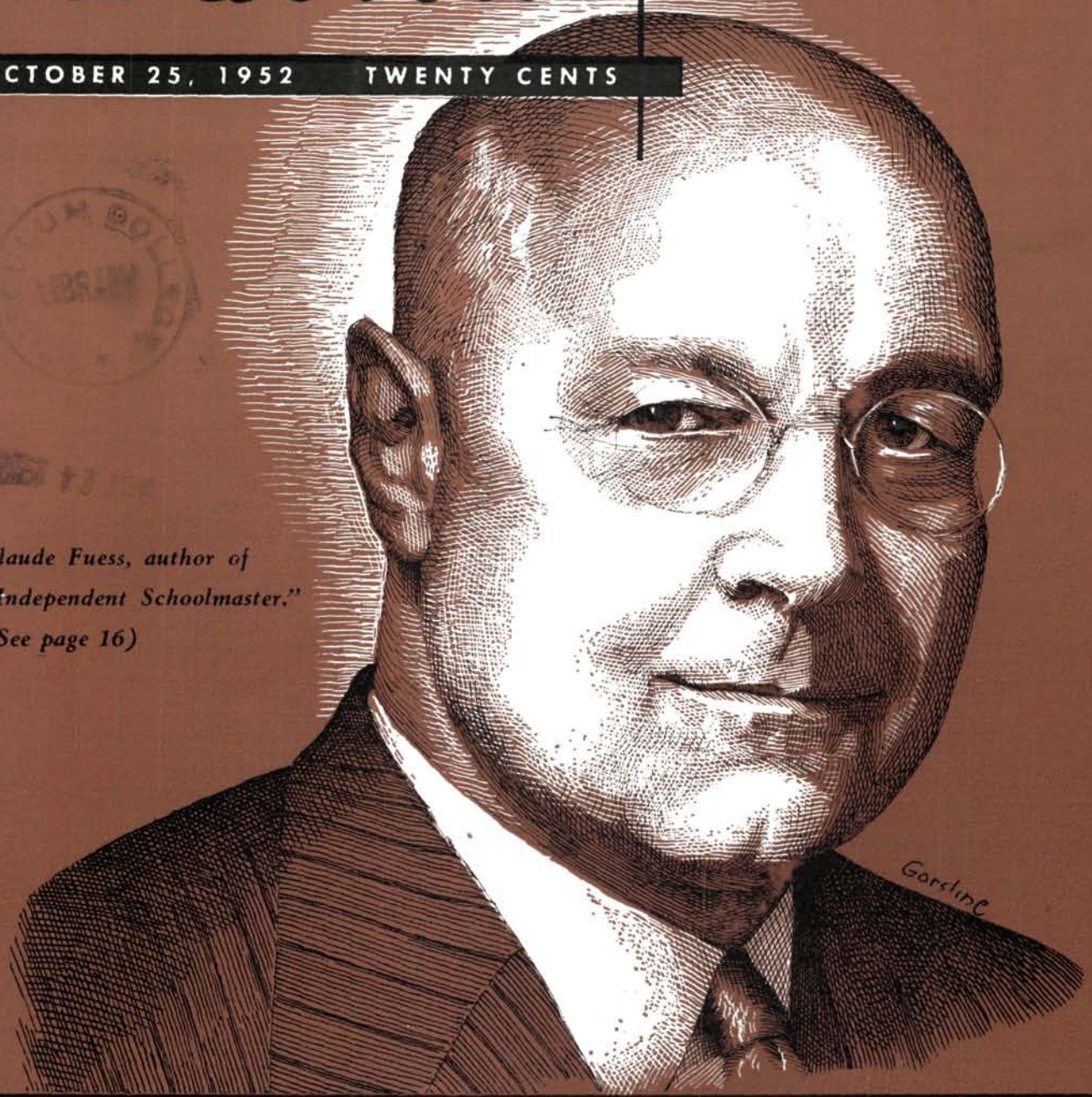

Claude Fuess, author of "Independent Schoolmaster."
(See page 16)

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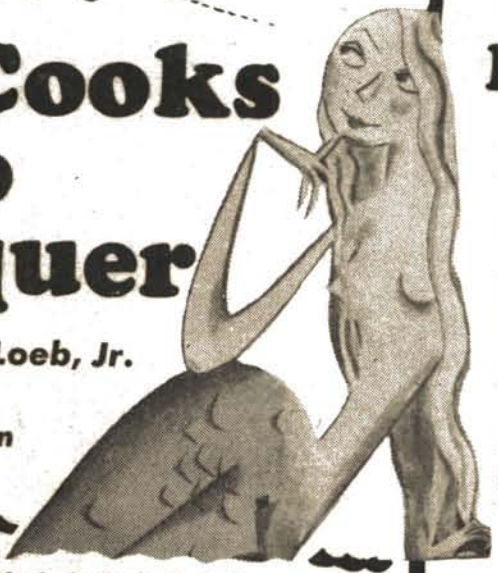

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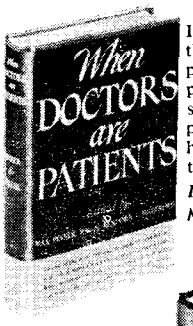

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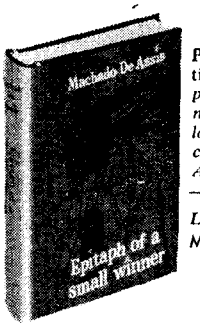

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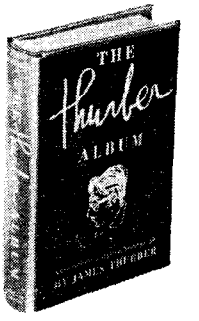

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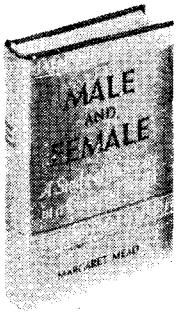

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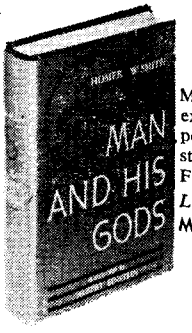

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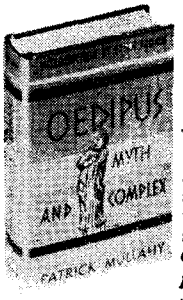

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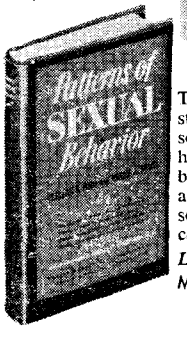

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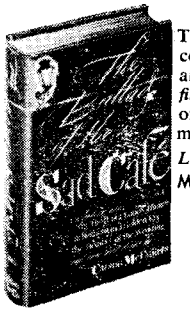

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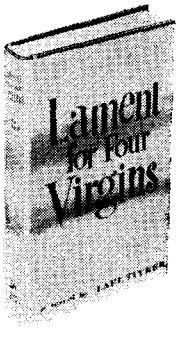

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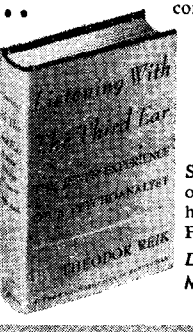

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I LIKE to think of myself as one who knows enough to come in out of the rain. Even better, I like to think of myself as one who knows enough to come in. I am one, in fact, who finds his greatest pleasure within doors; and I am quite willing to leave the Great Outdoors to the eager attentions of the clear-eyed, hobnail-booted, wool-shirted, unshaven horde of naturelovers.

¶ That is why I have been surprised to find myself liking a new Doubleday book called "Our Amazing Birds." Robert S. Lemmon wrote it, and (as the naturelovers know) Lemmon not only makes Nature interesting, he also makes Nature fun. Using the keyhole instead of the binocular Mr. Lemmon reports some little known facts about the private lives of 102 different birds. Here, with some appended comments of my own, are a few of these facts:

¶ The Albatross cuts a rather comical figure during his courtship dance (which might have made the Wedding Guest a happier and a wiser man) . . . The Raven does not say "Nevermore", but he occasionally makes a sound like the ringing of a bell (proving that Poe had the right bird, but the wrong poem) . . . The Bittern's love song sounds like a pump (or, as a lady Bittern might say, prime) . . . The Cowbird has an astonishing lack of moral character (as Pogo has known all along).

¶ Don Eckelberry has illustrated the book with 102 stunning drawings. It was because of these drawings that an editor at another publishing house asked if he could *borrow* a copy of this book. Since it is a known fact that publishers seldom offer to buy or borrow books from other publishers, he hastened to add that he assumed that a book with so many illustrations would be too expensive for an editor to cadge from me or purchase from his bookseller. Happily, I was able to explain that, far from bearing the $25 price tag he expected, the book cost only $3.95. As soon as he learned that he could afford the book, he asked me to give him a copy.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

¶ This space has been reserved by Doubleday for periodic informal comments on the reading, writing and publishing of books.

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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 25, 1952

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SR/IDEAS

FIVE KEYS TO THE POLITICAL RIDDLE, by Elmo Roper and Louis Harris.....13
THE EQUILIBRIUM OF FREEDOMS: AN EDITORIAL.....24

SR/BOOKS

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLMASTER, by Claude M. Fuess
Reviewed by Allan V. Heely.....16
MCCARTHY, by Jack Anderson and Ronald May
Reviewed by William T. Evjue.....17
PIONEER'S PROGRESS, by Alvin Johnson
Reviewed by Ordway Tead.....19
J. P. MARQUAND, ESQUIRE, by Philip Hamburger
Reviewed by Robert Halsband.....19
ONE SKY TO SHARE, by R. L. Bruckberger
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts.....20
THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN VICTORIA, by Dormer Creston
Reviewed by George Dangerfield.....20
THE LOVED AND THE UNLOVED, by François Mauriac
Reviewed by Laurence LeSage.....21
MEN AT ARMS, by Evelyn Waugh
Reviewed by James Gray.....22
THE REVENGE FOR LOVE, by Wyndham Lewis
Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster.....22
THE LOST TRAIL OF THE SAHARA, by R. Frison-Roche
Reviewed by John W. Vandercook.....23
MUSIC AND IMAGINATION, by Aaron Copland
Reviewed by Wilder Hobson.....33
THE ORGAN, by William Leslie Sumner
Reviewed by David Hebb.....34
IN SEARCH OF CHOPIN, by Alfred Cortot
Reviewed by Harold C. Schonberg.....35
HERE'S A HOW-DE-DO, by Martyn Green
Reviewed by Newman Levy.....36
THE WOMAN WITH THE WHIP, by Maria Flores
Reviewed by Duncan Aikman.....40

SR/THE ARTS

SEEING THINGS: QUEEN BEA, by John Mason Brown.....26
BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes.....27
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert.....29
TV AND RADIO, by Goodman Ace.....31
MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin.....32
SR RECORDINGS FOR NOVEMBER.....53

SR/DEPARTMENTS

TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf.....6
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....25
NEW EDITIONS, by Ben Ray Redman.....37
LITERARY CRYPT.....44
LITERARY I.Q.....45
THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....47
THE FILM FORUM, by Cecile Starr.....48
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 970.....51

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXV, No. 43, Oct. 25, 1952. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1952 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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Good News

▶ Since 1951, Magazines for Friendship, Inc., a non-profit corporation, and the Pasadena Chamber of Commerce have been successfully waging a nationwide campaign to spread the truth about America around the world. This plan for mailing old copies of good American magazines to people abroad has been widely adopted by individuals, organizations, and local communities. Its sponsors believe that: "Better American magazines are the most effective propaganda. They show how we live and think. They reflect the rewards to the individual citizen of our freedom and democracy. They counteract Communism and anti-Americanism abroad; they are more valuable than guns and bullets if we get them overseas." (EDITOR'S NOTE: *For a listing of magazines and further information readers may address Magazines for Friendship, Inc., c/o Pasadena Chamber of Commerce, 164 North Euclid Avenue, Pasadena 1, Calif.*)

▶ In Louisville, Ky., a judge passed sagacious sentence on an intellectual thief, accused of stealing a volume of Shakespeare's tragedies from a local book shop. The judge told the reader that as he was a book lover the court would give him the best book in the world. He ordered the prisoner to read a Gideon Bible daily.

▶ UNICEF's recent appeal on behalf of the world's children is receiving wide response from all over Europe. Among many gifts there is that of an old lady of ninety-two years, living in a little town on Funen Island off the coast of Denmark. She just sent in all her life savings—one thousand kroner, over one hundred and fifty dollars—for the sick and needy children of the world.

▶ Fifty-year production records have been broken by an Edinburgh, Scotland, printing works, the only one of its kind in Britain. The machine operators, readers, apprentices, bookbinders, and manager have not seen the 55,213 magazines and 5,294 volumes turned out by the presses during 1952. They are all blind. The printing works is part of the Royal Blind Asylum and School of Edinburgh. The only sighted people are those who read slowly from books or magazines to the blind girls who transcribe the words into Braille.

▶ Edward D. Blackwell of Goshen, Vermont, failed to obtain insurance as a bad risk in 1878. He recently celebrated his 100th birthday.

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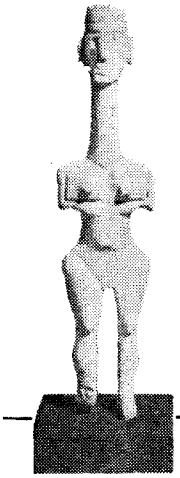

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TRADE Winds

FRANK NORRIS is a name you don't hear often enough in discussions of American literature these days. Although he was only thirty-two years old when he died in 1902 (of a tropical fever contracted while serving as a field correspondent in the Boer War) he had already written three powerful novels: "The Octopus," "The Pit," and "McTeague." The latter, a coruscating study of a miserly dentist and his wife in the then-unsavory Polk Street district of San Francisco, is most likely to endure. A fine film version (released under the title of "Greed") sparked a revival of interest in it some years ago. And now Professor James D. Hart, of the University of California, is trying to reassemble the original manuscript of McTeague, written in longhand, for preservation in the library's archives there. Because of an unusual circumstance, it's taking some doing!

It seems that in 1928 Doubleday, Doran & Company had sponsored a limited Argonaut Edition of Frank Norris's works, and as a come-on for collectors who went in for that sort of thing before the Wall Street crash drove them out of their libraries and on to their window ledges, tipped in a page of the original manuscript of "McTeague" in Volume I of each set. When they ran a bit short near the end they even tore the last few pages in half. Professor Hart, who probably solves jig-saw puzzles in his spare time, got the idea for trying to put Humpty Dumpty together again when he came upon one of the original pages of Norris's script in the set owned by the University library. He found another on a top shelf of his brother-in-law's study, a third in an old book store off Market Street.

The quest was on! Aided and abetted by the shrewd publicity of Joseph Henry Jackson, the golden-throated Lanza of the West Coast literati, Professor Hart has already rounded up thirty-five original pages of "McTeague," leaving approximately two hundred to go. And the letters to second-hand dealers and librarians have just begun to bring results. They're stressing the fact that if owners cannot find it in their hearts to part with these pages (though in all candor they have little or no monetary value today) photostats will do almost as nicely. The main objective is to get the whole manuscript in one piece again. It is filled with changes and corrections and will offer future students invaluable clues regarding Norris's character and technique. Maybe a few TRADE WINDS readers have the Argonaut Edition tucked away somewhere. If so, Professor Hart hopes you'll be kind enough to communicate with him at the University of California, in Berkeley.

Incidentally, Frank Norris served a spell in the editorial sanctum of Doubleday, Page & Company at the turn of the century, and was, in fact, instrumental in bulling through the

acceptance of a manuscript that had offended the sensibilities of more delicate members of the board: "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser. . . .

IT'S RARE ENOUGH WHEN THE conductor of a daily book column can find the time to write one book of his own in any given season. This fall the many-faceted Sterling North has achieved *two!* One of them, a beguiling juvenile called "The Birthday of Little Jesus," is published by Grosset & Dunlap; the other, "Reunion on the Wabash," is a novel published by Doubleday. Collecting background material for his novel (it's the story of twenty-four action-packed hours during a devastating flood of the Wabash River) Sterling came upon the mysterious footprint in a slab of limestone near Evansville, Illinois, which natives insist was left there by the Angel Gabriel. True or not, this proved to be one footstep Sterling couldn't fill. He wears a 7-D. The footstep is nearer to a 10. . . . Publishers' Row mourns the passing of Howard Lewis, president of Dodd, Mead, and, by his own hand, Eliot Holt, ill-starred son of Henry Holt. . . . The erudite and personable Joe Flanigan, for many years a trouble-shooter in *The New Yorker* hierarchy, moved over to WQXR, *The New York Times* radio station, just in time to participate in the inauguration of Gilbert Highet's new weekly Tuesday evening book broadcasts (available in transcribed form to other stations and bookstores throughout the country). They're the best thing of their kind since the days of Alec Woollcott, and, while lacking in the Woollcott schmaltz, are infinitely su-

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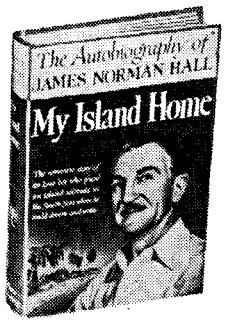

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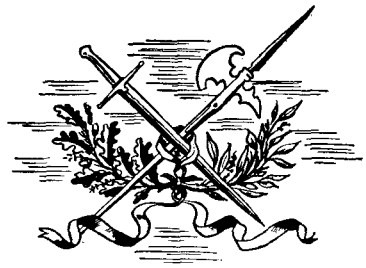

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perior in good taste and erudition. Woollcott was a unique attraction in the manner of Gorgeous George, the wrestler, and Dagmar. Highet is a scholar with a rare sense of humor. . . .

DASHING AROUND NORTH CAROLINA, I found myself on the heels of the campaigning General Eisenhower. And when it came to opening the Southern States Fair in Charlotte I learned that Faye Emerson had performed the ceremony the last time out. General Ike and Fayesie are both mighty tough acts to follow, if not exactly for the same reasons. I was reminded of the time Colonel Lindbergh, fresh from his triumphant solo flight across the Atlantic, had been introduced to a cheering audience at the Ziegfeld Follies. Will Rogers, who came on stage immediately thereafter, announced, "You don't catch me doing my regular monologue after a scene like that. I will now recite the Gettysburg Address." One unreconstructed editor, incidentally, began his story of Eisenhower's speech in Columbia, South Carolina, "The first Yankee General since Sherman invaded South Carolina this morning!"

THE FRIENDLINESS OF PEOPLE in the South always comes as a warming surprise to more reserved visitors from up North. A man waiting with you for a hotel elevator always greets you instead of staring past you. A total stranger asked if I'd like to drop into his room with him for a snifter. The girl who called to awaken me at 7 A.M. at the King Cotton Hotel in Greensboro, however, carried things a bit far, it seemed to me. At 7:15, while I was rendering "Wish You Were Here" happily in the shower, she rang me again. Dripping water and shivering, I ran to the phone to hear her say, "I just wanted to make sure, honey, that you hadn't fallen asleep again."

Until I spoke there I hadn't realized that the Women's College of the University of North Carolina is bigger than Vassar, Wellesley, or Smith. In fact, somebody told me it's the biggest

woman's college in the country, but I haven't gotten around to checking that up yet. At any rate, there are 2,400 girls studying at Greensboro, and all of them looked like candidates for Miss Rheingold. The faculty includes Lettie Rogers, author of "South of Heaven," and Robie Macauley, whose

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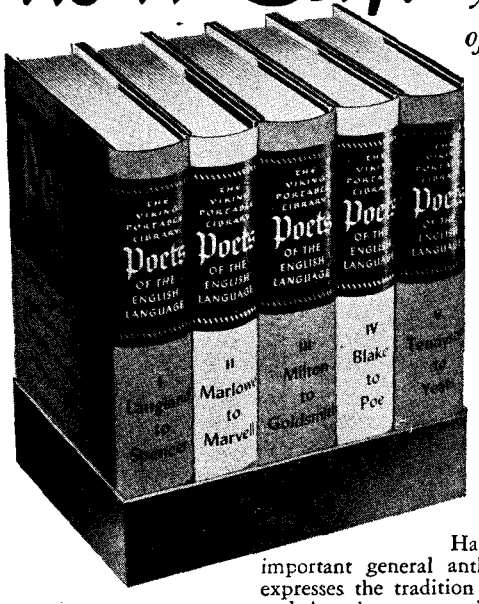

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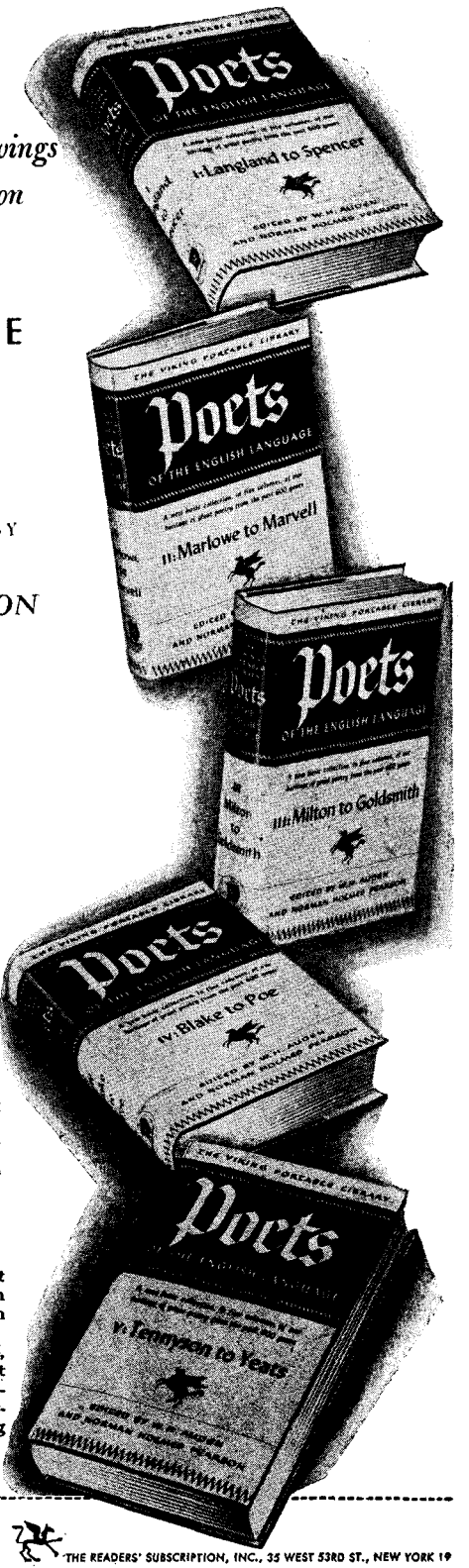

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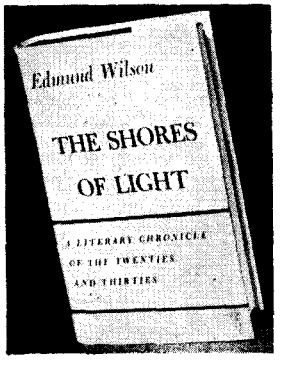

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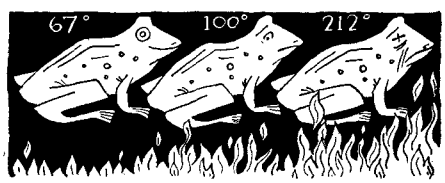
"Disguises of Love" is one of the highly touted novels of the coming month. And a stone's throw from the campus is one of the finest bookstores in the country—Straughan's—presided over by Miss Mattie Straughan and her sisters, Alice and Mabel.

Miss Mattie began her bookselling career at the Baptist Publishing House in Nashville. She opened her own shop in 1924, branched out to High Point in 1950, and opened another model shop in the exclusive Summit Center development last year. They're trying to persuade her to extend her operations still further to Fort Bragg, but Miss Mattie declares firmly, "I know when I've had enough." The day I visited her she was trying to fill the thousand advance orders she had taken on the new Nelson Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible and explaining to frustrated customers that the leather edition was sold out for at least three months to come. Nelson's were so deluged with orders (the total is now over a million) that they shut off their telephones. But you don't say "no" to Miss Mattie. She got through to the general manager, who promised her an additional lot by plane the next day. I wouldn't be surprised if he delivered them in person. . . .

IS THERE A CHANCE of either of the Carolinas going Republican this fall? It's going to be closer than anyone would have dreamed possible a few months ago. Most of the business people I spoke to favored Ike. Students



and faculty leaned to Adlai. I suspect the same division prevails in most other states too. Either way, the country won't be the loser. When all the campaign oratory and mud-slinging subsides we'll realize how lucky we were to have two such candidates.

One thing is certain these days: nobody in America is being lulled into a false sense of security. I am mindful of an experiment that was conducted once in a Cornell laboratory. A live frog, thrown into a pot of boiling water, leaped out in the fraction of a second—the instinct for self-preservation saving his life. Then, however, the frog was put into a pan of cold water which was heated very, very slowly. The contented frog made not the slightest effort to jump—in fact, he relaxed so completely that he ultimately boiled to death.

—BENNETT CERF.

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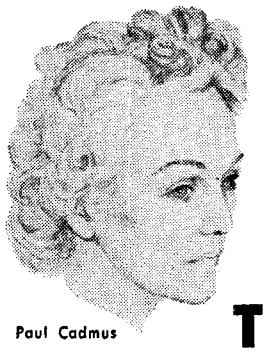

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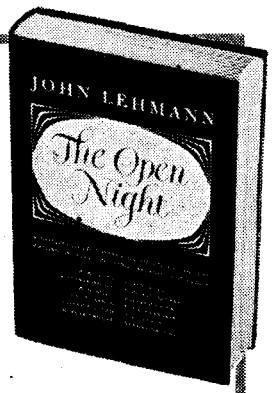

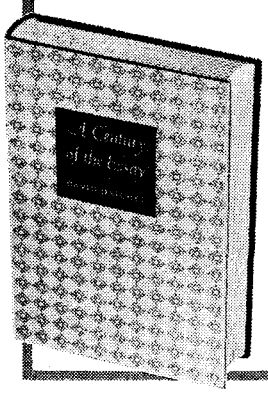

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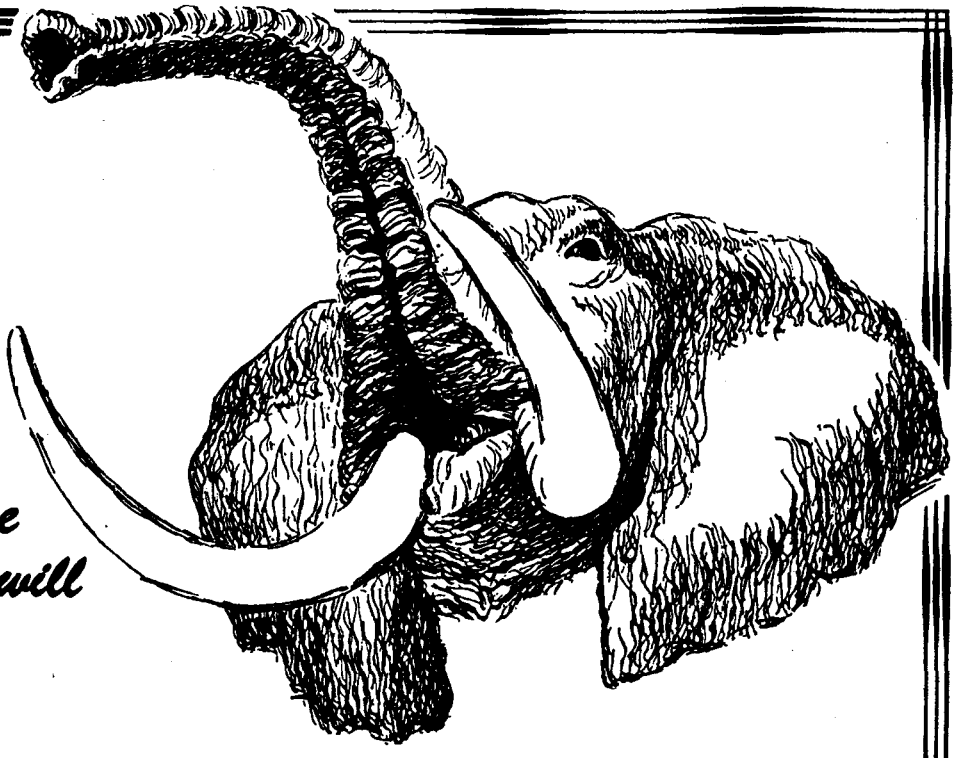

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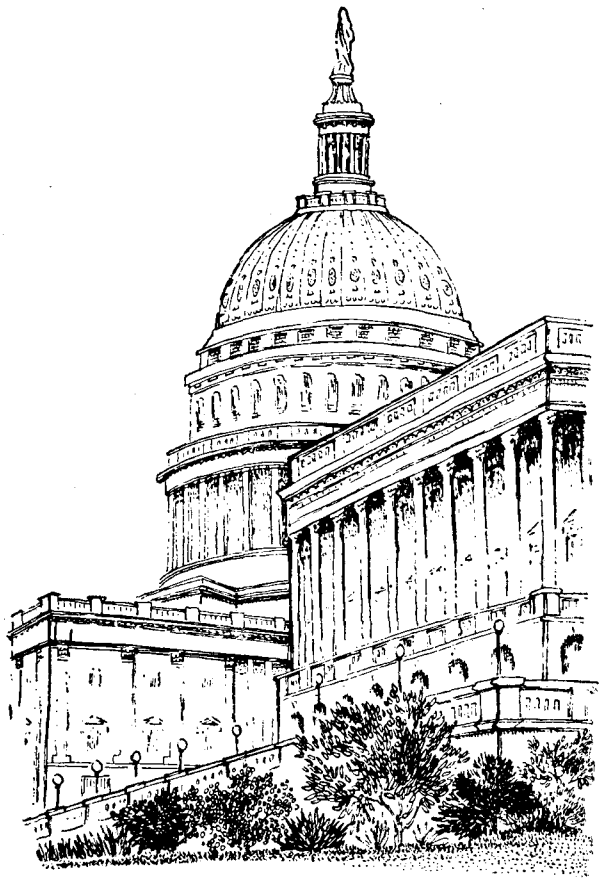
The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 25, 1952

Five Keys to the Political Riddle

ELMO ROPER & LOUIS HARRIS



THE outstanding characteristic of this election is that it is marked by conflict. Not just the usual conflict between Democrats on the one hand and Republicans on the other, but rather conflict within the minds of American voters.

Only something over half of the people approach November 4 with deep-seated certainty they are for Stevenson or Eisenhower. These voters have by and large eliminated most or even all of the doubts they might have about their decision. The other half of the voters, in varying degrees, are "in conflict": they would like to vote for Eisenhower, but have strong pulls toward the Democrats or strong reservations about the Republicans; or they would like to vote for Stevenson, but have some misgivings about continuing the Democratic Party in power.

The degree of conflict varies within individuals and groups. For example, in our nationwide surveys we found people who stated that they intended to vote for Eisenhower and yet in answer to other questions showed an almost unbroken habit of voting Democratic in the past, a complete indorsement of the New Deal, and on top of all this they thought the Democratic Party could handle what they regarded as the important issues of the day more capably than the Republican Party. It is questionable whether such people will finally walk into the polling booth on Election Day and vote Republican. By the same token, of course, there were people in an equally complete state of conflict among those leaning toward Stevenson at the time this is written.

Not all of the people in doubt or in conflict are so deeply in conflict as that; some are just mildly disturbed. But 31 per cent of the voters, according to our survey results, are in deep and genuine doubt or conflict. These people are "torn" between the two candidates and parties. There are distinct and sharply-drawn issues and pressures coming to bear on them from both directions. Their trouble is they can see merit on both sides, and also have doubts and even fears about both sides.

The issues in this election which count are those which cut deepest among the "in basic conflict" voters. Here are the forces which bear most heavily in Stevenson's direction:

1. Majorities think the Democratic Party is the party of good times, full employment, and the working man.

2. Most of the New Deal has become so widely accepted that it has become almost non-controversial among all but die-hard Republicans.

3. The Democratic Party is regarded by most as the party taking leadership in uniting a free world.

4. A considerable number of people have an aversion to a military man in the White House.

5. A full 50 per cent of the voters have voted Democratic for President, without exception, for the past twenty years.

At work for Eisenhower are these forces:

1. The high cost of living is the number one issue, and is a strong irritant among many normal Democrats.

2. The people are frustrated over Korea, where we are going and what we have accomplished there at great sacrifice.

3. There is widespread belief that the Democrats have been "soft" on the issue of Communists in Government posts.

4. While not as decisive as it once appeared to be, corruption in Washington still is a sore spot among many voters.

5. Many believe after twenty years it is time for a change of Administration in the Federal Government.

In addition to these "issues" there are personality factors. Do Taft, Mc-

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Elmo Roper and his senior associate, Louis Harris, have worked together on statistical surveys and polls for many years. In the preparation of the above article they were assisted by Roper's director of research, Miss Carolyn Crusius.

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Carthy, and Jenner help Eisenhower, and does Truman help Stevenson? Stevenson is better liked by TV viewers than by those who haven't seen him—and better liked by them than Eisenhower is. Eisenhower's personal appeal is still strong among many more than have been able to see Stevenson on television.

BUT these elements are important only as they figure in the thinking of people when they go to the polls. When issues are analyzed from the standpoint of their importance on the "in basic conflict" group it appears that the key to who our next President will be lies in the answers to five basic questions:

1. Can Stevenson hold onto—or win back from those in doubt—enough regular Democrats in such traditional Democratic strongholds as those in the lower-income groups, young people, housewives, voters in the big cities, and the big ethnic groups?

If Adlai Stevenson were to be the recipient of all of the normal Democratic vote in this country he would be an odds-on bet to be the thirty-fourth President of the United States. But by the nature of American politics—and more particularly the Democratic Party—any candidate on the Democratic ticket must abide by a strange rule: he must make a number of normally Democratic groups *slightly* unhappy with him in order that none go *completely* off the reservation.

For instance, to make completely happy the key Northern Negro groups the Democratic candidate has to plump for civil rights legislation. But to make equally happy the traditionally solid South he must prove himself to be an all-out states-righter. To hold the big-city low-income vote in line he must play the theme of keeping controls on the cost of living, especially food prices. Yet to make the most capital in the farm belt he must promise a floor under agricultural (food) prices, and at the same time play down controls over the price of farm products.

When these and a hundred other subtle differences of emphasis are combined with the necessity of getting a relatively unknown figure to become a familiar, household word through television and radio—where all these diverse groups simultaneously can listen to what he says—the complexities of electing a Democratic candidate President can be appreciated. But that is precisely the problem Governor Stevenson has faced in this election, and as the campaign goes down to the wire the real question is whether or not he can hold enough of the traditionally normal Democratic majorities to win.

Among some groups the Democratic tide still runs deep. Stevenson leads 2½ to 1 among Polish-American voters, 2 to 1 among those of Italian descent, 2½ to 1 among Northern Negroes, 2½ to 1 among union members.

But there are other normally Democratic groups which will have to be firmed up before they enter the voting booth on Election Day if they are to return anything like regular Democratic majorities.

a. *Irish-American Voters*—Normally 9 to 5 Democratic, 28 per cent of the Irish vote is in doubt and conflict. Among the 62 per cent who have decisively made up their minds Stevenson leads by only a 4 to 3 margin. The chief source of conflict among the Irish is this: aroused over the stalemated war in Korea and charges of Communists in Government jobs at home, many are inclined to think the Republicans will wage a more vigorous and effective campaign against Communism. But they are torn between this conviction and an equally held feeling that the Republicans simply won't be able to maintain the good times the Democrats have presided over. Many will go right down to Election Day in a state of conflict, although a majority will probably end up voting Democratic, in line with their tradition.

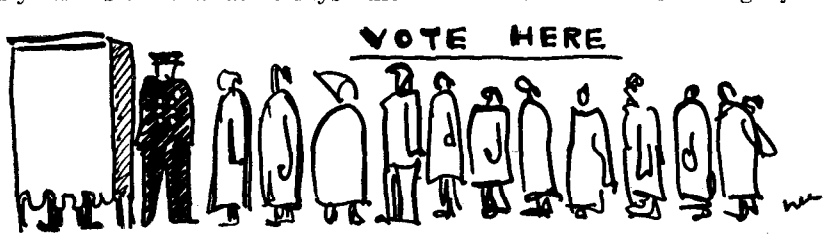
b. *Union Families*: Normally 2 to 1 Democratic, 28 per cent of the people in families of union members find themselves in a state of doubt and conflict. The 72 per cent who have made up their minds and are not in deep conflict are running 4 to 3 for Stevenson. The sources of conflict are these: these workers' wives are disturbed by the high cost of living and the Korean War. In addition, only 53 per cent of these union family voters who look to the CIO and AFL for guidance and leadership in political affairs know that those organizations are backing Stevenson. Despite normal allegiance to the New Deal and the Democratic Party, unions and their members have a tough job cut out for them to carry anywhere near the normal union-family vote.

c. *Big City Voters*: In cities of over one million population the Democrats have a normal 2 to 1 majority in party affiliation. Thirty per cent are in doubt or "in basic conflict." Among the other 70 per cent Stevenson appears to have only a 3 to 2 lead. Three key issues are whittling away at normal Democratic leads in the big cities: the high cost of living, frustration over Korea, and the charge of Communists in Government jobs in Washington. Against this, the Democrats have a twenty-year tradition of voting not only the Democratic Party but the New Deal, and a feeling that the Republicans are quite capable of creating another depression.

d. *Small-Town Voters*: Rural nonfarm towns of under 2,500, normally 5 to 3 Democratic, find 32 per cent of their voters in conflict. The 68 per cent committed vote is running 4 to 3 Eisenhower at this writing. The conflict is: as grateful recipients of Democratic-inspired rural prosperity they are pulled toward the Republicans by three forces in this election—corruption in Government and the claim that Communists hold key jobs in Washington, along with a strong feeling that they know Eisenhower and are not familiar with Stevenson. How well their information gaps about the Governor have been filled by Election Day will go a long way to determine whether or not the Democrats can retain their hold on small-town America.

e. *The South*: Traditionally solid in the Democratic column by nearly 4 to 1, 34 per cent of the South is in conflict. The other 66 per cent is only 3 to 2 for Stevenson as this is written. In fact, in the cities of the South Eisenhower is drawing even with the Governor. The margin for the Democrats appears to lie among the farmers and Negroes, who are voting in increasing numbers. Southern farmers are thoroughly pleased with the Democratic farm program and have no intention of voting against their own pocketbooks or against the party of their forebears. The Administration farm program is paying unexpectedly important dividends in the South this year. Truman's support of Stevenson hurts him in the cities of the South, where the corruption issue and Eisenhower's personality cut deep. There is a rural-urban conflict below the Mason-Dixon line.

f. *Shopkeepers*: For years the Democrats have been championing the small businessman, and as a result they are 5 to 4 Democratic in party affiliation. However, today 28 per cent of them are "in basic conflict." Among 72 per



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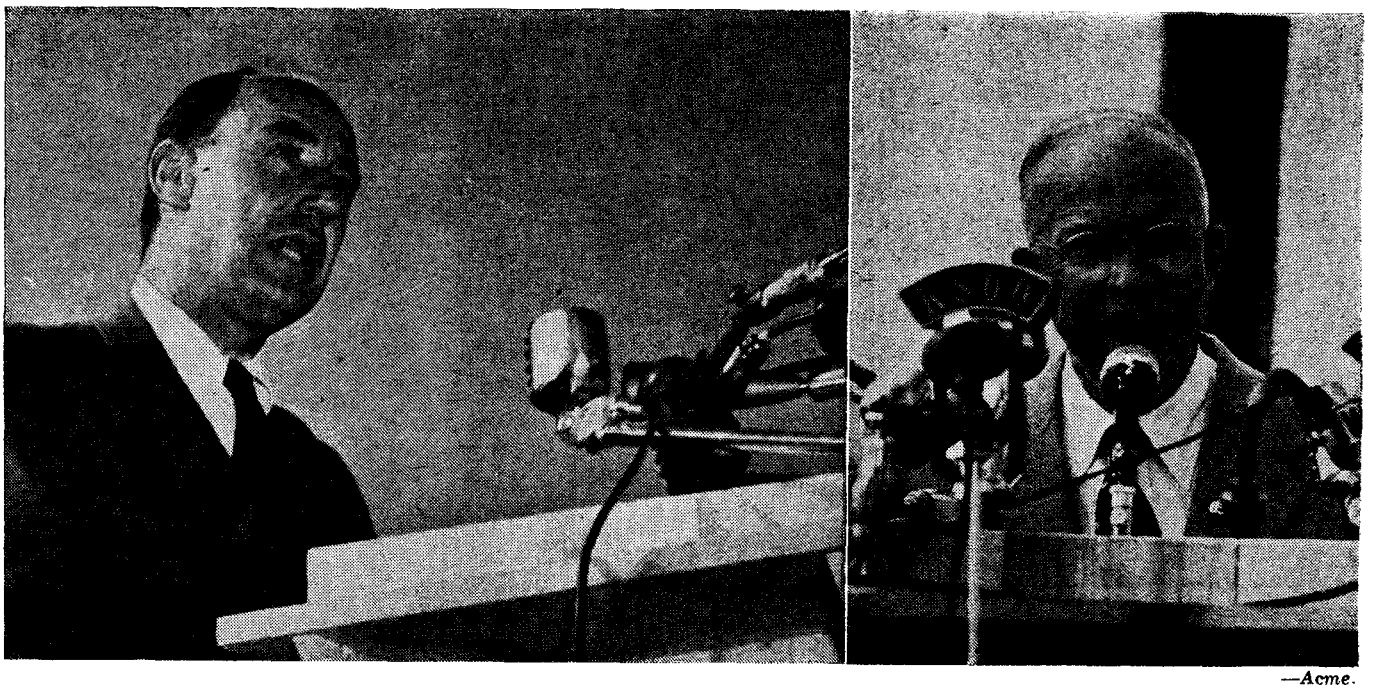

—Acme.

Stevenson and Eisenhower address the plowing-contest crowd in Kasson, Minn.—"prosperity is a most important issue."

cent who are committed the count is 5 to 3 for Eisenhower. High taxes and Government spending, corruption, and Communists in Government are sources of deep complaint.

g. *Low-Income Voters:* The "forgotten men" of the Roosevelt era, low-income voters are normally over 2 to 1 Democratic in party affiliation. For the first time since 1932 the Democrats are in trouble with the underprivileged, with 38 per cent of them in doubt. Stevenson leads among the other 62 per cent by just over an 8 to 5 margin. The source of conflict: by a slim margin they think the Republicans can keep the cost of living in line better; by 2 to 1 they think the GOP will end the Korean War more quickly; and by a 3 to 2 margin they think the Republicans will wage a more effective fight against Communism at home. In addition, Governor Stevenson is not especially well known among these voters. The question is whether by Election Day these traditionally Democratic voters will be sufficiently reminded of their New Deal heritage, the gains in living standards under Roosevelt and Truman, and what the Depression of the Thirties was like. At the moment many have let their focus stray from this traditional party line.

Taking a look at these groups—all of which are normally Democratic—Eisenhower appears to have made the deepest positive inroads in the small rural non-farm towns and among the shopkeepers of the nation. The Democrats show signs of slipping among the families of union members, in the big cities, and among low-income voters, but they have only gone from the Democratic column into the "in basic conflict" column, not yet actually over to the Republicans. The odds are that the small towns and small businessmen will be carried by Eisenhower. But with the other groups Stevenson in all likelihood should win—it's the size of his margin, however, that will tell the story.

2. Can Eisenhower capitalize on the strong pulling power he appears to have among young voters and veterans of World War II?

YOUNG people between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-four are normally Democratic in party affiliation by nearly 2 to 1. A high 32 per cent are now "in basic conflict." The other 68 per cent are running only 6 to 5 for Stevenson at this writing. Veterans of the last war are normally 5 to 3 Democratic, but 30 per cent are in doubt, and the other 70 per cent are only 12 to 11 for the Governor.

A sizable portion of these groups grew up during World War II, some in the Army itself. The major event of their lives was not a hectic twenty-year period of depression and then war, but rather just the war alone. A central figure of their formative years was General Eisenhower. When he first appeared to be a new force in the Republican Party thousands of young people rallied to his cause. In a way this was rebellion on the part of a generation which grew up knowing only Democratic Presidents and whose parents had elected Roosevelt by record majorities. In addition, the younger generation has serious reservations about the draft and what their fighting in Korea will bring. Recently married, a good many of the young people find the pinch of the high cost of living especially hard to take.

Yet war veterans and younger voters are deeply committed to the Administration's foreign policy. Not pleased with the threat of another war so soon after the end of World War II, they are convinced America must take the leadership in the free world through the system of collective security. This group does not appreciate Eisenhower's union with Taft. That took some of the edge off their confidence in the General as a leader in foreign policy, and dampened a good deal of their enthusiasm about his role as the new leader of a new Republican Party.

But to them there is still magic in Eisenhower's name and to what extent this magic still captures the imagination of the younger generation by Election Day will be a key determinant of the final outcome.

3. Can Eisenhower assure farmers that he will continue the Democratic farm program, so that the farm belt can go back to its traditional Republican way of voting?

Farmers outside of the South are normally 9 to 5 Republican in party affiliation. At this writing they give signs of running nearly 2 to 1 for Eisenhower, with 26 per cent in doubt. But most voters in the farm belt are especially in the throes of deep conflict in this election, much as in 1948.

For instance, by wide margins the farmers endorse the Democratic farm program of price supports, subsidies, and rural electrification. Obviously,

(*Continued on page* 38)

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People. Here are a dozen more books that offer evidence of the uncommon richness and variety of this autumn's crop of biographies. Two men who made their mark in the field of education, one in the private-school field, the other in adult education, have written their own life stories. "Independent Schoolmaster," by Claude M. Fuess of Phillips Andover Academy, is reviewed below: "Pioneer's Progress," by Alvin Johnson of New York's New School for Social Research, is reviewed on page 19. Two women who exerted extraordinary power in their lifetimes are the subjects of a pair of careful biographies: Dormer Creston's "The Youthful Queen Victoria" (page 20) and Maria Flores's account of Eva Peron, "The Woman with the Whip" (page 40). A Roman Catholic priest who became a hero of the French Resistance movement, R. L. Bruckberger, reports on his experiences in "One Sky to Share" (page 20), while Philip Hamburger "profiles" a popular novelist in *New Yorker* fashion in "J. P. Marquand, Esquire" (page 19). And there is one book that should be read about now: Anderson's and May's "McCarthy: The Man, the Senator, and the Ism" (page 17).

A Gently Swelling Career

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLMASTER. By Claude M. Fuess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 371 pp. $5.

By Allan V. Heely

WHEN a headmaster writes his autobiography, he is likely to produce a document of benign self-approval. For the *genus* headmaster is prone to pontificate and is easily drawn toward the delusion of its own infallibility. In "Independent Schoolmaster" Claude M. Fuess looks at himself with engaging detachment. "Even those who didn't like me," he writes of his appointment as headmaster of Andover, "preferred to take a chance with my familiar defects rather than risk somebody entirely new." He displays a disarming candor about his misgivings and limitations. Perhaps his aversion for the "pompous, dogmatic, and . . . tyrannical" stemmed from his sensible mother's laconic observation when, in a time not yet afflicted by the Oedipus complex, she packed him off to college: "Well, Claude, you are homely, but you may do well."

He did very well indeed. "Independent Schoolmaster" is the chronicle of a man of extraordinary versatility. Dr. Fuess always had several irons in the fire. He has an enthusiasm for all kinds of pursuits: nature, golf, fishing, books, music, art. He was an absolutely first-rate English teacher. As a biographer he developed a firm, skilfully cadenced, urbane, and lively style. He is a master of the ironic humor of dry understatement. His autobiography, therefore, is excellent reading—not only witty and sparkling, but often very funny. There is great gusto about it and an inexhaustible vitality.

His account of his boyhood in the Mohawk Valley, of his student days at Amherst and Columbia, of his first years of teaching, is full of vivid sketches of the personalities who inspired and directed a young man's expanding zest for intellectual and cultural enrichment. There were Churchill and Erskine at Amherst, whence, he modestly reports, he "emerged . . . less provincial, more tolerant, and more eager for enlightenment." At Columbia he came under the influence of Brander Matthews, William P. Trent, and William Allan Neilson, who loomed large in a community in which "the instruction, unfortunately, was notably dull."

Then came, in 1908, his appointment to the English department at Phillips Academy, where, in contradiction to his early purpose, he was to stay for forty years. Here he taps a rich and delectable vein of academic anecdote. At Andover he found himself associated with the young principal, Alfred E. Stearns, and with the school's elder statesmen, Charlie Forbes, "Zeus" Benner, Archie Freeman, and others: strict, conservative, "superb teachers." His portrayal of these titans is a series of polished and perceptive biographical vignettes. The men come alive on his pages. "The influence which an

Allan V. Heely, headmaster of the Lawrenceville School, was a student at Phillips Andover when Claude Fuess was a teacher there. He is the author of "Why the Private School?"

THE AUTHOR: "Son," a father shopping for a private school announced to his boy one day, "you're going to Andover!" Before Junior could ask why, Dad, studying the photographs of headmasters appearing in a *Fortune* article on the subject, murmured: "Because this man *Fuess* has a gentler face." Gentle, patient, the kind of man who says "damn" only when he means it, Dr. Claude Moore Fuess (rhymes with breeze) before he retired in 1948 had spent forty years—fifteen as headmaster—at Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass. It's not letting the cat out of the bag at this stage to report, first, that Fuess did not want to go to Andover to begin with (it was 1908, he was anxious to return to Columbia graduate school); and, second, that he did not want to become headmaster (1933, he'd just been offered a professorship of biography at Amherst, his alma mater). In those sunny, ivy days at Andover, Fuess, a thick-set, fast-talking, indefatigable gentleman, was called by the students "The Bald Doctor." He called them "lads." An unshakable believer in lads, Fuess loved their *esprit* at Andover, a school to which "teen-agers who set fire to school buildings, chop up grand pianos, and overturn tombstones in cemeteries do not often seek admission." Side by side with his academic responsibilities Fuess wrote not only a shelf-full of texts but one biography after another. "Caleb Cushing," his first, appeared in 1924. It was followed by "Rufus Choate," "Daniel Webster," "Carl Schurz," "Calvin Coolidge," and "Joseph B. Eastman," the last one appearing earlier this year. Back in 1948 Fuess felt he wanted to "resume" his career as an author; it's one of the reasons that, at sixty-three, he pulled up stakes at Andover. "Writing," Fuess says, "kept me out of mischief." On an autumn afternoon a week or two ago, as the lads began returning to Andover Hill, Fuess, at his home in Chestnut Hill, Mass., shook his head. "After forty years," he said, "I'm glad I'm not there now. I'd just as soon watch the young idea from here." He then seated himself comfortably at his desk and, whistling, got to work on his next project, a biography of Dr. Stanley King, the Amherst president who died last year. —Bernard Kalb.

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—*Jacket design for "Independent Schoolmaster.*

older personality," as Dr. Fuess observes, "can under the right conditions exert on a young and malleable one is almost terrifying." These men, my memory recalls, were hard to terrify. But they had enormous influence, and they wrought nobly. Dr. Fuess writes at greater length and movingly of Dr. Stearns, his "guide, philosopher, and friend," whom he viewed "only a little this side of idolatry." And there is an absorbing chapter on Andover's noblest Roman, Colonel Henry L. Stimson, trustee and later president of the board. These personages were big enough to be impressive to any reader who responds to men of rugged character. To all Andover graduates who knew them Dr. Fuess brings acute and prolonged nostalgia.

Members of a school faculty tend to get on each others' nerves. Sometimes they develop jealousies, animosities, resentments, hurt feelings, and other occupational disabilities. Dr. Fuess's book is free from all of them. There is not a trace of venom in it. He does not overlook shortcomings. But he is always charitable toward human foibles. His tolerance expresses his conviction that "it is doubtless a mistake to attempt to generalize too far."

"I became a headmaster," Dr. Fuess confesses, "in spite of my designs or desires." When he was pressed into the headmastership at Andover he had just decided to accept a professorship of biography at Amherst, where he could have devoted his whole time to a field which had become his engrossing avocation and in which he had achieved marked distinction. After twenty-five years at Andover he felt that his work there was finished. Actually the most important part of it was to come during the following fifteen years, when he directed the affairs of that old and famous academy.

Comparatively little of the book is devoted to this period. Repeatedly the reader feels that certain aspects and implications of his position were uncongenial to him. Dr. Fuess speaks of his biographical work as "a diversion from the less alluring duties of the headmastership," with its heavy burdens, constant grief, and nebulous rewards. He wanted to write and teach. Yet in response to the turn of the wheel of destiny, he absorbed himself in duty and responsibility until his retirement in 1948. His book records the impressive achievements of his administration as well as his own conspicuous activity in the development of modern education.

"Some of my best friends on the faculty," Dr. Fuess writes, "were men with whose educational opinions I could not possibly agree." That is as it should be. And there will be fellow-teachers among his readers who will take exception to certain of his own views on educational theory (he has little stomach for it) and practice, and to some of his observations on the nature and motivation of boys.

But the appeal of "Independent Schoolmaster" is primarily to general and not merely professional readers, and there is much of wide interest and importance to be drawn from it. Its author contributes vastly more than anecdote and reminiscence. As a picture of the scholar in action it is impressive. As a statement of firm resolve in a dark and dangerous season it is reassuring. In answer to the troubled questions of our minds and hearts, Dr. Fuess replies, "What we can do is to look forward with our minds open, our opinions flexible, and our faith unshaken."

A Charm for Sleep

By Carleton Drewry

FOLD, fold now in the indefinite field of sleep
The sunrise rays, the clouds in the sundown sky,
And all green growing. Carry these with you, keep
This evidence of living where you lie.
Fold, fold now in the narrowness of night
The far sky above you and the near earth below.
Turn at the edge of dark, look long on light,
And learn to take it with you where you go.

Law & Mouth & Votes

McCARTHY: The Man, the Senator, the Ism. By Jack Anderson and Ronald May. Boston: The Beacon Press. 431 pp. $3.75.

By WILLIAM T. EVJUE

THERE are many strange things in the political life of Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy, but none more strange than that this self-proclaimed one-man crusade against Communism is the creation of the Communists themselves. This is a point in the history of his violent career which most of his chroniclers have overlooked.

It is a mark of the thoroughness with which Jack Anderson and Ronald May have written the first full-length book on McCarthy that this significant part of McCarthy's history is treated fully and competently. They tell it by recalling those tense, anxious hours of primary night in 1946 when the ticker spelled out the surprising story of McCarthy's victory over Sen. Robert M. La Follette, Jr., whose quarter of a century in the U. S. Senate was brought to a close by McCarthy's slim 5,396 majority in the Republican primary.

It was expected, from the pattern of previous elections, that La Follette would lose the outstate vote and would ride through on the labor vote in Milwaukee, as he did in 1940. But as the returns rolled in it was obvious that La Follette had more than held his own in the back country counties on which McCarthy and the Republican machine relied for their margin of victory. Coming into Milwaukee La Follette had a lead of 3,000 votes. It was expected that the labor vote of Wisconsin's largest city would sweep him into another six-year term. Anderson and May tell it this way:

"Then finally the Milwaukee precincts started to report, one by one, and the tap-tap-tap of the teletype sounded like a dirge to Joe's unhappy backers. But as the figures piled up they noticed something strange. The heavy labor precincts were turning against La Follette; here, in the very heart of La Follette's political empire, Joe was picking up votes. Coleman [Republican boss] and his boys crowded around the machines, watching in disbelief. Soon La Follette's 3,000-vote lead had evaporated and Joe moved into the lead by 1,000, 2,000, 3,000 votes—coming from the last place the Coleman machine expected. And by the time all the last-

William T. Evjue is editor of the Madison [Wis.] Capital Times.

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minute returns were sifted down, corrected, checked and verified, Judge McCarthy was the Republican candidate for the U. S. Senate."

The Communists, as the authors point out, had not yet been cleaned out of the Wisconsin CIO, as they have been today. They controlled an organization made of 75,000 of the most militant union people in the state, most of them in Milwaukee. The Communists had decided to make the defeat of La Follette a major objective because he had presented a damaging case against Russia's postwar intentions on the floor of the Senate in May 1945. This was at a time, as the authors point out, that McCarthy was telling reporters, "Stalin's proposal for world disarmament is a great thing and he must be given credit for being sincere about it."

Through their labor channels the Communists went to work. CIO leaders issued statements brazenly misrepresenting La Follette's labor record. They published abusive articles in the CIO press. When the national CIO leadership ordered them to retract their misleading statements, they ignored the orders. They could easily have accounted for McCarthy's slim margin of victory. The authors point out that when McCarthy was asked about this Communist support, he replied, "Communists have the same right to vote as anyone else, don't they?"

Messrs. Anderson and May have missed nothing of significance in the record of moral squalor McCarthy has left behind him in Wisconsin and in Washington. His record as a circuit judge in Wisconsin, with its rough, hurry-up brand of justice; the "quickie" divorce scandals; the destruction of his court records; the use of his judicial position for political ends; his troubles with the Wisconsin Supreme Court; and the story of the disbarment action against him are all set forth with thoroughness and faithful reliance on the official records.

They have reported competently on his derelictions as a taxpayer, his fondness for the gaming tables, his mysterious financial transactions, and his cynical campaign methods. Their coverage of his Washington activities has been equally comprehensive. The $10,000 Lustron deal and its connection with his activities on housing and the $37,000,000 RFC loan to Lustron; sugar rationing and his $20,000 deal with sugar lobbyist Russell Arundel; his defense of the stormtroopers in the Malmedy Massacre and its connection with Milwaukee industrialist Walter Harnischfeger, and, of course, his Communists-in-government campaign are reported with many details which are known to few American citizens.

By their research and inquiry into the childhood and youth of McCarthy, the authors provide, for the first time, an understanding of the compulsions that move this strange man to whom the Big Lie seems a natural and legitimate political weapon. Anderson and May uncover a pattern of indifference to truth that reaches far back beyond the day when he found that Senatorial immunity gave him the license to use his natural gift without regard to consequences.

They relate, for example, an incident in his drive for an education. McCarthy did not enter high school until he was twenty. Under the guidance of Principal Hershberger of Manawa High School—a man who now glories in the tiny ray of fame that has fallen on him—McCarthy finished the four-year course in one year. College was next, but Marquette University at Milwaukee required four years of high school, not a one-year cram course. On the entrance papers McCarthy wrote "Yes" to the question, "Did you attend four years of high school?" His adviser, Mr. Hershberger, now explains, "He meant to tell them the truth later when they'd got to know him better."

McCarthy is undoubtedly waiting until he becomes better known before explaining why he was so reckless with the truth in exploiting his service record. Messrs. Anderson and May set forth his contradicting claims on the number of bombing missions he flew as a self-styled "tail gunner." He once put it at fourteen, another time at seventeen, and again at thirty. He advertised widely that he had entered the Marines as a buck private. The record shows he had his commission before he took the oath.

"Once, on a nationwide hook-up over the American Broadcasting Co.," the authors recall, "he referred to 'the rough days when we lost a number of our pilots and gunners.' He talked of 'our first dive and torpedo bombing attack upon the Jap airfields at Rabaul.' He told how 'my task at night was to write home to the young wives, to the young mothers, with the hope that we might be able to make the blow fall less heavily.' He said that on the night of the first Rabaul raid 'a great number of letters had to be written' and he 'struggled' over them 'in my dugout.'

"The fact was that he never lived in a dugout. And the official Marine Corps history of McCarthy's outfit, VMSB-235, shows that the squadron lost five officers and two men—not in the single raid on Rabaul, but in its entire military tour of the South Pacific."

On another occasion McCarthy, who was never wounded, told a group of veterans at Badger, Wis., that he carried ten pounds of shrapnel in one of his legs. And in his speeches he not infrequently confessed that he turned his anguished face skyward and implored, "Oh, God, spare these, my men, for another night!"

These flights of imagination are the warp and woof of McCarthy's campaign for reelection this year. Anderson and May have made a valuable contribution toward exposing his cynical indifference to truth. It is unfortunate that their work comes so late in the campaign.

—Acme.

Sen. Joseph McCarthy—"undoubtedly waiting until he becomes better known."

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The Happy Faith

PIONEER'S PROGRESS: An Autobiography. By Alvin Johnson. New York: The Viking Press. 413 *pp.* $5.

By Ordway Tead

AT seventy-eight, Alvin Johnson commands a view both wide and close of the liberal forces at work in America over recent decades. He has been in and of those forces. His life story relates simply and modestly the activities in which he has played a not inconsiderable part. The record is expositional more than interpretative, yet the poetry, the sensitivity, the courage, the resoluteness, and the big-heartedness of the man, all shine through this document. Longfellow's too familiar words come to mind, that here is a deeply human man seeing whom in this self-portrait we take heart again.

Dr. Johnson's career began in the homely pioneer setting of early Nebraska. The tough fiber of the life in which he grew up has come with him through the years of his struggle to get to the university, to become a teacher of economics, and then on through the years to be a valiant journalist and educational administrator in pioneering directions, culminating in his leadership of the New School for Social Research in New York City. Everyone whose life span has to some degree coincided with these years, these episodes and personalities, will be regaled by this reminder of a period in which the intellectual non-conformists tried to understand and interpret the transitional society of the first half of our turbulent century.

The author knew most of the formative minds of the American university in the social sciences. He shared in the effort to delineate the political and economic changes which were afoot. He had a happy and spirited knack of keeping the eyes of his mind and spirit on central issues of freedom, of social responsibility, of democratic mutuality under the stresses of a dynamic institutional and technological revolution. He seems never to have compromised his own vision or purpose, nor to have been sparing in his honest appraisal of men and events.

This is the story of the scholar in action. Contemporaries should read it for its record of integrity, while newcomers in the academic field should read it for its exemplifying of a fighting faith affecting affairs usefully. If there is perhaps too little philosophizing, the personality of this stalwart stands out all the more sharply in its own simplicity. Yet of the relation of this fighter for good causes to the meaning of those causes more could have been said to help the unfamiliar reader to see the background against which the story unfolds. Dr. Johnson may thus have limited the appeal of his story to those already possessed of some close awareness of the yeasty character of these last generations.

What Frederick L. Allen in his forthcoming book, "The Big Change," interprets in terms of economic influences from 1900 to 1950, Dr. Johnson interprets in a frame of the influence of the economists. But his own impress, to which a life story by himself can do only partial justice, was as an unconventional and resolute personality with a lifelong vigor of attack which always managed to rise above an "academic" approach in whatever fields he battled.

Ordway Tead, chairman of the Board of Higher Education of New York City, is the author of "Human Values in Higher Education," and other books.

Alvin Johnson—"lifelong vigor."

—Dorothy Wilding.

J. P. Marquand—"twenty grand every year."

Gentleman's Scribe

J. P. MARQUAND, ESQUIRE: A Portrait in the Form of a Novel. By Philip Hamburger. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 114 *pp.* $2.

By Robert Halsband

THE profiles in *The New Yorker* have become a staple of its slick journalism. ("Go Climb a Tree Department" please note.) Instead of sticking his tongue out at his sitter, the profilist draws the portrait with tongue in cheek—and the reader's pleasure comes from seeing the celebrity in a double perspective of inflation and deflation. It is, after all, a human satisfaction (Rochefoucauld probably pins it down in a maxim) to be shown Achilles's heel so neatly that we forget the hero and see only the heel.

Mr. Hamburger's profile of J. P. Marquand, Esquire, differs from the standard product in several ways. He starts as though he is writing a novel by his sitter: a magazine writer is about to do a piece on the celebrated novelist, and to get his material accompanies him from New York to Boston and then to Newburyport. In the course of the journey the personality and biography of the novelist are exposed through the fictional means of his conversation, thoughts, and reminiscences. The whole span of his life is thus laid out in all its heroic proportions—his modest beginnings, the lonely years at Harvard, his work as a reporter, and marriage simultaneously to a genteel Sedgwick and to a career as purveyor of ungenteel fiction.

From then on the record is a monotonous succession of gilt-edged novels and honors that followed. One of the highest, a seat on the judiciary bench of the Book-of-the-Month Club, has automatically ruled out his own books as choices—which is a measure of his assurance. Or of his caution: twenty grand every year as against a lucky break.

It is without doubt a success story: from the boy of no distinction to the man of too much distinction, whose advertised portrait has been so seared into the public consciousness that one easily sees the cold composed face, the tweeded figure against expensive wood-paneling and time-pieces.

What Mr. Hamburger does, and most successfully, is to tint the stereotype with all the deftness that a sophisticated writer can command. He fails, however, to illuminate it from any fresh angle or with any new exposure. And the form of his profile—that of a novel—is again a tribute to his skill and a failure as an accomplishment.

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The opening chapter is a beautiful parody; but then the necessity of presenting Marquand's past through his own thoughts becomes a repetitious and ultimately boring device. Obviously the novelist's attitude toward his own history cannot have the Gibbonian objectivity that a non-fictional technique might have allowed. What perhaps should have been bitter or caustic turns sweet-sour. The main felicity of this little book, then, is to display its author's virtuosity; and the successful novelist is left exactly where we found him, enshrined in a four-color spread. Immensely readable, like most *New Yorker* as well as Marquand prose, it lacks the incisiveness and penetration that have given the profile its main distinction.

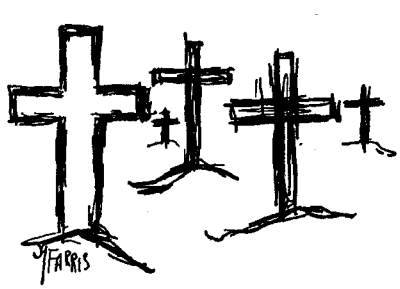
The Chivalry of the Church

ONE SKY TO SHARE, By R.L. Bruckberger. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 248 pp. $3.

By R. Ellis Roberts

ON AUGUST 26, 1944 General Charles de Gaulle rode to the Cathedral of Notre Dame to give thanks for the liberation. He rode, in an open car, through a Paris whose roofs and alleys still sheltered the German rear guard. There was a fervent, hastily organized reception committee. In the cathedral itself enemy snipers were hidden and they shot at the symbol of Free France. People lay under the chairs, seeking shelter from the bullets of the enemy and of the responsive fire of the Paris police. But some men did not seek refuge. Among them was Raymond Leopold Bruckberger, a Dominican friar, who had been chaplain general of the resistance forces and a combatant in the Commandos before the surrender by Marshall Pétain.

It will be a great misfortune if this book of Father Bruckberger's fails to win popularity and a very large circulation, because its first part deals with old heroisms, old tragedies, sad and chivalrous actions, with deeds of glory and with deeds of shame. No book dealing with any aspect of the war in Europe has greater brilliance or presents its chief actor and narrator so modestly and, one judges, so truthfully. Father Bruckberger, aware of the distaste, which he fully shares, that many of us feel for the mere idea of a priest-soldier, defends himself very simply. French priests were conscripted; the Pope did not order them to refuse obedience to the civil law; so, if a priest had to be a soldier, it was important that he should be where danger was greatest. And so Father Bruckberger volunteered for service in the Commandos. Perhaps the most poignant story in the whole book is the record, made with a heartbreaking simplicity and emotional reticence, of the author's association with Lt. Joseph Darnand, who had been with him in the Commandos and in 1941 became a collaborationist when Father Bruckberger joined the resistance. There is a wonderful depth of understanding and charity in the author's account of his old friend's trial and execution; of how he insisted on being a witness to Darnand's character and honor. Rarely can Father Bruckberger have done a braver deed than to defend the man who was detested by all who had followed de Gaulle.



Father Bruckberger came to a Dominican monastery in Winona, Minnesota, in May 1950; and the rest of this book consists of his impressions of America. He has the greatest admiration for the United States, and his vivid account of what he has seen and of some people he has met show a most remarkable literary talent. He has some criticisms to make—what European has not? He is distressed for the Indians; he is convinced that the American man is sadly tyrannized over by the American woman—and that this is very bad for her. He is a keen and generally shrewd observer of politics; "It is quite certain that the Communists are ardent patriots. It is unfortunate that the world did not recognize sooner that they are Russian patriots." He probably knows by now that, overcome by his admiration for style, he exaggerated General MacArthur's political sagacity; but many readers will agree with his criticism of British and American treatment of de Gaulle, to whom he is still devoted.

"One Sky to Share" is an irresistible book, as discerning as de Tocqueville, and one that no student of the American-European alliance can afford to miss.

The Will & the Way

THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN VICTORIA. By Dormer Creston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 428 pp. $5.

By George Dangerfield

THIRTY or even twenty years ago, when the Victorian Age was still a problem in esthetics and psychology, it was open season on Victorian royalty. Lytton Strachey's masterpiece, "Queen Victoria," was filled with the admiration and love which a great hunter naturally feels for a splendid specimen just before he brings it down. The peerless carriage and the elastic-sided boots, the flat opinions and the temperamental cravings—how lovingly he brings his sights to bear upon them, how tenderly in his last long sentence, which is a wonderful piece of English prose, he places his foot upon the corpse! But a Second World War has changed all this, and the quarry has been transformed into a statue, endowed with certain talismanic virtues. In her introductory chapter to this biographical narrative of Victoria's first twenty years, Dormer Creston asks why Queen Victoria has become a "national treasure."

"Possibly," she replies, "her undefeatable integrity and self-assurance act as a subconscious anchorage for the bewildered emotions, the sliding valuations, and general nervousness of our sore-pressed epoch. Here is an ordered mind confronting disorder. As one listens back there is a kind of refreshment in hearing that silver voice remark in those beautifully enunciated tones, 'I'm bored with the future altogether, and don't want to hear any more about it.'"

Whether a mind that confesses itself "bored with the future altogether" is an ordered mind or simply a closed one; and whether the twentieth century is, in fact, any more disorderly than the one that preceded it—these are, at least, arguable questions. It is obvious, at any rate, that Miss Creston's point of view is less biographical than cultist; and if a writer is to examine once again the numerous incidents of that famous childhood, it may well be that a cultist point of view is the only available one from which to do so. But it does give long stretches of this narrative a rather devotional and solemn air; and the author occasionally treats her readers

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George Dangerfield is the author of "The Strange Death of Liberal England," "The Bengal Mutiny," and other books.

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to a rap over the knuckles, as if they had gone to sleep at family prayers. Fortunately, Miss Creston is too serious a writer to be solemn all the time, and she sometimes transforms her story into a comic exposition of the great Hanoverian dilemma. If we are to take Victoria's childhood seriously, rather than solemnly, that is what it really was.

The Hanoverians were driven half out of their wits by trying to decide whether they were royal by Act of Parliament or royal by the grace of God; whether their duties came before their rights, or whether their rights transcended their duties. The eighteenth century, which was deeply concerned with rights of one kind or another, was not of much assistance to them in their fix; but to the nineteenth century the question of rights *or* duties was a great moral problem: and it was because she gradually and perhaps unconsciously abandoned her rights and concentrated more and more upon her duties that Victoria was finally accepted as a great queen.

The little court at Kensington Palace, where Victoria was brought up under the shadow of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was, it is clear, chiefly preoccupied with rights. The one lesson the Duchess had learned from her Hanoverian husband was that England owed her a debt; and she believed that this debt could be discharged, partly in pounds sterling, but chiefly by her becoming Regent, either *de jure* or *de facto*. What were her qualifications, if any, for this position, the Duchess did not pause to inquire. Give her the rights, and the duties would look after themselves.

Posed against the background of the Twenties and Thirties, with their horrible planless suffering and want, the Duchess would be a monstrous irrelevancy. Miss Creston's gifts, however, are those of the connoisseur. She is not concerned with the meaning and direction of history; it is in the evocation of landscapes, costumes, and interiors that she excels. Shoved through a long series of charmingly contrived scenes, the Duchess becomes a truly low-comic figure. She had a strain of genuine vulgarity; and as, with her "confidential adviser," Sir John Conroy, a stage Irishman whom Sheridan might have invented, she splashes around in the backwaters of party politics, she is actually capable of provoking an explosion of laughter.

Miss Creston makes it clear that the Duchess's over-discipline of Victoria was due to jealousy. If Victoria was to wear the crown, she must do so on her mother's terms. It was an obedient

(*Continued on page* 39)

Fiction from Abroad.

Sydney Smith, the English clergyman who was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, probably had slight notion of the magnitude of his contribution to posterity when, early in the nineteenth century, he inquired from the pages of his magazine: "Who reads an American book?" In his day few people did, even Americans. For the past quarter of a century proud American literary critics have been repeating the question, using it as an excuse to point out that, thanks to its remarkable vitality, American fiction is now read all over the world, perhaps even more than that of any other nation. But so lacklustre is the present fiction season that many Americans are turning hopefully to importations from abroad, and in some cases their expectations have been fulfilled. In recent weeks we have reviewed such commendable books as H. F. M. Prescott's "The Man on the Donkey," Joyce Cary's "Prisoner of Grace," Jan de Hartog's "The Distant Shore," Mary Borden's "You, the Jury," "The Stories of Frank O'Connor," and Richard Kaufman's "Heaven Pays No Dividends." This week we review many more, good, bad, and indifferent.

Elegy on Chaos

THE LOVED AND THE UNLOVED. By François Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 153 *pp.* $3.

By Laurence LeSage

"IS THIS last work of Mauriac's the quintessence of his art and of his vision of humanity?" Michel Carrouges asked in the French literary review *Paru* when "The Loved and the Unloved" was published in Paris. My own opinion is that it is. The narrative is pursued with the classic brevity and concentration Mauriac has acquired during his long and productive career. He needs only a few pages to present the microcosm of the lifeless little town in Southwest France where two love stories are about to be enacted. The Dubernet family is caught in a characteristic pose. As they come together for Sunday dinner in the dark dining-room we recognize the rich gentry Mauriac has always painted in accordance with his childhood memories of the Bordeaux country. Under their stagnant respectability are whirlpools of evil and passion. Mme. Agathe, the thin-lipped and unwashed governess, is not only the type of woman Montherlant describes as *"celles qu'on ne prend pas dans ses bras"* but a sister of all Mauriac's heroines damned in this world and the next. The story of her shameful intrigues to secure affection is woven swiftly and skilfully in with the idyl of Marie, the Dubernet daughter, and her swain Gilles. Only a great writer schooled in the French tradition could obtain such a perfect economy.

The pattern of the novel follows the pattern of Mauriac's philosophy. The ending is in a sequel. An essay after the final scene is required to explain and justify the story, just as a Christian survival after death is required to complete the career of any one of his personages. Although Mauriac has not engaged in the spiritual battle to which Dostoievsky and Bernanos committed themselves, he remains a very Christian writer whose works belong to the literature of Christian apologetics. As he says in his postscript, he little doubts that he "was created, and set down in one tiny segment of the Universe at a period when Revolt had become the theme on which most of our distinguished thinkers chose to expend their energies for the sole purpose of bearing witness to Man's guilt when judged by the infinite innocence of God." The picture of mankind he paints is indeed black. In probing the human soul, Mauriac has always exposed the human heart. But nowhere before has his task as a psychologist been more exacting than this attempt to show—in contrast to the pair of happy lovers—the repulsion felt by an individual pursued by another who believes that will, if strong enough, can make one loved. His triumph here is a crowning achievement and makes this last book of his a perfect specimen of his work.

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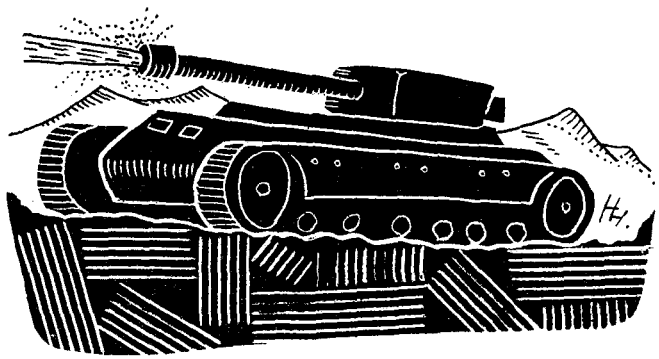

Battlefields Revisited

MEN AT ARMS. By Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 342 pp. $3.50.

By James Gray

THE name of Evelyn Waugh has become virtually synonymous with verbal facility. No one of our time has shown so light and easy a command of the resources of the language for producing effects of sophisticated grace, rueful insight, audacity without grossness, tenderness under the control of intelligence, even religious feeling freed of indecorous exuberance.

It need surprise no one that in his new novel Waugh has employed his quite special gifts in the display of a soldier's ordeal by boredom. Going to war is the one absolutely universal experience of our sad century and it is right that the disciplined and mature intelligence, as well as the young and resentful, should appraise its quality as drama.

Here, then, is a moment from the personal history of a dry and disappointed man in his mid-thirties who feels the proper stirrings of the patriot within him when his native England becomes involved in war and who returns from his home in Italy to enlist. The routine of training is dull, the pattern of the world struggle far removed and unintelligible. But the immediate thing that captures Guy Crouchback's fancy and that he treasures close is a sense of identification with his kind.

The figures about him range in interest from that of foolhardiness on the heroic scale down to that of solemn eccentricity constantly involved in ludicrous comedy. But to the cool, cultivated observer each has a kind of wayward charm and taken together these courageous misfits compose what Winston Churchill once called proudly "our British phlegm."

The typical American treatment of the theme of war as futility and frustration is to be found in great, angry tracts like "From Here to Eternity," full of scabrous incidents designed to dramatize the degradation of the spirit of man. Though one can well appreciate and even respect the impulse that produces these high-pitched denunciations, still the quiet, humorous tone of Waugh's account of soldiering has the soothing effect of a word spoken politely in favor of the human experiment.

An irony is involved in this, too. (Waugh tends to slip his ironies slyly one inside another so that the quest for the final one becomes a beguiling game.) Actually the two notable characters of "Men at Arms" are psychopathics: one, preposterous and annoying, the other, dangerous. Apthorpe, builder of fantasies in support of a top-heavy, idiotic ego lends himself to raffish treatment, and the incidents involved in the odyssey of a portable toilet are masterpieces of the kind of low comedy that Waugh knows how to keep from collapsing into insignificant buffoonery.

Colonel Ritchie-Hook bears a frightening resemblance to Kipling's Stalky, grown old but not mature. He has the same schoolboy joviality and ingenuity, the same sadistic determination to show less bloodthirsty beggars their womanish shame. The final event of the novel, in which Ritchie-Hook schemes disaster for himself and several others by transforming the war into a schoolboy prank, has a macabre fascination. It involves the beheading of a soldier of the French colonial infantry, and the quality of Waugh's own "phlegm" may be judged by the fact that he manages to keep this, too, within the realm of comedy.

Waugh is said to have embarked upon a trilogy having to do with one man's long love affair with his regiment. It would be perfectly possible to say that the theme of this epic of war seems to be "Arms and the man I twitter." But we must have various voices to get the human story told in all its infinite waywardness.

Bile & Blisters

THE REVENGE FOR LOVE. By Wyndham Lewis. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 341 pp. $3.50.

By Harvey Curtis Webster

WYNDHAM Lewis's war with the world he never would have made is amplified and continued in this book, the second of his novels revived by his intelligent and enterprising publishers. The most conventional of his novels in form and hardly the equal of his more daring "Apes of God" and "Tarr," it nevertheless commands both respect and interest. Mr. Lewis's hatred, whether it takes the form of autobiography, painting, or fiction, is always memorable. Certainly no one has ever hit harder or more vividly against the pinks and Party members who made the Communist movement both intellectually respectable and socially dangerous in the 1930's than Mr. Lewis does in this novel that was published in Great Britain in 1937, but never in the United States.

Mr. Lewis's chief hatred is reserved for Percy Hardcaster, the ignoble, fat protagonist of this essay in venom. Hardcaster, who believes that "all things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient," is imprisoned by Franco's men during the Spanish Civil War, loses a leg attempting to escape, finally reaches England by grace of British diplomacy to be lionized by Leftist circles. He goes to parties where he accepts success with graceful petulance, involves parlor Communists in practical schemes that lead to their liquidation, and ends up as the Injured Party overcome with self-pity. Those he meets on his road to uncomplacent martyrdom include Victor Stamp, a bad and discontented painter; his Tennyson-quoting wife; some Fascists as bad as Communists; an Ireland-hating Irishman who embraces the Cause, Jack Cruze, an attractive almost human animal who only grows to his full stature "in the stink of the stable."

"The Revenge for Love" is an admirably prejudiced novel. Mr. Lewis hits his mark particularly well when he blasts the phony pinks who enjoy "infantile extraterritoriality." Probably no more probing exposure of how parlor pinks act has ever been published than this novel which was received without praise from the British critics seventeen years ago. It is also excellent in its dramatization of Victor Stamp, the painter who unconsciously reproduces Braque and Picasso in effeminate coloration, in its

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presentation of Jack Cruze, the perpetual pursuer of the erotic. Phrases uncountable one would like to quote to prove the desirability of reading this disagreeable and extraordinarily vivid novel.

Yet "The Revenge for Love" is not a totally satisfactory book. Bred in hate, never emphatic about the love that is revenge's opposite, this novel does not show us the typical Communists of the Thirties as wisely or as accurately as Alistair Cooke's "A Generation on Trial," Dos Passos's "Adventures of a Young Man," Malraux's "Man's Hope," or Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." These are partial books, too, but their partiality includes a great deal more than Mr. Lewis's brilliantly expressed rancor. Mr. Lewis does not have, like Swift, noble horses that set the norm of what man should be; he has only Yahoos he hates and vividly despises. "The Revenge for Love" deserves reading and pondering. It does not deserve to be taken literally as a document for any committee on Communist activities. Other sources are more accurate though less readable.

Sea of Sands

THE LOST TRAIL OF THE SAHARA. By R. Frison-Roche. Translated by Paul Bowles. New York: Prentice-Hall. 262 *pp.* $2.95.

By JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

ROGER Frison-Roche is of that small company of men to whom the earth's most hostile landscapes are an inescapable challenge. He loves the cruel and bitter places. He must conquer them or die. After twenty years as a rock climber and professional Alpine guide, M. Frison-Roche, we are told, transferred his devotion and his hardihood to the Great Desert. "The Lost Trail of the Sahara" is the record of that demonic passion.

It is cast in the form of a novel during precisely half of M. Frison-Roche's 262 pages. (This reader thought that was a pity.) A French Army lieutenant is a newcomer at a remote fortress-oasis. He is given command of an archeological expedition which proposes to explore a tract of the unknown beyond the death-dry, stony mountains of the Hoggar Range. But, at first, it is as if a chapter or two were missing. The strange setting fails to become less strange. Minor characters and even some major ones remain elusive. The novel—as a novel—flounders.

Then, lieutenant, archeologist, a French sergeant, their Taureg and Negro companions, their train of camels —and the book—leave the little known for one of the earth's last empty places. The change is complete. Gone, within the space of a few pages, are all M. Frison-Roche's limitations. Men, beasts, and desert become as true as pain. The latter portion of "The Lost Trail of the Sahara" ranks with Cherry-Gerard's "Worst Journey in the World" as one of the finest narratives ever written of man's indomitable zeal, courage, and endurance under intolerable natural circumstances. Beside it, it's as if Hemingway's Old Man had been trout fishing.

In that blank portion of the three-million-square-mile Sahara there is no clear destination. Bodies wither in the sun. Men born to the desert falter and go back. Camels die. Water runs so short the men drink at last from a dead one's belly. Dunes of sand, each a thousand feet tall and so soft men sink in them to their waists, confront them in endless tiers. Just as there is no goal, soon there can be no retreat. At last, all fails, except the will and courage of a handful of lost men.

The communication of pity and of terror, in unfamiliar garb but classic shape, is completely successful. So successful that the novel's earlier faults may, nay, must be forgotten and forgiven. Even half a masterpiece in any genre, heaven knows, is rare enough.

Paul Bowles's translation is successful. That is to say, one forgets that "The Lost Trail of the Sahara" has been translated. In the conduct of a book from one language to another that is all that's asked.

Roger Frison-Roche—"as true as pain."

Fiction Notes

SHADOWS IN THE LONDON FOG: Alexander Baron's new novel, **"With Hope, Farewell"** (Ives Washburn, $3), is a disappointment because it deals so ineffectually with the two or three fundamental situations he has chosen to examine. Life in London's mean streets, the corrosive stain of anti-Semitism, the confusions and hopes and betrayals of the postwar world—these make the life of Mark Strong, a young English Jew who runs the gauntlet of the years 1928 to 1945 to find some ground to stand upon. Any one of these themes might offer the stuff of a good book. Taken together, blended in depth, they would make a complex fabric, and a book that could be much more than good. Actually, Mr. Baron has only sparred with his material, and not gotten very close or very deep.

Mark Strong is sensitive enough, as young men in novels are apt to be, but he lacks the mettle to stand as protagonist amidst the darkness of Mr. Baron's London. If I understand Mr. Baron's purposes correctly, then, Mark is not the man he was planned to be. He perceives much, but understands little, comes to grips with nothing. Holding the cards of the big game, he plays a petty one. His love is puppy stuff; and of passion, personal or social, he has none. He cringes at the anti-Semitic shadow, but he will not live with it as a fact until he has to. I think the manner in which Mark reaches decision at the book's climatic point is definitive of his, and its, limitations. For it is only when his wife is injured in a street brawl and loses a child still-born, that Mark steps forward for the first time into active participation. (Everything before, even his flying in the war, is quite unreal, plainly fictitious in character.) But there is no hope in that, not in bearing witness after you have been hit on the head. The picture is as hopeless at the end as it was in the beginning. No Mark Strongs are going to save us.

The novel suffers, then, by the vagueness of its central character, and the even more pallid nature of its other people: the girl Mark marries, the men he flies with (stock, stylized characters out of other legends), even his brother and parents, who are only sketchily conceived. There is an all-over sketchiness, a looseness of planning and meaning, that make the book seem only partially complete.

—NATHAN ROTHMAN.

SAGA OF A SADIST: In setting and theme Patrick Hamilton's **"The West Pier"** (Doubleday, $3) invites comparison with Graham Greene's classic excur-

(*Continued on page* 44)

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The Saturday Review

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The Equilibrium of Freedoms

EUGENE LYONS'S lead editorial in *The Saturday Evening Post* a month ago was provocatively entitled "Liberals Fleeing the Terror; But They Still Write." In a time when the majority of our teachers and our writers who have the ability to create public opinion believe that we are rapidly losing our civil liberties and especially the right to express unpopular social opinions, it is refreshing to have someone examine calmly the basis of this belief. It can also be extremely annoying to those who have made a profession of telling us that the witch hunt has terrified Americans into silence and hysteria. There is remarkably little hysteria evidenced by the public outside of what Mr. Lyons calls "certain intellectual-political circles," and certainly in radio, television, and the press there is no lack of sound and vigorous protest against the vicious practice of what we now call "McCarthyism"—accusation by slander and innuendo.

But the cure of an evil by violent means can be in itself dangerous. Fear is a communicable emotion; and if Mr. Lyons is right in stating that the conception that an American gambles his career, reputation, and even his liberty when he expresses unorthodox opinions is a melodramatic myth, then the sooner the myth is proved to be false the better for all of us. We certainly cannot afford to have our schools and colleges staffed by teachers who are terrified that they will lose their jobs or will be open to charges of Communism if, as the former head of the Rockefeller Foundation, Raymond Fosdick, said, "they favor fair employment practices, are concerned about civil liberties, or oppose religious prejudices or Jim Crowism." Nor can we afford to have our writers and speakers silenced from protesting against injustice wherever they may find it. So far they have been extremely vocal. We have yet to hear of a publisher who has refused to bring out a marketable book that is an attack on social prejudices—or on McCarthyism, for that matter. It is also true that no national magazine would be likely to publish an article attacking the Bill of Rights or advocating Jim Crowism.

It was inevitable that the public should be outraged and fearful when it was first discovered that there were Russian spies stealing our scientific secrets and that native Communists had penetrated into the State Department and other vital Government offices. It was also natural that we should be determined to root them out and bring them to trial, and that someone like Senator McCarthy, who was immune from the laws that protect citizens from slander and libel, should appear on the scene and find that scaremongering was politically profitable.

When book after book was published proving that our Communists were indeed dangerous, there was for a time a state of hysteria and fear that led to what we call "the witch hunt." Its actual effects have been wildly exaggerated at home and abroad, Mr. Lyons believes. He proves it by quoting Bertrand Russell, who wrote, "Nobody ventures to pass a political opinion without looking behind the door. If by some misfortune you were to quote with approval some remark by Jefferson, you would probably lose your job and find yourself behind bars." Bernard De Voto was guilty of the same fault when he wrote in *Harper's Magazine*, "Fuzzy-minded nincompoops and very clear-minded bastards are going to agitate for the dismissal of every college teacher who expresses an idea that would make Roscoe Conkling blush for its conservatism."

IT would appear in these days when violence is manifest everywhere that writers are unwilling to qualify a statement or to correct an opinion that has been proved to be false or exaggerated. It is not generally known, for example, that what Mr. Lyons calls "the prize exhibit of alleged thought control," the University of California loyalty oath, was stopped dead in its tracks by the law. How many of us now realize that, to quote Mr. Lyons again, "of the dozens of Americans identified as spies by Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, only three or four have been punished, and that the rest continue to work, teach, and talk without molestation." How many of us have been informed that nearly all of the many who have been charged for subversive acts by the House Committee on Un-American activities are not only at liberty but are still working at their jobs and professions. Mr. Lyons adds that the Communist Party has not been outlawed and that it is carrying on its usual and dangerous activities, and that in the case of Communist trials the Courts supply every conceivable loophole and legal technicality for escape. The college professors who have in the past sponsored overt Communist propaganda activities are still at work in their colleges; the American Association of University Professors has approved the employment of Communists as teachers.

There have of course been undeserved sufferings and acts of injustice. However few they were they cannot be justified by merely stating that they might have been expected. But it is certainly true that the American public and our courts have behaved admirably. To say that the people of this country live in a state of fear or that they are vengeful is a gross absurdity, though they are aware of the perils that surround us and of the Communists in our midst. McCarthyism has failed to spread its poisonous hysteria, and it is time that the writers who are fighting it should come to their senses and put an end to their own use of the tactics which they deplore. Mr. Lyons in his editorial has given us some of the facts, and it is to be hoped that other writers will wake up and recognize that sensationalism is a two-edged sword that may wound those they are trying to protect more than the infamy they are attacking. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Need for Science

▶ GEORGE SARTON'S plea for science [*SR* Sept. 27] contains a vital message for our irrational era. The complexities of present-day problems, which demand the utmost in rigorous, scientific reasoning, have evoked the very qualities most inimical to scientific objectivity. Fear and frustration have produced an anti-intellectual atmosphere in which Americanism is merely an anti-Communist cult; and its high priests demand, as a price for salvation, that society be purged of dissenters to its negativist orthodoxy. From a long-range viewpoint the most ominous aspect of these ever-increasing demands for conformity is the persistent attempt of chauvinistic fanatics to kill the Socratic spirit in our schools.

It is under these adverse conditions that our schools must better their performance of the past in cultivating an attitude akin to the scientific humanism outlined by Mr. Sarton. Until scientific habits of thought have become more widespread we shall continue to be plagued by such enduring falsehoods as the belief that peace can be achieved through military strength alone, that a man can be fairly judged by his creeds rather than by his deeds, and (that ultimate refuge of self-righteous bigots) that God is necessarily on our side. These and other primitive rationalizations must go the way of the Ptolemaic theory if our civilization is to arrive at positive solutions to the problems that beset us.

C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.

Erlton, N. J.

Down with Science

▶ "AN HISTORIAN'S PLEA FOR SCIENCE" is a contemptible piece of intellectual charlatanry. Sarton says, "Science develops very much as if it had a life of its own." Indeed, it does have a life of its own, and a death of its own. The German writer F. G. Juenger points out in his "Die Perfection der Technik" that scientists today are morbidly absorbed in the study of disintegrative reactions, such as atomic fission, and that these are the ways of mental death.

Science is rotten. It begets a class of mechanistic intellectuals who yearn to be taskmasters, like the ancient Egyptian engineers. We common folk yearn to see them done to death. And we, not they, shall win. We do not believe in science. We do not want to be ruled by scientists and intellectuals. . . .

MORRIS HORTON.

Greenville, Texas.

Vox Populi

▶ EVERY TIME someone established comes out with a new book, readers start composing their "I don't care what the critics say—this is what I think" letters. That would be okay, I suppose, if these readers had anything to think with, but some of the letters you run across would hardly set you to believing that. Most of them tell you more about what people don't know than what they do know. The stuff they've written lately about Hemingway's "The Old Man" [LETTERS, *SR* Sept. 27] is pathetic.

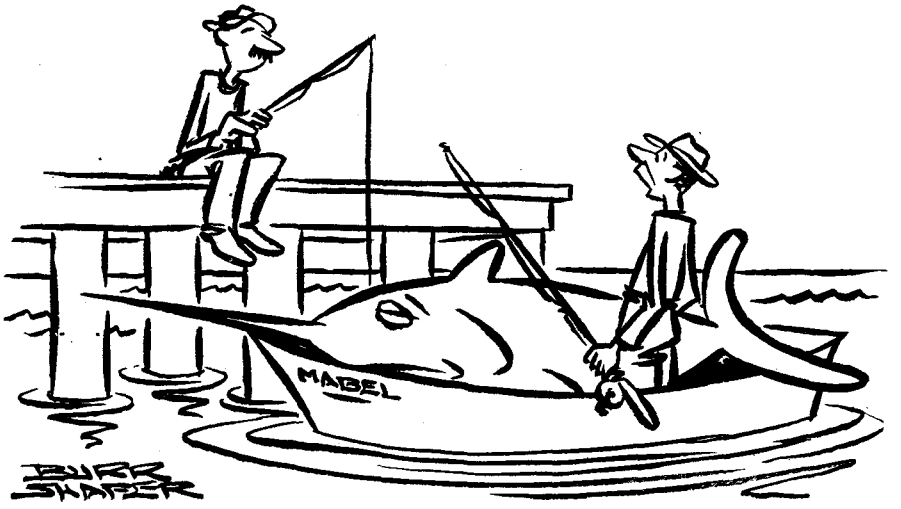
Complaining about his prose style. How stupid can they get? So what if he does break all those stuffy and proper English-class rules for language? It only makes his prose more sound and flexible. Anybody who knows anything about literary art knows that.

And what if he does deal with what people call bru-tal-i-ty and cru-el-ty? You find those things in life, don't you? They're there whether anyone likes it or not.

If some of these people can't wake up to what Hemingway is like, then they ought to give up and stop writing their precociously flippant and dreadfully sincere but stupidly absurd letters.

WILLIAM WHITE.

New York, N. Y.



"It was pretty dull—didn't see a single shark."

Berle As He Was

▶ ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S review of the new Milton Berle show [*SR* Oct. 4] was certainly more than a little charitable in its gold star credits. Curiously enough, I didn't like the first show. And at least a good dozen of my friends agreed with me.

Now, Mr. Shayon, you're the critic and I'm one of thirteen people who purchase Texaco products whose sale makes the TV program possible. We prefer Mr. Berle as he *was*.

FRED MINOTTI.

Baltimore, Md.

Interlingua for the World

▶ THE ARTICLE "English for the World!" by W. L. Werner [*SR* Oct. 4] may be convincing to English readers. But should we not ask how his arguments for promoting English as *the* world language will appeal to the people of Latin America, India, other Asiatic countries, and to the people of the Soviet Union?

National sensitivities are always symbolized by mother tongues. In this era of rising nationalisms the assumption that English is the inevitable international language should be realistically examined. Shall we transfer colonialism from the political to the linguistic realm?

The International Auxiliary Language Association, to which Professor Werner refers, has sought to adapt many national languages, not just one of them, to the needs of our international community. Our research has turned to all languages which are widely spoken throughout the world to collect from them words which will be internationally understood. There is an astonishing number of such international words. To this vocabulary we have given standardized form under the name Interlingua. The Interlingua Dictionary contains 27,000 such international words, not "English words that are internationally known" as Professor Werner has described it.

Interlingua is a generalized European language because the largest number of words is held in common by the languages of Europe; but in so far as words from Oriental languages are today in international circulation they are also inincluded in Interlingua.

This natural medium for international communication would seem to have the important asset of political neutrality and therefore a chance for gradual acceptance as *the* international language.

Its present appeal is not limited to scholars, as Professor Werner states. Interlingua is used monthly in the international edition of a popular scientific publication which is pioneering in the introduction of this auxiliary language.

MARY BRAY,
Executive Director, IALA.

New York, N. Y.

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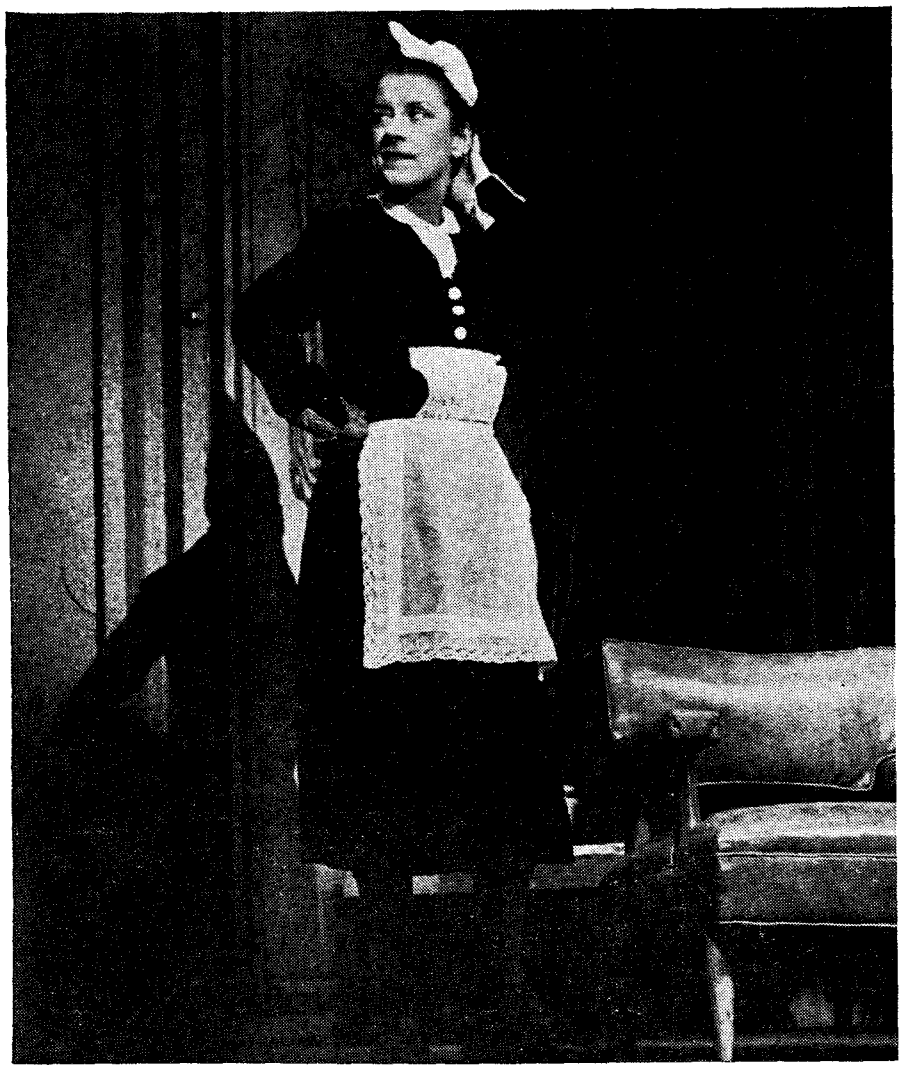
Seeing Things

QUEEN BEA



Beatrice Lillie—"the youthfulness of her spirit remains untouched."

CHANGE is the law of life; change, the guarantee of progress. All things change. So, I was about to add while enjoying the safety of this stream of truisms, do all people. But "An Evening with Beatrice Lillie"* has forced me to realize that last statement is a lie. Twenty-nine years have passed since first I saw Miss Lillie in London and she has not changed a bit either in her looks or in her comic style.

Most of us have been battered by time. But not Miss Lillie. She bounces onto the stage with undiminished energy, as trimly attractive as when she and Gertrude Lawrence conquered New York in "Charlot's Revue." She sports the same boyish bob. Her pertness has not altered. The youthfulness of her spirit remains untouched. The brightness both of her person and personality is untarnished.

Does she sing "There Are Fairies at the Bottom of My Garden," and chant her love for "Paree," and impersonate the self-centered friend who visits a star in her dressing-room at the conclusion of a first night? These and other favorites she is merciful enough to do again. She also does some new numbers and has the kindness to make even them seem familiar.

The adage has it that you can't get enough of a good thing. This is the way all of us who are Bea-stung feel about Miss Lillie. We are not only happy with everything she does but happy before she does it. By this I mean we are made happy by the mere thought that she is waiting in the wings and about to appear.

Our admiration does not blind us to the fact that some of her numbers are better than others and that all of them are much the same in tone and attack. So what? Only the unwise tamper with perfection. To have Miss Lillie change would be a calamity. An evening with her cannot be too long. She leaves us wanting more of the same and regretting that she cannot find time to reorder those two dozen double-damask dinner napkins, to reappear as Gladstone's pet, to sing her version of "Britannia Rules the Waves," and re-do any number of the old favorites treasured by her fans.

THE program tells us that Miss Lillie's first approach to London managers was as a singer of serious ballads. Office after office turned her down until one day André Charlot reluctantly consented to give her an audition. Sensing his apathy, Miss Lillie decided to take a chance. She jettisoned her "art" and burlesqued a song called "We're Drifting Apart, So You're Breaking My Heart" so unsparingly that Charlot was in stitches. The result was a three-year contract.

Although I do not doubt this story, it does seem odd to me that Miss Lillie had not realized her genius for spoofing long before. I have been told that, even when she was a girl singing quite devoutly at church affairs in her native Canada with her mother and sister (they were known as the Lillie Trio), there was something about her so patently droll that the parishioners had to fight against laughing in a most unchurchly manner.

This off-beat in Miss Lillie's spirit, this heaven-sent ability to be funny, or rather inability not to be funny, is manifest in everything she does. Perhaps the best way of explaining what is unique about her brand of comedy is to fall back on a tale told by Alexander Woollcott in "While Rome Burns." Woollcott recalls a night at the Casino in Monte Carlo when he was apprehensively watching Miss Lillie risking her all at *chemin de fer*.

"On this Riviera occasion," says Woollcott, "Miss Lillie was suffering from the hiccups, and one spasm of them was misread by the banker as a hoarse cry of 'Banquo!' A hundred thousand francs of unearned increment was being pushed towards her before she, in her pretty confusion,

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* *AN EVENING WITH BEATRICE LILLIE—and Reginald Gardiner. Assisted by Xenia Bank, Florence Bray, John Philip, Eadie and Rack at the pianos. Settings by Rolf Gerard. Directed and presented by Edward Duryea Dowling. At the Booth Theatre, New York City. Opened October 2, 1952.*

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could explain his mistake. Afterwards, it seemed better not to embarrass him by mentioning it." That fortuitous hiccup in her playing has always been a source of profit to her devotees.

Miss Lillie is the neatest and seemingly the most imperturbable of women. Her neatness and calmness add immeasurably to the fun she creates by being so madly at odds with the ridiculousness and hurly-burly of what she does. Her gentility is as much her clown's costume as the derby, the tight coat, the baggy pants, and cane were the trademark of Charles Chaplin when he was Charlie.

Miss Lillie disassociates herself from any solemn or sentimental material that happens to come her way. For a perilous moment or two she may seem to be playing a number straight. Her manner on entering can be earnest, her face frozen. In no time, however, the mischief breaks through. It can express itself in a gesture, a tone, or a twist of the body that is slightly, though unmistakably, exaggerated. Or, while she continues to look grave, one eyebrow can shoot up or a gleam brighten her eyes, and seriousness is routed, nonsense takes over, and everything becomes gloriously and giddily goofy.

Although Miss Lillie's material is not always as spotless as her person, she remains unspotted by its innuendoes. One of the most outstanding of her many gifts, as I long ago tried to point out, is her genius at the transference of guilt. She sheds any responsibility for the earthier meanings that audiences may read into her words. Understanding her is done at one's own risk. As a British subject, her motto rightly enough is *honi soit.*

The advantage of "An Evening with Beatrice Lillie," as Brooks Atkinson phrased it, is that it finds Miss Lillie uninterrupted by the musical shows in which she usually appears. She is assisted by Reginald Gardiner, who, in her fashion, often does things he has done before. But, as these include his unforgotten and unforgettable impersonations of trains, boats, and wallpaper, there is no reason to complain. Three other performers wander in occasionally to help with a skit, and Eadie and Rack are at the pianos. But the evening is like an "Old Home Week" with Miss Lillie. Who could ask for a better recommendation? —JOHN MASON BROWN.

Broadway Postscript

ROUGHLY speaking there are two kinds of farce: one where the laugh is held firmly in tow by the ac-

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tion of the story; the other where the action hangs on for dear life to the coat-tails of the jumpabout laugh. The former is the "honest" way, even though it often turns out to be not very funny. The latter should never be encouraged by a critic, but it can sometimes provide an extremely entertaining evening.

Edmund Beloin and Henry Garson's "In Any Language" fits the second description and there is no reason why it should not be profitably patronized by the same hundreds of thousands who have taken to such an insubstantial work as "Wish You Were Here." The new farce spins around one joke, namely the infatuation of a dime-store American movie queen with the pseudo-artiness of Italian film-making. The actress, who has come to Rome to attempt for the first time a serious role—"an American schoolteacher who falls in love with an Italian pimp"—is strenuously played by Uta Hagen, who, it so happens, is a serious actress attempting a farcical role. Her "Hannah King" shows a good deal of progress towards the acquisition of a farce technique over her efforts in "Tovarich" last May. This is particularly so in the scene in which she enragedly cancels the crumb order for the pigeons she has been feeding as part of her Italianization program. She is also amusing when, apparently satirizing the tones of her ex-husband Jose Ferrer, she declaims in mock earnestness, "I value friendship above truth." But there are also moments when you find yourself thinking what a good movie this would make for Judy Holliday. Joe de Santis as the Rosselini-type director and Walter Matthau as Hannah's down-to-earth near-ex-husband are satisfactory foils to Miss Hagen. Director George Abbott, whose name has become synonymous with the laughs-for-laugh's-sake school of theatre, has scared up some picturesque special characters who are hilarious in brief appearances.

Raoul Pene du Bois's settings are colorful and huge enough for Mike Todd to use in his Jones Beach Marine Amphitheatre, and they prepare the audience beautifully for the play's high degree of improbability. This improbability would certainly seem to bar "In Any Language" from consideration as a good play, but any script that comes through consistently with lines like "We were all foreigners once—tell that to your Indian friends" should be able to stick around a while.

ANTHONY Parella has launched his President Theatre project with a bottle of Somerset Maugham, vintage 1928, which it now appears was not a particularly good year for that celebrated playwright. "The Sacred Flame" (title from Coleridge's "Love") is partly a slightly engrossing whodunit, partly a somewhat dated plea for mercy-killing, and partly an unsuccessfully realized portrait of a society which places correct behavior

Table Talk

By Evelyn Ames

We are so practised at this game
We play it with exactitude;
Between hors d'oeuvres and alcohol
And delicately over food
We talk, disclosing nothing at all.

In early youth we learned the rules:
The gambit of the opening move—
With friends as pawns, the season's plays,
Then cautiously we start to prove
What we believe, sum up, appraise.

Nothing but clues. Scrap-paper thrown
Along the paths which we have taken:
This way, they call, follow and find!
No closer than two trees, wind-shaken,
We brush the outer leaves of mind.

Yet always I look at you and wonder
What lightning struck on some black night
And flayed you to the growing wood,
What storm-wind bent you or what blight
Ate at your veins and still you stood:
Deaf to the wind and to the thunder
We say the things we think we should.

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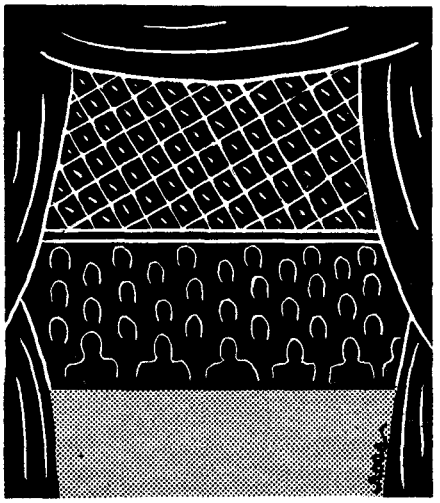
ahead of the fundamental passions and in so doing equates goodness with chastity.

The play has been given a first-class production at one-quarter the usual cost due to union concessions based on the smallness of the theatre and the $3.60 top. Frances Starr's performance as an invalid's mother may be erratic, but she still has that electric charm which Belasco managed to teach his leading ladies. Patricia Wheel in the role of the invalid's young and beautiful wife behaves with a sureness which would seem to make her eligible for a starring role in the near future. Charles McCawley negotiates the violent part of the miserable cripple without spilling over into unreal theatricality. And Nancy Coleman, who is much too pretty and lyrical ever to play an unattractive antagonist, accomplishes at least the primary job of making herself appear nasty.

Nothing in the acting or in John Reich's unrelenting direction is quite as stylish, however, as Leo Kerz's simple setting of black velour and woodwork. Its abstract quality indicates the possibility of doing the entire play as an ironic comment on supercivilized society. In "The Summing Up" Mr. Maugham states that in this play he tried "to write a more formal dialogue than I had been in the habit of using." This formality is a convention which an audience soon gets used to, but which also has an air of detachment that clashes with naturalistic acting.

While "The Sacred Flame" does not have enough impact to move up to a large and more expensively scaled house, it promises well for Mr. Parella, who will do the works of three new playwrights in the coming months. If one of them clicks, Broadway will have a good play and the unions whose concessions made it all possible will have some steady jobs.

—HENRY HEWES.



SR Goes to the Movies

SPOTLIGHT ON "LIMELIGHT"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week sees the premiere of "Limelight," Charles Chaplin's first film in five years. Before its public opening the film was shown many times in New York to invited audiences. Opinion on "Limelight" seemed to be divided almost equally between those who considered it a great work of art and Chaplin's masterpiece and those who held it to be a banal falling-off from Chaplin's former virtuosity. This cleavage is reflected in the views of two of* SR's *regular movie critics, Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert. In the pro and con reviews of the film below Mr. Knight argues in favor of "Limelight" while Mr. Alpert considers its weaknesses.*

IN ITS brief fifty-year life span, the motion picture has already produced three unequivocal geniuses—D. W. Griffith, Eisenstein, and Charles Chaplin—three men who saw in the crude movies a new instrument for valid artistic creation. Each widened the horizons of film art in his own way; but it has remained for Chaplin to use the medium for direct and personal statement, and that only in his most recent films. He spoke out against regimentation in "The Great Dictator," criticized conventional morality, easy thinking, in "Monsieur Verdoux." "Limelight" (United Artists) is more important than either. It is in every sense a summing up, an epitomizing of the comedian's fundamental philosophies and attitudes about life, about love, about audiences, about comedy. Fundamentally, "Limelight" is not a comedy at all, but an artist's testament limned in lovely poetry and poignant wit. An overwhelming emotional experience, it is concerned far less with the play of emotions than with the play of ideas.

Briefly, it is the story of Calvero, a once-successful music-hall comedian now fallen on evil days. He has lost contact with his audiences; being funny isn't fun any more. Nevertheless, he saves a young girl from suicide, nursing her back to health and the will to live. And while restoring her will, he regains his own. But though Thereza becomes a famous dancer, Calvero can't even hold a job. He watches the girl fall in love with a gifted composer, then steps aside lest he spoil her life. In many ways, this is the repetition of a theme long dear to Chaplin's heart: the lonely, unsuccessful man and the waif. But in "Limelight" there is a significant difference. Here the man can teach the girl, age can prepare the way for youth. And the ending, instead of sending the two of them down the road arm in arm into the sunset, finds the young artist dancing to new glory on the stage while the old clown dies peacefully in the wings.

Every aspect of this story seems to suggest to Chaplin a flow of ideas to discuss with his audiences—or at least to present his views upon. Occasionally he does this to the accompaniment of a brilliant image, as when the aging Calvero talks to the girl about the ultimate goal in his life—"Truth, and if possible a little dignity"—while standing before a portrait of the young, successful Chaplin. Too often the talk is accompanied by the most routine "business"—scraping a plate, filling a glass or vase. Always, however, it is talk worth listening to, aptly phrased, wryly turned, suggesting now Lewis Carroll, now Oscar Wilde, now Shaw. Sometimes the implications of his words are quite shattering. "Everyone is so kind to me," he says at one point. "Makes me feel isolated." It is a new experience, a strange experience to hear a man's philosophy being enunciated from the screen, something unprecedented except for the movie versions of a few Shaw plays and Chaplin's own "Monsieur Verdoux."

But even in the midst of a solemn discourse, Chaplin will suddenly have recourse to his unrivaled pantomimic powers. For an instant he becomes a rock, a rose, a slanted Japanese tree. He is ever eloquent in gesture. At one point a dance director is outlining the libretto of the film's ballet, explaining that while Columbine is dying the clowns should start being funny. "While she's dying?" exclaims Chaplin, with a shrug that speaks volumes.

All this is told with a camera technique that is sparing, unspectacular, utilitarian. To many, accustomed now to the meaningless cuts, the meandering cameras, the incessant dissolves of most contemporary films, "Limelight" will appear perhaps a bit strange and old-fashioned. But watch the scenes in which Chaplin relives his past on

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Charles Chaplin and Claire Bloom—"the voice of a great comedian."

the London music hall stage. Watch how carefully the camera follows Chaplin's hilarious "Animal Trainer" number. At the introduction, as the curtains part, the camera is out front with the audience. Chaplin begins his song, a nonsense patter about the days of his glory when he tamed lions and elephants, and the camera gently moves closer to the stage, as if the audience were sitting forward in its chairs. Then comes a wonderful pantomimic sequence with a pair of trained fleas. The camera jumps to a mid-shot that includes only a worktable and Chaplin himself. All superfluities are rigorously framed out. Back again to full stage for the finale and the bows; and only then, for the first time, in to a huge close-up for the infinitely sad expression on the comedian's face as he realizes that he has been playing to an empty house. Nothing could be less spectacular—nor more correct.

The same taste and discretion dictate his handling of the ballet interludes. Melissa Hayden is used frankly and openly as a substitute for Claire Bloom in all the dance scenes. Chaplin never once breaks the line and continuity of her performance for an insert close-up of Miss Bloom to suggest that she is actually doing the dancing. Perhaps the finest dance in the picture, a graceful impromptu by Miss Hayden, is taken completely in one shot. The camera faces into the footlights, setting the piano and the impresario deep in shadow, while the whirling silhouette of the dancer is modeled by a single shaft of light that forms the only illumination for the scene. The composition is bold, handsome, completely functional. Actually, the camera work is equally correct, equally functional for the passages of pure talk. For these the camera stands by, recording now an agile mind instead of an agile body. It is not necessarily the most brilliant solution, the most cinematic way of formulating a philosophy—but then, this is still virgin territory for pictures.

It would not do, however, to overemphasize the techniques of "Limelight." Chaplin is clearly far more concerned with what he has to say than with his means of saying it. His message, the message of "Limelight," is to live courageously for life itself, despite one's limitations, despite one's griefs. "Limelight" is from start to finish the voice of a great comedian, a great spirit, giving cinematic shape to his own ripe experience. It is a voice which courageously exploits the familiar and the sentimental without surrendering the force of novelty. One would have to close his heart wilfully to ignore that voice.

—Arthur Knight.

IT IS MANY years since Charlie chose to break that which was termed the most golden about him, his silence, and in the process he became Charles. Die-hard that I am, I have been wondering ever since if he was altogether wise. I remember how we all allowed him that long disquisition in "The Great Dictator," saying, to any who might complain, that he had earned the right to speak if anyone had. Now, after fretfully watching and listening to him in "Limelight," I am driven to inquire why so mature an artist found it necessary to become garrulous. For the truth of the matter is that in "Limelight" Chaplin has become verbose. The fascination that he holds for all but those who faithfully respond to witless personal attacks upon him is still present. Nor is there doubt at all that "Limelight" is preferable to the vast majority of pictures churned out by Hollywood each year. Having said as much, he still leaves the impression that never yet have so many faults cropped up in one of Chaplin's movies.

In "Limelight" Chaplin philosophizes, dabbles in satire, choreographs ballets (not particularly well), tells a sentimental love story, does some comic routines (one of which, with Buster Keaton, is a pure and utter gem), and writes an odd combination of a Hollywood musical and the kind of radio show that still exists on every weekday afternoon. Some of it is, without doubt, magnificent, and a good deal of it misfires painfully and embarrassingly.

His celebrated juxtaposition of comedy and pathos is present again in "Limelight," but somehow it has grown harsh. Chaplin, the writer, had a lapse in taste when he chose, in his opening scenes, to show us a girl lying unconscious in her room with the gas jets turned on and hissing, while outside a comic drunk attempts to fit a key into a lock. We know what is behind that funny door, and if the laughter comes it is uneasy. It is merely a juxtaposition and not a comment upon anything. This ambivalence continues as the story unfolds. Chaplin has set up no particular plane of satire, no frame of reference, from which we are to view the episodes in his tale. As a consequence, we are never sure whether we are seeing comedy or something very stern and serious. In "Limelight" it is as though Chaplin wanted to crowd all of his story ideas into one—and the mixture is not a smooth blend at all.

There is, as I have hinted, much talk in "Limelight," and Arthur Knight says of it in his foregoing appraisal that "always the talk is worth listening to . . ." Mr. Knight is reminded by it of Lewis Carroll, Oscar Wilde, and Bernard Shaw. I may well be at fault in failing to detect these echoes in the lectures that Chaplin has substituted for dialogue. He has much to say about the importance of the eternal life impulse, of how it is one's duty to be fully alive, but he is by no means the first to say these things, and it might very well have been enough in this movie to say

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them only once. It is, after all, a fairly standard message for potential suicides. The repetitions (and there are many of them) dilute and finally bore, and rather than being reminded of Wilde and Shaw I occasionally found myself remembering a book called "Wake Up and Live."

I will not deny that Mr. Chaplin can give an authentic look to a music-hall stage, but "camera angles" have never been enough in themselves to lift a movie out of the commonplace run, not unless the material itself is far from commonplace. The substance of "Limelight" is of a basically maudlin nature. We are all familiar with the "penny-for-an-old-guy" character that Chaplin plays, the down-and-outer of the music-hall stage (substitute the Palace in New York and you see at once the parallel to a routine M-G-M musical) perennially trying for the comeback. Chaplin does bring more life to this old fellow than one would think possible, and for this he deserves all compliments. And Claire Bloom, another of his waifs, is appealing as the girl who couldn't bring her legs to dance because she had learned that her ballet lessons were paid for by her sister's prostitution. Her psychosomatic condition is remarkably clear to the music-hall artist of 1914, and he is able to explain it to her (and also to achieve one of the speediest psychoanalyses on record) in the popularized terms of today, but Mr. Chaplin banks too much on our powers of suspension of disbelief.

THIS is not to say that he is not convincing in a good many of the sequences. He is, indeed, when he wants to show us how an individual may attain to a state of dignity in spite of his adverse circumstances. Here the sentimentality washes away for a time. But back it comes near the end when we are suddenly made aware that the old fellow has a fatal heart condition; he dies on a stretcher in the wings while the girl he has rescued (and who loves him with an incandescent idealism) dances on in the bright lights of her stardom.

There will be some heavy theorizing for a long time to come to account for the strange mixture that is "Limelight." If it fails as a movie, it leads at the same time to numberless speculations on these new facets of Chaplin's personality. "Limelight" is a movie that falters and halts, that rises to superb moments and descends to banalities. How does one assess it? For the moment it is Chaplin in his present phase, with less to say than he had before, and with less assurance in the saying of it.

—Hollis Alpert.

TV and Radio

ONE MAN'S FAMILY IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON

WE'VE taken down the "Apartments to Let" sign from our television set. We're all rented out for the winter.

We were able to accommodate only a limited number of families with situation comedies, so for the time being there will be a waiting list for the many troubled husbands and wives who have had their eyes on our choice apartments with the seventeen-inch living rooms and wall-to-wall carping.

There has been quite a run on our TV Project, what with the late arrival of such tenants as "Ozzie and Harriet," "I Married Joan," "Heaven's for Betsy" (they took one of the small, fifteen-minute suites), and "Mr. and Mrs. North," who along with some of our bachelor tenants, "Dennis Day," "Our Miss Brooks," "Luigi," and "My Friend Irma," to say nothing of our older lessees, "Burns and Allen," "I Love Lucy," and "Mama" really have the joint jumping.

It is no easy job for a landlord to operate a house full of people with situation comedies. Situation comedies can readily turn the property into a shambles. And if the rental laws weren't rigged in their favor, we'd have tuned three or four of them out on the street long ago.

Our favorite guests are the Burns and Allenses from long ago, and the newcomers Ozzie and Harriet Nelson and their two young sons. They're for the most part soft spoken, literate people, and their situation comedies are not only quietly perpetrated, but contain that all-important element of self-identification.

Ozzie and Harriet, for instance, had

a girl calling on their young son the other evening. It was the boy's first skirmish with the fair sex, and Ozzie went through quite a bit of parental paroxysm trying to make the event come off correctly. But it was a nice, gentle sort of paroxysm, filled with such tender touches, for instance, as Ozzie's suddenly deciding to change his shirt before the girl arrived, and the boy's first shave ("and some day I'm going to try it with a blade in the razor"). An expert script faultlessly played by the Nelson family of father, mother, and two young sons. They're in apartment ABC, and the best time to catch them in is Friday nights between eight and eight-thirty.

And speaking of believable, self-identifiable situations, one of our tenants had a dandy the other evening. I forget which couple it was, but it was something that happens to me almost every other night. I come home and my wife has a pair of handcuffs which she playfully puts on my wrists and hers, and locks the handcuffs so we can't be parted. Then she can't find the key and we have to spend the night trying to sleep that way, after calling up several locksmiths who are either closed for the night or refuse to come over till the next morning.

I suppose this has happened to you a thousand times, as it has to us. And when we saw it happen to this couple —well you can imagine how we laughed.

If this type of recognizable situation comedy persists, there is hope for some future vacancies for new families in our TV project. While it is true we can't eject tenants for the type of situation comedy they contrive, we CAN get them for making too much noise. And when options begin dropping on ceilings, leases are automatically broken. So keep in touch.

—Goodman Ace.

Lucretius

By Edith Stuurman

THE body on its outer side
is buffeted by air:
thus the bark or shell or hide
of living things must wear.

And on the other side the breath
knocks against the skin:
this, too, is very wearing
on the man within.

Venus, lend your graces,
as the author asks—
and rest him from bombardment
as well as from his tasks.

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Music to My Ears

AN AUTHENTIC "BUTTERFLY" & A QUESTIONABLE "CONSUL"

". . . that fascinating little Harue Miyake."

THE utility of an interpreter's national identification with the music he performs is one of the more perplexing values in music, rating enthusiastic assent when it is a Casals playing Granados or a Talich conducting Dvorak, and seeming less than unimportant when Percy Grainger was interpreting Grieg or Beecham was having at Chabrier. However, opera is subject to no laws but its own, which made the appearance of a predominantly Japanese cast (members of the Fujiwara Opera Company of Tokyo) in a recent "Madama Butterfly" one of the most absorbing things the City Center has offered its patrons in years.

One realized soon enough that fascinating little Harue Miyake had little of the vocal strength or vocal variety we consider indispensable for a proper Butterfly, but one realized even sooner that she provided a lifelike illusion of grace and delicacy and trust far from the conception of the average Western soprano. But the fact was clear that what she provided in willowy dip and glide, a fanlike oscillation of the body, and a complete lack of angularity in her movements could, conceivably, be readily mastered by her local sisters under the skin. Add to that the vocal advantage they possess and one can imagine a Butterfly considerably better than any we have seen for a long time.

At that Miss Miyake's kind of sound, reedy and lacking in vibrato as it was, struck one as part of a more authentic image than that provided in the past by such other Nipponese imports as Tamaki Miura and Hizi Koyke. Less sophisticated, much less cultivated, it gave one, despite its odd phraseology (due in part to use of a Japanese text interchangeably with the original), a sense of pathos and inherent dignity which gave Puccini's sometimes dubious psychological projection a set of values one rarely attributed to it. A true artist and a charming one, Miss Miyake deserves more attention than she is likely to get in the brief stand permitted by present arrangements.

IF Miyake was clearing the outstanding personality among the visitors, she was ably companioned by a fetching group of choristers as bridesmaids in Act I, by a highly effective Goro by Kiyoshi Takagi, the touching Suzuki of Shizuko Kawasaki, and the picturesque Yamadori of Shyozo Takehara. They all provided an object lesson in disciplined action, ensemble playing, and understanding of character which

Sunny Day

By Alfred Kreymborg

THE time was spring, the sun was out
with his truly lovely flames.
And as they laughed or danced about
two girls were playing games.

They were bouncing a rubber ball
on an upsidaisy wall:
This is jolly, isn't it, Polly?
Certainly is, Molly!

A green-eyed girl, a lovesick girl,
a shadow about sixteen,
sniffed mournfully, disdainfully,
for she was melancholy.

The six-year-olds began again,
skipping the rope this time.
And upsidaisy, in and out,
they danced their lively rhyme:

This is jolly, isn't it, Molly?
Certainly is, Polly!

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others might study with profit. Why, amid this deluge of authenticity, we could not have an American Pinkerton (rather than the able but clearly Czechish Rudolf Petrak), I cannot say. Probably for the same reason of convenience that presented Joseph Rosenstock as conductor. I may add, to get back to the theme of nationality pro and con with which this commentary began, that his was a sound, fluent treatment of the score, and a directorial exploit (relative to the personnel involved) that clearly profited from the years he spent in Japan before, during, and after World War II.

HEARING the authentic Puccini in a performance of so much theatrical illusion on one night put in a new perspective the size of talent involved in his purported disciple Gian-Carlo Menotti, whose "Consul" was added to the City Center repertory the night before. Let it be recognized at once that this version of "The Consul" had no part of the plus theatrical values imparted to "Butterfly" by the imported performers; that it was, on the whole, substantially inferior to the previous showings on Broadway, though Patricia Neway had her original part of Magda, as did Gloria Lane (the Secretary), Jon Geyans (Mr. Kofner), Maria Marlo (the Foreign Woman), and various others in smaller parts. Neither Norman Kelly as Magadoff nor Mary Kreste as the Mother gave to their roles what Andrew McKinley and Maria Powers did when the work was new.

So much for the interpretative factor. Experienced anew, it seemed more clear than ever that "The Consul" is essentially a theatrical experience that counts its effects in terms of devices which impress the first time they are encountered—the dream sequences, the shattering of a pane of glass, an unexpected knock on the door, a ghostly apparition in a doorway—rather than in terms of musical inventions which penetrate and delve and strike new chords of response the oftener they are experienced.

Per se, some of the musical inventions retain their force and individuality. But they are so ringed about by the mechanics of plot and theatrical impact and quick, sure effect (at first encounter) that they constitute an apology for a talent, rather than an affirmation of it. For Broadway "The Consul" was a work of superior intelligence and artistic purpose; for the operatic repertory it is wanting in substance and lasting interest. Eating the cake of a Broadway success has, in this instance, left only crumbs to interest a more demanding taste.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

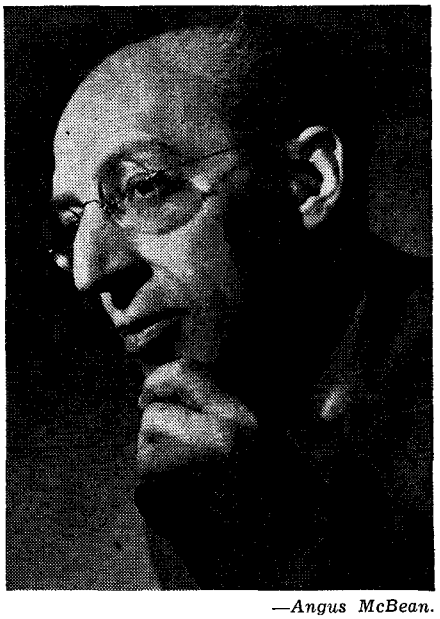
Music. Aaron Copland is a notable contemporary example of the "critical composer," the man who can write about music with the same persuasiveness that he writes music itself. He demonstrated his talent over a decade ago in "Our New Music" and "What to Listen for in Music." It is evident again in his latest book reviewed below, "Music and Imagination," a section of which was published in *SR* Sept. 27. Though composers have often been adept at musical scholarship, critical judgment, and literary style, the same can rarely be said of performers. But there are a few who have managed to write meaningfully as well as to play meaningfully. One of these is the veteran French pianist Alfred Cortot, who now supplements his studies of French piano music with a volume entitled "In Search of Chopin" (page 35) . . . Phonograph records have focused the attention of a large audience on pipe organs other than the movie-house variety; for those who wish to pursue the subject further William Leslie Sumner's "The Organ" (page 34) is a useful guide covering the period from the seventeenth century to now.

The Finest Product of the Spirit

MUSIC AND IMAGINATION. By Aaron Copland. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 116 *pp.* $2.75.

By WILDER HOBSON

THESE are the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures which Mr. Copland delivered at Harvard during the season of 1951-52. If their title suggests the rarefied and lofty, rest assured that Mr. Copland writes about his art with great warmth, intimacy, and liveliness. The composer of "Appalachian Spring" and "Billy the Kid" is talking here primarily to laymen—the lectures are not conspicuously technical—and, indeed, this reviewer has the temerity to approach the work only because Mr. Copland himself shows so much interest in "the listener who intends to retain his amateur status."



—*Angus McBean.*

Aaron Copland—"warmth and liveliness."

One inevitably fascinating thing about Aaron Copland is the fact of his Americanism and what his life and his musical intelligence have to reveal about music in this country. He is, of course, profoundly American, born and raised in deepest Brooklyn, an alumnus of that large and remarkable institution called the Brooklyn Boys' High School, which has given so many fine minds to the republic (in Mr. Copland's generation, to name just three out of many, there were Louis Hacker, Sidney Hook, and Meyer Shapiro). He went from Brooklyn to Paris. Under such foreign teachers as Nadia Boulanger he became an utterly sophisticated composer. And then he came home and began to make splendid use of the usable American past.

It is the delight of this little book that it tells so much about his growth and the directions of his spirit. "The poetry of music," he says with characteristic simplicity, "is always with me. It signifies that largest part of our emotive life—the part that *sings*." And he goes on to emphasize the rich human involvement of true musical responsiveness. "I like this idea," he says, "that we respond to music from a primal and almost brutish level—dumbly, as it were, for on that level we are firmly grounded. On that level, whatever the music may be, we experience basic reactions such as tension and release, density and trans-

Wilder Hobson, author of "American Jazz Music," contributes regularly to SR's RECORDINGS *section.*

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parency, a smooth or angry surface, the music's swellings and subsidings, its pushing forward or hanging back, its length, its speed, its thunders and whisperings—and a thousand other psychologically based reflections of our physical life of movement and gesture, and our inner, subconscious mental life. That is fundamentally the way we all hear music—gifted and ungifted alike—and all the analytical, historical, textual material on or about the music heard, interesting though it may be, cannot—and I venture to say should not—alter that fundamental relationship."

Mr. Copland attacks the petrifaction of musical taste in the fetishism concerning "classics"—even "light classics" or "jazz classics." He wants his ideal listener to pay attention to everything from "the quick wit of a Chabrier" to the "latest importation of Italian dodecaphonism." There is a fine chapter on sheer sonority, during which he, typically, draws attention to the whole vast catalogue of Oriental sounds as against "our own poverty-stricken percussive imaginings." He strikes out against the lush "nouveau-riche temptations of the modern orchestra" (Hollywood papers please copy) and notes that if Ravel had written a treatise on orchestration "the first precept would have been: no doubling allowed, except in the full orchestral *tutti*. In other words, discover again the purity of the individual hue."

There are absorbing pages on the interpretative function, with praise for the "frankly unglamorous" European approach. Gradually, as the lectures proceed, Mr. Copland glances over the whole contemporary musical scene, and pauses at many points of special interest, from Schoenberg to jazz. He pays his disrespects to Soviet esthetic theory and remarks: "For the artist who has once heard Milhaud or Hindemith, the apple of evil has been tasted and the 'harm' from [the Soviet] standpoint has been done." Paying his usual tribute to the Latin-American beauties of Villa-Lobos, Chavez, and Revueltas, and to the high distinctions of Connecticut's Charles Ives, Mr. Copland comes at last to the question of the American contribution to the international musical stream. What, if any, great general values have the New World continents supplied?

His answer is that which would immediately occur to any hot jazz devotee. The special American genius is the rhythmic, proceeding out of the African-Spanish-Indian cultural admixture. Mr. Copland's discussion of the American rhythmic gift is the most lucid and thoroughgoing that I can remember. I will cite just one passage: ". . . an *ambiance* of playing fast and loose with the rhythm is encouraged which has tended to separate more and more the American and European conception of musical pulse. . . . The European is taught to think of rhythm as applying always to a phrase of music—as the articulation of that phrase. We, on the contrary, are not averse to thinking of rhythm as disembodied, so to speak, as if it were a frame to which certain tones might be added as an afterthought. . . . Our European colleagues may protest and claim: 'But we too write our music nowadays with the freedom of unequal divisions of the bar lines.' Of course they do; but nonetheless it is only necessary to hear a well-trained European musician performing American rhythms to perceive the difference in rhythmic conceptions."

In 1900, when Aaron Copland was born in Brooklyn, Louis Armstrong appeared in New Orleans. There is really considerable common culture between Satchelmouth and the Charles Eliot Norton lecturer. They share the vigorous, youthful, and subtle American pulse.

My Barefoot Girl

By Eric Barker

SEARCHING alone through the voices of the sea,
Through rustle and hush like the brittle tongues of leaves
Brimming in autumn drifts as high as her knees,
My barefoot girl goes dancing along the shore,
Kicking up rainbows, stamping up fans of rose,
Shells in her fists, a seaweed wreathed in her hair,
My window-raking lightfoot, fallen heir
To the voyaging trove the prodigal waves cast down
For a gull-disturbing infant tanned as brown
As the sand she prints for a time as long as it takes
A wave on web-foot, diamond-spattering heel,
To scatter them sky and shoreward, squawk and squeal.

Space & Thunder

THE ORGAN. By William Leslie Sumner. New York: Philosophical Library. 436 *pp.* $10.

By David Hebb

WHEN the author, who is an organist and an honorary fellow of the Institute of Musical Instrument Technology in London, speaks of "the organ," he means an instrument of pipes blown by wind, and not one of the products of the electronic age that amplifies synthetically generated fundamentals and harmonics. Mr. Sumner is a purist who knows what he is writing about and writes it well. Further titled "Its Evolution, Principles of Construction, and Use," his book, in its three sections, traces the history of the pipe-organ back as far as the time of the early Greeks, outlines the principles of organ mechanism and tone production, and discusses at some length the approach of the performer to the instrument.

It is written not only for the organ builder and the music student, but for the devoted amateur of the organ as well—he who finds fascination in this marriage of art and the machine. For all three, and for the music-lover of any persuasion and for the member of the church music committee, this will be a valuable work of reference. Books on the organ are legion—the New York Public Library has three drawers full of listings—but most of them are out of print. Audsley's "Art of Organ Building," published in 1905, is currently being offered at $100 for its two volumes. Barnes's "Contemporary American Organ," in four editions and going into a fifth, does not begin to cover the ground that Sumner encompasses, though his illustrations are more numerous and mechanical features more detailed.

Historically, the development of the organ has been far from continuously progressive. From a standpoint of tonal architecture, some of the greatest instruments were built prior to 1800 in Germany, Northern Europe, and France. The interested record collector probably has recordings of organs by Schnitger, Compenius, and Cliquot, the last of whom built an organ of sixty-four stops in 1781 for the church of St. Sulpice in Paris. The nineteenth century brought with it a "romantic" era that changed the entire aspect of organ building until the third decade of the present century. In spite of the influence of Mendelssohn and of Cavaillé-Coll, the French builder, the organ began turning into an imitative "one-man-orchestra" that was neither fish nor fowl. It took

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until about 1937 before we began to come out of the woods with a renascence of true organ tone, with much of the credit going to three builders in the United States: Harrison, Holtkamp, and Schlicker. Mr. Sumner covers this history thoroughly, and brings out as an interesting sidelight the fact that Arnold Dolmetsch, in "The Interpretation of Music of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," was able to determine exact values for certain ornaments by examining specifications for barrels given by Dom Bédos in 1766 as details for a self-playing organ.

There is a section of over a hundred pages on the construction of the organ and the methods by which tone is achieved, illustrated by line drawings. The third section, on the study and use of the organ, is devoted largely to excerpts from the writings of Bach's contemporaries. It would be valuable reading for anyone who wishes to play Bach with a consideration for how *he* liked it.

A bibliography and specifications of fifty-seven organs round out this volume. It is fitting that five of the organs are those on which Bach played, including the instrument in the Thomaskirche, Leipzig, but a slight disappointment that no more than three American organs were included. "The Organ" is thoroughly indexed and well documented, and contains a number of photographs of instruments referred to in the text.

Prodigy, Patriot & Poet

IN SEARCH OF CHOPIN. By Alfred Cortot. Translated by Cyril and Rena Clarke. New York: Abelard Press. 267 pp. $3.50.

By Harold C. Schonberg

GREAT pianists have never made great scholars. Their life work is such that they are kept too busy maintaining their status quo. Alfred Cortot, one of the very few non-Slavic pianists to achieve an international success as a Chopin specialist, is no exception. But like most fine pianists Cortot has enough imagination and sensitivity to supplement the work of the scholar. "In Search of Chopin," first published in Paris about three years ago, may have defects in scholarship and organization, but it is a fascinating collection of odds and ends.

It is not a biography, and most of the information—with the exception of a translation of the so-called Janotha manuscript—is readily available. Cortot examines paintings of his idol and attempts a physical reconstruction; he writes of Chopin the teacher, Chopin the composer, Chopin the letter-writer, Chopin's debt to France (naturally!), Chopin the pianist, Chopin the man. It will surprise nobody familiar with Cortot's literary style to discover that the book is sometimes a little old-fashioned and sentimental. Sometimes, even, a little bit preposterous.

And yet there is a curious authority to the book. It comes through, as expected, in the remarks on Chopin's teaching methods and theories of technique. Cortot is on sure professional ground here. It also comes through in Cortot's refusal to accept some of the romanticized stories about the composer.

Our Cortot has no illusions about his man, much as he reveres his music. He is, for instance, one of the rare writers to point out how spoiled Chopin was as a child in a family of adoring sisters, and how he grew up to be an essentially spoiled adult. There is no glossing over the defects of Chopin's character, and Cortot is really pained by Chopin's insulting, contemptuous attitude toward Schumann. His account of the George Sand liaison, too, is better than most in print, though Cortot somewhat oversimplifies matters and leans decidedly toward Chopin's side. There is something to be said for the lady, too.

The French pianist does not think too much of Chopin's letters as an aid to the understanding of his music. Yet, surely, there is more to those letters than Cortot brings out. Chopin, time and again, wrote about his love for the human voice; it played a part in the development of his melodic ideas that Cortot hardly mentions. And, with all due respect to Chopin's genius, he was not as self-taught as Cortot insists. It is possible, indeed, to take strong issue with several of the theories advanced by Cortot. And yet, when all is said and done, "In Search of Chopin," kaleidoscopic as it is, manages to present a real picture of the man. Of very few studies of Chopin can this be said.

It can also be said, in sorrow, that the book has been scandalously edited. It abounds in things like Breitkoff instead of Breitkopf; Schetter for Scheffer; Lindpainter instead of Lindpaintner; Gryzmala instead of Grzymala; Filscht for Filtsch. This reader counted no less than fifty-eight such editorial mistakes—many of which are also in the French edition. The latter lacks the bibliography and discography present here as appendices; but the bibliography is not complete; and the discography, compiled by Cyril Clarke, not only omits recordings that were made as far back as 1948 but manages to be entirely inaccurate in some of its listings.

—Bettmann Archive.

Drawing of Chopin by George Sand—"an essentially spoiled adult."

Harold C. Schonberg is a music critic on The New York Times.

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Victorian Gamboling

HERE'S A HOW-DE-DO: My Life In Gilbert & Sullivan. By Martyn Green. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 283 pp. $3.75.

By Newman Levy

BOOKS about Gilbert and Sullivan and their operettas continue to flow from the presses. The latest is the autobiography of one of their most talented interpreters, Martyn Green. He calls it "Here's a How-de-do," with the appropriate subtitle "My life in Gilbert and Sullivan." It is a genial, informative book, and it will be welcomed by those insatiable Savoyards who feel that they must read everything written about their favorite subject.

Martyn Green grew up in a musical home. His father was a successful singer and a friend of W. S. Gilbert. It was prophetic and perhaps symbolic that on one occasion when Gilbert visited the Greens' home young Martyn sat on his knee.

During World War I Martyn (who had run away to enlist at the age of sixteen) was severely wounded in France. For nearly a year he was in a hospital and the doctor in charge predicted that he would never be able to walk again. Fortunately for the gaiety of the English-speaking world the doctor was wrong. Upon his discharge at the end of the war Martyn hobbled out of the hospital on a pair of crutches to join the chorus of a musical comedy road company. "I devoted myself assiduously to learning how to walk without the aid of crutches," he tells us, "and gradually I was able to discard them in exchange for two sticks." The tour lasted for eight weeks at the end of which he was "able to walk—slowly it's true—on to the stage without the aid of anything or anybody."

His father advised that he needed training for his chosen career in singing and elocution so Martyn applied for admission to the Royal College of Music, his father's old college. The thoroughness of his training there is evident to anyone who ever heard his rendition of Sullivan's difficult music and Gilbert's tongue-twisting lyrics.

After playing parts in various musical shows he was at length accepted as a member of the D'Oyly Carte Company, a momentous step that was to win for him the admiration and affection of the Atlantic public.

Newman Levy, a devoted Savoyard, is the author of "Opera Guyed."

To those who are saturated in the G. & S. tradition, joining the D'Oyly Carte Company is something like being elected to an exclusive club. Since their first performances these delightful operettas have developed into a cult.

Sullivan's scores, I have been told, are carefully guarded in a vault in Coutts's Bank, and all other orchestrations, though they may sound as good, are pirated and lack the imprimatur. The productions are still conducted under the ectoplasmic direction of the immortal collaborators. Other producers may indulge now and then in a bit of artistic deviationism, but not the D'Oyly Carte Company, which bears somewhat the same relationship to G. & S. that Bayreuth does to Wagner.

In the course of time Green became the leading comedian of the company, and his portrayal of such roles as Sir Joseph Porter, Ko Ko, King Gama, and the Lord Chancellor made him famous and the rest of us extremely happy. It was no quick process; getting to the top in D'Oyly Carte is no hurried achievement. Martyn Green's career resembles the slow, laborious rise of a paying teller to the presidency of a bank.

The author tells many anecdotes of his stage experiences, and stories about many of the persons connected with the G. & S. productions—some more complimentary than others. He describes how various bits of stage business were developed, such as Ko Ko's celebrated climbing up the scenery. There are stories of occurrences that will be relished by those Savoyards to whom no information about G. & S. is unimportant.

In his prologue to the book the author makes a tantalizing statement to which he regrettably does not give the answer: "When the Savoy Theatre closed its doors after the last performance of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company's Festival of Britain season, twenty-seven of the performers left the company, among them Ella Halman, Margaret Mitchell, Richard Watson, and myself. . . . We have been asked over and over again 'What's the matter? Why are you leaving?'"

It would have been an interesting addition to the G. & S. legend to know just what happened. However, although there is reason to regret his retirement from the historic company, his many admirers, and I am one, can find reason to rejoice that his versatile talents will find scope for expression beyond the confines of a great but restricted repertoire.

—From "Here's a How-de-do."
Martyn Green in costume—"exclusive club."

Music Book Notes

THE CONTEMPORARY MUSE: A young British writer, John Culshaw, has given us a highly intelligent, often brilliant picture of the last hundred years in the evolution of music. At first glance **"A Century of Music"** (Roy, $4) seems to present little more than a descriptive, though stimulating, study of the endeavor and achievement of the numerous compositional schools of our period. But in totality the book brings home to the understanding reader the innermost idea underlying the creative happenings of our time.

We are often inclined to view impressionism, expressionism, and all the other strains which constitute what we call modern music from the aspect of what they meant at the time of their advent, namely, as the vigorous and dynamic forces which in a revolutionary upheaval liberated (and still liberate) music from a multitude of schemes no longer commensurate with our way of musical thinking. But Culshaw makes us feel clearly that liberation is not the only historical function that the music of our time has to fulfill. His lucid picture of the musical events of the first half of our century brings again to mind how the modern movement, much as it enriched music with many works of beauty and strength, still left us with a vacuum which has not yet been filled. The

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core of what is taking place in today's musical evolution is an intense, though not yet stylistically defined, struggle to continue the liberation but at the same time to turn it into a search for a new construction, a new musical order.

All this is most persuasively touched upon, and the presentation is enlivened with esthetic *aperçus* and subtle glimpses which alone would make the book worth reading. The author has the rare gift of discussing complex stylistic problems with an avoidance of intricate technical detail, yet without indulging in esthetic generalities common to discourses on modern music—often so general as to lose all meaning. —Rudolph Reti.

VENERABLE RUSSIAN: Alexandre Gretchaninoff, whose book **"My Life"** (Coleman-Ross, New York, $4) has just appeared in English, is today—as Nicolas Slonimsky states in his perceptive introduction—"the last living link with the traditional music of Great Russia." Gretchaninoff's autobiography is in essence an account of his artistic achievements from his first song, "Lullaby," composed in 1887 in Moscow, to his comic opera "The Marriage" (after Gogol's comedy), written at the age of eighty in New York (1945-46). But although the book centers on Gretchaninoff's musical output, the narrative is replete with fascinating details of the Russian musical scene during the brilliant pre-revolutionary days. As a student at the Moscow Conservatory, Gretchaninoff had the opportunity to play in the orchestra when Tchaikovsky conducted "Mozartiana." The composer was apparently pleased with Gretchaninoff's playing of the glockenspiel part and shook hands with him. This led Gretchaninoff's friends to say afterwards that he had not washed the hand that Tchaikovsky had touched for fully a week. Later Gretchaninoff came to know Rimsky-Korsakov, Cui, Kalinnikov, Taneyev, and Chaliapin, and his book is a storehouse of information on Russian music. The translation is by Mr. Slonimsky, and a catalogue of Gretchaninoff's works is appended. —Vera Alexandrova.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 969)

R. V. COLEMAN:

LIBERTY AND PROPERTY

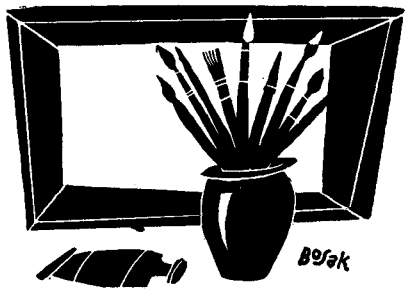
The idea of colonial union had failed to take root. Each colony . . . clung to its own individuality. None had seen an advantage in becoming . . . part of a general group. All had been content to remain affectionate children of Mother England.

NEW EDITIONS

PERHAPS it was with a sense of timeliness that Farrar, Straus & Young decided to bring out a new edition ($3.50) of Henry Adams's "Democracy," first published in 1880—for this novel is a study, one of the first, of corruption in American Federal politics. But it would deserve reprinting even if Washington were now as pure as Cornelia, Head of the Vestal Virgins, once claimed she was. It belongs to the decade that Carl Van Doren has called the most brilliant in the history of the American novel, and it is not the least of that decade's luminaries. Parrington's many contemptuous references to it, in the course of "Main Currents in American Thought," are only so many proofs of the bias and limitations of his own critical approach to literature. Adams did not probe the economic foundation of his scene, because he took this foundation for granted. His purpose was to show what kinds of figures respected politicians cut in the "democratic dance"—the post-Jacksonian dance that he so thoroughly despised. He did this by fictitiously transporting an attractive, half-worldly, half-idealistic, young widow from New York society into Washington society, where she could learn for herself, gradually and with pain, what actually lay beneath the surfaces of government. He did it by writing a novel that adhered to the French traditions of form and economy, rather than to the English traditions of sprawl and verbosity. He managed his principal characters skilfully, if without profundity, and humor enlivened his minor characters. Through the mouth of one of the latter, on at least one occasion, Adams voiced his own conviction. "I do much regret that I have not yet one hundred years to live," said Baron Jacobi, the cynical Bulgarian minister. "If I could then come back to this city, I should find myself very content—much more than now. I am always content where there is much corruption, and *ma parole d'honneur!* the United States will then be more corrupt than Rome under Caligula; more corrupt than the Church under Leo X; more corrupt than France under the Regent!" Jacobi and his creator, it appears, were not bad guessers—if we have not quite reached the high marks set by them, no one can say that we have not tried.

If anyone cares to make a study of the disorderly nature of Ezra Pound's mind he need only read "Guide to Kulchur" (New Directions, $4), which was written some fifteen years ago. It is the work of a literary magpie, a jumble of quotations, paraphrases, and pilferings from half-a-dozen languages half-understood by the author. There are good bits in the jumble, of course; there are quotations and misquotations worth pondering. But the magpie's own chief contribution consists of a sophmoric style and violent prejudices and odd notions, the most violent prejudices and oddest notions being devoted to the subject of usury, which is dragged into the text on every possible and impossible occasion. For Pound—admirer of Il Duce and advocate of Social Credit—usury is the sin of sins, a touchstone of culture, a measuring-rod of civilization. "I suggest," he writes, "that finer and future critics of art will be able to tell from the quality of a painting the degree of tolerance or intolerance of usury extant in the age and milieu that produce it." This is all very foolish; but it is also very funny, and well worth the price of admission.

Duschnes has imported the Folio Society edition of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" ($3.75), with an introduction by Laurence Olivier, and designs for costumes and scenery by Audrey Cruddas and Roger Furse. Olivier found the play tough going, and could never arrive at an adequate conception of Antony's character. The designs are striking but grotesque. Heritage has done a handsome version of Maupassant's "A Woman's Life"—"Une Vie"—translated by Marjorie Laurie, with illustrations by Edy Legrand that are distinguished by their luminosity. Balzac's "La Rabouilleuse" has been translated by Eithne Wilkins, as "A Bachelor's Establishment" (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.50), and illustrated by Phillipe Jullian. John Kieran's anthology, "Poems I Remember," has been reissued (Doubleday, $3.50). —Ben Ray Redman.



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FIVE KEYS TO THE POLITICAL RIDDLE

(*Continued from page* 15)

keeping farm income high is an important matter with them, and by a 6 to 5 margin they are convinced the Democrats will better insure them economic security. In addition, farm housewives should not be discounted in this election. To them maintaining prosperity is a most important issue, and by nearly an 8 to 1 margin they don't think the Republicans can do as effective a job as the Democrats have done to maintain a high level of income.

However, different from 1948, the farm organizations, notably the Farm Bureau Federation, have openly criticized the Administration's program, and this is having its effect. Over half of the farmers of the Midwest say they respect the views of the Farm Bureau, and they believe it wants to see the Republicans win.

In the end the farm belt might be swung to the Republicans on the grounds that farmers are willing to let prices fall a little under an Eisenhower Administration that promises to maintain *most* of the Democratic program. It appears, however, that Eisenhower must win the farm belt to be elected. It is possible for Stevenson to lose most of the farm states and still win the election.

4. Will the white-collar and independent groups vote according to their pro-Democratic views on foreign policy or their pro-Republican views on the "mess in Washington"?

The white-collar group, normally evenly divided between the two parties in affiliation, now is 27 per cent "in basic conflict." The other 63 per cent are running 4 to 3 for Eisenhower. Independents are even more heavily for the General. But 43 per cent of the Independents are in conflict. These uncommitted people now hold the balance in both groups.

IT is among the politically-independent voting groups that the corruption issue has taken its deepest hold. Many have become so skeptical about the level of conscience in Washington that they have accepted the charges of laxity in fighting Communism at home. It is among this group that you most often hear the slogan, "It's time for a change."

They also complain about taxes and Government spending. But when asked if they think the Republicans would be able to cut taxes, by a 3 to 1 count they say they don't think they will. The main reason they give for this belief is that it is better to have high taxes than to take any chance of failing in our commitments abroad.

These independents and white-collar people are strongly international-minded. Aid to Europe is a key part of our program, and they think the Democrats will do a better job in this area than the Republicans. As with the young people, these people wince at Eisenhower's marriage with Taft—not because they are so averse to Taft's domestic record, but because they distrust him on international matters.

With corruption showing signs of weakening as a major issue toward the close of the campaign, it is conceivable that by Election Day the Eisenhower lead among the white-collar and independent groups will diminish. Certainly, the General cannot hope to gain much more strength among them than he already has as November approaches.

5. Will housewives vote Democratic, according to what they consider their best economic self-interest, or Republican, in order to register their protests over high prices and the drafting of their sons to fight in Korea?

Normally 3 to 2 Democratic in party affiliation, 22 per cent of the housewives are today "in basic conflict." The other 68 per cent are 4 to 3 for Eisenhower. This is their conflict: in terms of what they regard as their long-range economic interests American housewives are clearly on record as endorsing the policies of the Democrats. By a 2 to 1 count they think they would have been worse off financially had the Republicans been in the White House over the past twenty years. And by nearly that margin they think they will be better off under the Democrats in the next four years. "Full employment" conscious, they are under pretty strong pressures to vote for Stevenson.

But they are very unhappy over current high prices, and single it out as the most important issue to be faced by the next Administration. Significantly, by a 3 to 2 count they feel the Republicans can keep prices in line better than the Democrats. At first glance this result would appear to be contradictory to the strong conviction that their economic welfare is tied up with a Democratic Administration. But housewives are emotionally angry at the Democrats for failing to curb high prices. The question is how much of this emotion they will carry with them into the polling booths on November 4. If they are angry enough they might forget their long-term appraisal of their own interests in terms of full employment, which they attribute to the Democrats.

Compounding their dissents is a good deal of bitterness over Korea and the way it has been handled. Again, this is a personal, emotional

—*Acme.*

President Truman demonstrating one of the nightmares in the history of statistics.

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fear for the safety of loved ones. But it cuts deep. By a 2 to 1 count they feel the Republicans will do a better job of bringing the war there to a close more quickly than the Democrats.

It is certainly true that a good many housewives are influenced by their husbands in making up their political minds. But it is also true that housewives have ways of influencing their husbands and this is too often overlooked. Today, as the election approaches, they remain a major battleground in the campaign, and a key to the final outcome.

Of the five questions, the ones essential to Stevenson are holding onto the normal Democratic groups which still lean toward him and winning back the young and the housewives, who are leaning away. Eisenhower must carry the farm belt, the young people, and most of the independents or his chances sharply diminish.

Never before have we found so many people in a state of conflict or deep doubt over their vote. Time and time again our interviewers reported a belief that the New Deal was basically good, that the Administration's foreign policy is farsighted, and that the Democratic Party is the party of the common man coming into head-on conflict with a revulsion against corruption in Washington, a feeling we're getting nowhere in Korea, and that "It's time for a change." We estimate those in admitted doubt and in deep conflict to be no less than a third of the public as this is written. Later studies should show that this number has been reduced but a goodly number of these voters will not solve their dilemma, will not resolve their conflict until they are faced with the final irrevocable choice in the voting booth on Election Day.

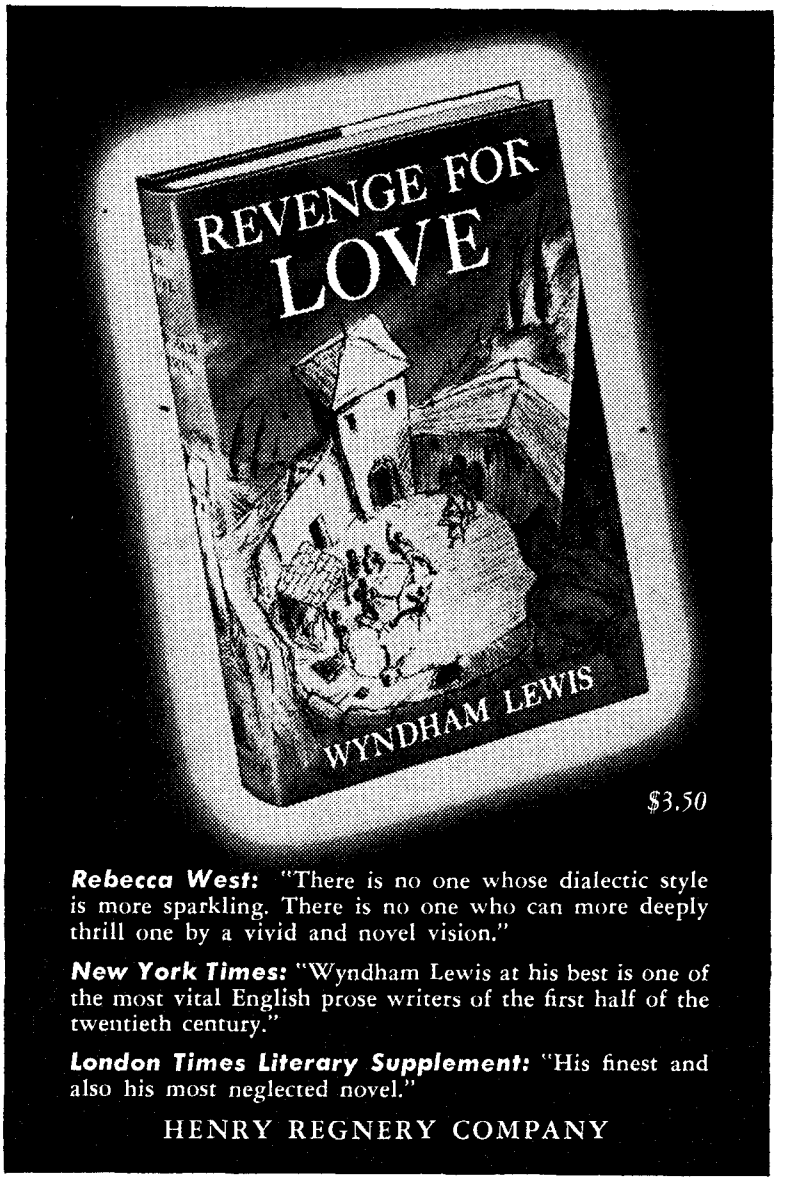
PEOPLE

(*Continued from page* 21)

Hanoverian daughter, not a dutiful English queen, whom the Duchess strove to create—and, as we know, strove in vain. Victoria, outwardly all compliance, developed in secret that rigidity of will, that "vein of iron," which so astonished Lady Lyttleton and which even Lord Melbourne could not soften.

As long as the Duchess and Sir John Conroy dominate the scene this narrative has originality and vivacity. But the other people in the story—the kings, the royal dukes, the visiting German princelings, the courtiers, the hangers-on, even Victoria herself—are usually strangely immobile and, for such voluble personages, strangely mute.

This is not Dormer Creston's fault. She is an accomplished writer. She is also a diligent and original researcher, and she has much to say about these people that we never heard before. The point seems to be that they have nothing more to say to us. The *Zeitgeist* has begun to frown, not upon the period into which Miss Creston's book falls, but upon the particular aspect of it she has chosen to describe. Try as they will, one's imagination and sympathy are no longer engaged by the trials and pleasures of a young princess, brought up in total unawareness of all that was significant in the England around her. One is almost forced to murmur that if Victoria had never existed, the British nineteenth century would have taken very much the course that it did. But all this may be heresy; and those who share Miss Creston's point of view, or do not too strongly dissent from it, will find her "Youthful Queen Victoria" a literate and informative addition to the royal legend.


REVENGE FOR LOVE
WYNDHAM LEWIS
$3.50
Rebecca West: "There is no one whose dialectic style is more sparkling. There is no one who can more deeply thrill one by a vivid and novel vision."
New York Times: "Wyndham Lewis at his best is one of the most vital English prose writers of the first half of the twentieth century."
London Times Literary Supplement: "His finest and also his most neglected novel."
HENRY REGNERY COMPANY

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—*United Press.*

Eva Peron in Madrid—"racked by a (quenchless) thirst."

Scorn in the State

THE WOMAN WITH THE WHIP. By Maria Flores. New York: Doubleday & Co. 286 pp. $3.50.

By Duncan Aikman

THIS biography of Evita Peron was in its final proof stages when its subject died in Buenos Aires of cancer on July 26. The obituary estimate of the Argentine "first lady's" character and of the moral havoc she has wreaked upon her country's people is thus confined to five pages of an almost breathtakingly incisive epilogue.

Yet the book throughout is written with a refreshing detachment from Argentine partisan politics and an almost timeless perspective on history—as if its author were setting down, with delicious and always quotable but usually documented malice, the sins and psychography of some bygone virago like Catherine de Medici. At the same time it tells us more about modern Argentina and the Peron regime, with its cruel, crooked, and paranoiacally rabble-rousing ways to power, than any book which Peronismo has yet inspired. And it tells us about it with a sustained sense of personal intimacy with the principal characters and the exciting impact of unflagging liveliness. Miss Flores, an Argentine resident of the United States apparently writing in English, wins, in fact, as a beginning biographer, spurs with golden rowels.

Her basic analysis of Evita's personality is that she lived a delusion of megalomania. "Megalomania carries with it a self-inflicted goad," Miss Flores writes of the "whip-woman's" state when she had married Juan Domingo Peron just before his 1946 election to the Presidency, "and no power achieved can satisfy the victim. Like the sailor adrift who drinks of the sea, Eva is racked by a thirst which can never be quenched, that is fed and not slacked by each new draught of power, that must, if death does not reach her first, drive her insane."

The megalomania, Miss Flores proceeds, was the product of psychic wounds in childhood and early womanhood. Born Maria Eva Duarte, in the dreary hamlet of Los Toldos, on the dusty pampas 200 miles from Buenos Aires, she was the youngest child in the "second family" of a small-time businessman, Juan Duarte, who had a regular establishment elsewhere. She grew up there and in the larger but no less drab country town of Juñin, where her mother, when Evita was still hardly more than an infant, found another "protector" in an Italian cheap restaurant proprietor. Then at sixteen, being good in school elocution programs and pageant parts, she ran away to Buenos Aires with a professional guitar player. He promptly abandoned her so that for the next five years, 1935-40, Evita starved, relatively speaking, between pittance-pay bit parts on the radio.

She was already, by Miss Flores's account, what the Argentines call "a *resentida,* a resentful one. She had two real causes for resentment against society: that she was born poor in a country of great wealth; and that she was born a woman in a society made for man. The fact that she was a woman made it more difficult for her to escape from poverty; it was almost impossible for her to escape except by the use of men. And those very men who were so ready to seduce an unprotected girl like herself with gifts or money or lies, if they were necessary, were as ready to defend the honor of a daughter or a sister—was it not a valuable family property?—with the sword. It would have been surprising if Eva had not hated the men who regarded her so lightly and the women whose virtue seemed of so much more importance than her own."

Eva, then, although able to simulate passionate affections easily enough, used men, as Miss Flores interprets her, through a kind of cloud of hatred. In the early 1940's, for example, she dexterously cultivated a pair of soap-manufacturers who sponsored radio programs, and her income and program status then immensely improved.

After Argentina's military coup of June 1943, she expeditiously switched to a Colonel Imbert, who as government Director of Posts and Telegraph, controlled all radio stations. Through Imbert early in 1944 she met a rising man in the background of the ruling junta, the Minister of Labor and Public Welfare, Colonel Peron. Within a little more than two years, after an agreeable apprenticeship in an adjoining apartment menage for two, she and Juan were married and Juan was Argentina's President.

Miss Flores is convinced—and convincing—that Evita, with megalomania and her hatred for boosters, has been the stronger character of the two. Evita's immense rabble-rousing energies, she plausibly recounts, raised the Buenos Aires mobs and brought

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Duncan Aikman, a Washington newspaperman, has written many books, among them "The Turning Stream" and "America's Chance for World Peace." He has contributed voluminously to many newspapers and magazines in Latin America.

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about Peron's release when he was tossed out of the Government and imprisoned for part of a week in October 1945. She stiffened qualities of decision in the bridegroom's slightly cautious ex-subaltern's temperament. She organized the graft departments of the regime, beginning with small-time transactions in import permits, and ending with the huge frauds at the expense of the nation's resources conducted by IAPI, the Argentine Institute for the Promotion of Foreign Exchange, and the monstrous extravagances of her own showy charity organization, the Eva Peron Social Welfare Foundation.

She directed, or at least knew about, the brutal tortures of political prisoners conducted by the Special Section of the Police, with which effective Fascism is being imposed upon Argentina. And to create an emotional climate in which Fascism could flourish, she was the regime's chief rabble-rouser and mob-inciter until her final illness.

In result of these operations, Evita died owning chains of newspapers, motion-picture studios and theatres, radio stations, huge blocks of stock in industries—perhaps the wealthiest woman in Latin American history; certainly, in an evil sense, the most powerful.

Due to the noisy circus ballyhoo with which she personally ran her charities, she died, too, Miss Flores sets forth, with the legend of an ecclesiastically uncanonized Santa Evita trailing after her—a legend which "the unscrupulous . . . may use to manipulate the simple, the foolish, and the fanatical." Evita, Miss Flores suggests, in the final fantasies of her megalomania came to believe in the legend herself and "began to court death (through overwork and ceaseless tension) to prove that she was a savior and a saint."

Hence, her "tragedy was . . . in her life, the life of the destroyer who must in the end be self-destroyed." "For," Miss Flores goes on, "the Perons have done much to destroy the spirit of their people; they have taught fear to the honest, cupidity to the simple, bitterness to the brave, and they have stamped a country of individualists with the spurious stamp of political uniformity." All this was done, of course, in the name of a more abundant life for the Argentine masses. But . . . "it was not the poverty and unhappiness around [that Evita] would relieve but the poverty and unhappiness of her youth she would avenge."

This is grim epitaph-writing—but not unsuitably grim for the wreck of a nation's life which Santa Evita has left behind her.

Notes

PATRIOTIC PAINTER: Charles Willson Peale, aptly called the portraitist of the American Revolution, was a man who knew what he wanted to do, and then went ahead and did it. After an apprenticeship to a saddler he opened his own shop in Annapolis, traveling to Norfolk for supplies. Here, happening by chance to see some landscapes and portraits by a local artist, he forthwith decided that he himself could do better. At that moment an American artist was born.

Peale realized, however, that he needed some instruction in order to master the technique of portraiture. For lessons from one of the few established painters in Maryland, he bartered one of his saddles. Subsequently, the young man was able to obtain instruction from no less a master than Copley in Boston; and a little later, some of his friends furnished funds to send him to London, where he worked under the celebrated Benjamin West.

His own native ability, together with this formal training, made of Peale an artist whose talent was widely recognized when he returned to America. He was besieged with requests for portraits by increasing numbers of leading people. It was in 1772 that he painted his first portrait of George Washington, one of several so well known to millions of Americans. Shortly he reached his full stature as an artist of skill and distinction.

Berta Briggs tells the story of this great painter and lovable human being through his years of service with the Continental Army to the establishment of his famous museum of natural history and curiosities in **"Charles Willson Peale: Artist and Patriot"** (McGraw-Hill, $3). Without pretending to be erudite, she presents a lively picture of an artist with an active searching mind, one who not only preserved the likenesses of the great men of his period, but who also projected his originality into other areas of culture in his day. A greater number of illustrations would, indeed, have been welcome, and more extensive critical remarks on the most important portraits would have given deeper insight into the actual work of the artist.

—NATHAN G. GOODMAN.

CONFESSOR TO THE LOVELORN: A Southern matron with a sketchy education and little worldly experience, Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer was to become one of the most widely read, lampooned, and imitated columnists of her time. As Dorothy Dix she was a mother confessor to the lovelorn, an

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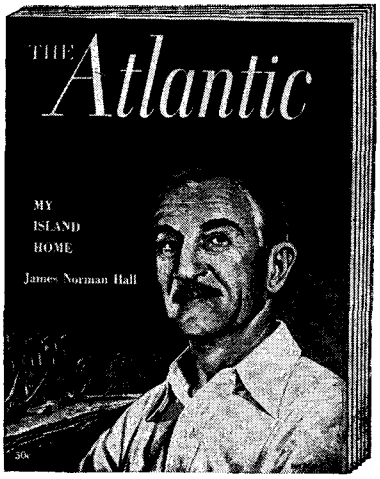

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oracle on domestic problems, and an arbiter of manners and morals. The Lynds' "Middletown" called her column "perhaps the most potent single agency of diffusion from without, shaping the habits of thought of Middletown in regard to marriage . . ."

The oldest continuing newspaper feature in the country, "Dorothy Dix Talks" was begun in 1895, under the title of "Sunday Salad," in the New Orleans *Picayune*. It became a journalistic phenomenon, read daily by sixty million people, syndicated in 200 newspapers, and yielding its creator an income of $90,000 a year. For a woman who started her career at the advanced age of thirty-five, at a weekly stipend of six dollars, Miss Dix achieved a dream of popular success.

Harnett T. Kane, who with the help of Miss Dix's secretary, Ella Bentley Arthur, has written **"Dear Dorothy Dix: The Story of a Compassionate Woman"** (Doubleday, $3.50), is concerned with his subject as a hard-working newspaperwoman rather than as a shrewd purveyor of an approved formula. For sheer linage she was unequaled. Almost to the time of her death at the age of ninety she wrote a regular column and answered a voluminous correspondence. Her early trials and her assignments as an ace crime reporter on the *New York Journal* make an absorbing story. After her return to New Orleans as a grande dame secure in reputation and fortune, her biography loses in interest what it gains in treacle.

—Ray Pierre.

CITY JUDGE: It is possible that Harold Medina has not yet been forgotten in the very short memories of those newspaper readers who so avidly devoured the accounts of the New York Communist trial some years ago. A biography of the man still seems opportune, and Hawthorne Daniel has produced one well worth reading in **"Judge Medina"** (Wilfred Funk, $3.75). By and large, it is a success story he relates here, an intellectual and financial success story, popularly told and illustrated with enough "human interest" material to claim the attention of those who might otherwise shy away from things remotely legal. It is not a profound study, and although the author evidently was in close contact with his subject, clearly the book is not more permanent than most profile journalism. However, as that it is very good indeed. If it does nothing else, this biography will serve to demonstrate that Mr. Medina was not thrown up from obscurity by the famous trial. He had had a distinguished academic and legal career long before the machinations of the defense lawyers in the Communist case projected him into the tabloid headlines. And both the earlier and later stories are here recounted at length. At times one may feel that the style is a trifle careless and pedestrian. The whole approach is perhaps unavoidably uncritical, some of the family details faintly embarrassing, and the book might have profited from some compression. But these are not great faults in an otherwise entertaining biography of a sound and conservative legal figure on the American stage.

—John C. Cairns.

GOOD GIRL IN BAD TOWN: Not every town is as suitably named as Cimarron, New Mexico. Cimarron means "wild, untamed" and this is the quality in the town itself and in New Mexico generally which Agnes Morley Cleaveland underlines as she writes in **"Satan's Paradise"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3) of the efforts of successive generations to bring it into line with current, accepted standards of civilization, progress, law, and order.

Cimarron was being "shot up" by a local bad man, Clay Allison, appropriately enough, on the night when little Agnes Morley, daughter of the locating engineer for the Santa Fe Railroad, was born in an adobe palace which boasted hand-carved doors and four grand pianos. Of her own far-from-sheltered girlhood, Mrs. Cleaveland has written most amusingly in "No Life for a Lady." In this new book she describes what she sees as the effect of the essential quality of New Mexico upon the men who lived there during the years of its development. When they fell afoul of the law it was usually in a somewhat spectacular and colorful way. There were others who managed to remain on the side of the angels without surrendering their own essential, personal flavor.

Chief among the latter was Henry Lambert, son of the owner of Cimarron's hotel (whose own story is fascinating). Henry was deputized at sixteen, although he looked younger, to carry arms. His years of adventure in pursuit of New Mexico's lawless men make fascinating reading. Some of the stories are grim and some are funny, but they are all characterized by the rugged individualism of a country which stamped the men, good and bad, who chose to live there, and who forced the laws to change, in some cases, rather than conform.

—Pamela Taylor.

—*The Beaux Arts Gallery, London.*

"East Gate, Pyeng Yang."

BEHIND THE BAMBOO CURTAIN: It is the landlord-scholar-official élite, bearer of Chinese culture, that has made China what it is. In **"Daughter of Confucius"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.75) Wong Su-Ling and Earl Herbert Creassey lift the bamboo curtain behind which this influential class leads its picturesque and strictly ordered life. Moreover, it highlights a clan, that conservative, sprawling family unit on which Chinese society and, largely, Chinese local government is based.

Counting slave girls, servants, and concubines, there were fifty-one people in the household when Wong Su-Ling was born in 1918. Except that her feet were left unbound. Seventh Younger Sister followed the traditions of her three-thousand-member clan. She was instructed in Confucian teaching, spoke and bowed according to polite formula, feared the custom-

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ary evil spirits, knew only a way of life that prescribed separation of the sexes and countenanced slavery. Fun-loving and independent, she became a favorite of Grandmother, the benevolent despot who ruled the household for thirty years.

When Grandmother became a Christian, she ordered all the family to be baptized "in the same church on the same day." For Seventh Younger Daughter especially, Christianity deepened the break with the past. How the family sent her to high school and college, fought bandits, accepted poverty and revolutionary social change, endured the hardships of the Sino-Japanese War, and rejoiced in Wong Su-Ling's marriage on a far-off American campus make a narrative more enthralling than Pearl Buck fiction. Grandmother, pearl of women, deserves a book all to herself. —ANN F. WOLFE.

New & Noteworthy

BELOW are listed some of the more important books published this week for which we do not have room in this issue. We hope to be able to review many of them in coming numbers.

AERO-NAUTICS AT THE MID-CENTURY. By Jerome C. Hunsaker. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $3. The economic, social, and political implications of air power over the past fifty years.

BLUE HILLS AND SHOOFLY PIE. By Ann Hark. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. An informal memoir about the Pennsylvania Dutch people among whom the author settled. Well sprinkled with their stories, lore, and recipes.

CANADA: The Golden Hinge. By Leslie Roberts. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50. An interpretative study of Canada and of its relations with the United States.

THE COURAGE TO BE. By Paul Tillich. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $3. An analysis of the courage necessary to conquer anxiety by a distinguished theologian.

THE DAYS BEFORE. By Katherine Anne Porter. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4. Essays on a variety of subjects—writers, rose growing, love and marriage, houses—written over some thirty years by a distinguished writer of fiction.

DIVINE HORSEMEN: The Living Gods of *Haiti. By Maya Deren. New York:* Thames & Hudson. $4.75. The Voudoun religion described by a woman who lived three years among the Haitians.

FIVE FOR FREEDOM. By Constant Buel Burnett. New York: Abelard Press. $3.50. Short biographical sketches of five women who were active in the movement for women's rights: Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, and Carrie Chapman Catt.

THE FORGOTTEN REPUBLICS. By Clarence Manning. New York: Philosophical Library. $2.75. A brief political history of the Baltic nations.

THE HEART OF THE CITY. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $12.50. Discussions of city planning by LeCorbusier, Walter Gropius, Siegfried Giedion, J. J. Sweeney, etc. Well illustrated.

HOLDERLIN. By L. S. Salzberger. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $2.50. A critical analysis of the themes and techniques of a unique German poet.

I SHOULD LIVE SO LONG. By Budd Bankson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. A quip-strewn report on the author's four years in the Army as an entertainer and in charge of an entertainment squad in Africa, England, and on the Continent.

IDEAS OF THE GREAT ECONOMISTS. By George Soule. New York: Viking Press. $3.50. A brief and reasonably lucid exposition of economic theory from Plato through Keynes.

THE ILL-TEMPERED CLAVICHORD. By S. J. Perelman. New York: Simon & Schuster. $2.95. A collection of spoofing sketches on a variety of topics including old favorites reread, advertising, home life, and Louella Parsons and Fleur Cowles.

IMPRESSIONS OF LINCOLN AND THE CIVIL WAR. By Count de Chambrun. New York: Random House. $2.75. First publication of the letters of a prominent Frenchman offering eyewitness impressions of the leading figures and events of our Civil War.

JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS: A Biography. By J. C. Smuts, Jr. New York: William Morrow & Co. $6. A biography of the great South African leader by his son.

THE LORE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Joseph Gaer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5. Chronologically arranged selections from the stories about Jesus to present Him as He appeared in the popular imagination.

NEWS IN AMERICA. By Frank Luther Mott. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $4.50. A discussion of what news is, how it is gathered and disseminated to the public, by a former dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri.

THE OLDEST STORIES IN THE WORLD. Edited by Theodor H. Gaster. New York: Viking Press. $5. A collection of ancient legends which keep popping up in folklore in all ages.

OUT OF THE BLUE. By John Crosby. New *York: Simon & Schuster. $3. A collection* of the essays of the most widely read columnist on radio and television.

PRESCRIPTION FOR REBELLION. By Robert Lindner. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50. A denunciation of many of the practises of psychology and analysis by a man who is himself a psychoanalyst.

THE REBEL PRINCE. By Prince Louis Ferdinand. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $4.75. The memoirs of the grandson of Kaiser Wilhelm II who as a young man worked on a Ford assembly line in this country and today is the heir of the Hohenzollern line.

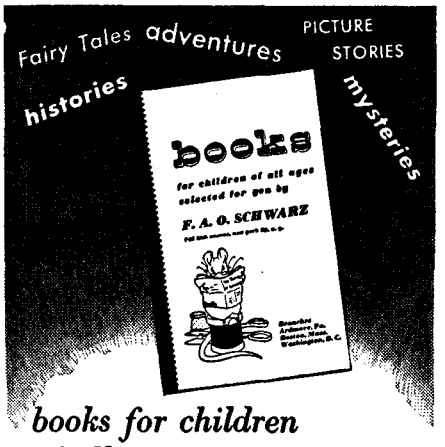
RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY. By Eric Goldman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5. A history of the third parties and reform movements which led to the social reforms of the New and Fair Deals.

THE SHORES OF LIGHT. By Edmund Wilson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $6.50. A collection of reviews, essays, and miscellaneous pieces that provides "a literary chronicle of the Twenties and Thirties."

THE STORY OF ENGLISH. By Mario Pei. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4. A highly readable account of the development of our native tongue from Norman times to the present.

THIS WAS PUBLISHING. By David Sheehan. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. $3.75. An account of American book-publishing practice in the last century.

UNAMUNO. By Arturo Barea. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $2.50. A scholarly study of the philosophy of the influential Spanish writer and teacher Miguel de Unamuno.



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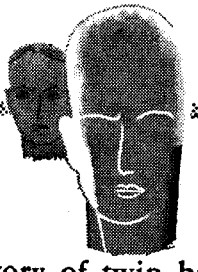

A story of twin brothers whose thoughts, emotions, and deeds were identical . . . and what happened when suddenly one of them had to think and act and love—alone.

THE
Years Are Even

By HOBERT D. SKIDMORE

$3.50. RANDOM HOUSE

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 23*)

sion into the psychology of a sadist, "Brighton Rock." This is unfortunate, since Mr. Hamilton lacks Mr. Greene's ability to evoke the chilly feeling of evil. He does, however, have a nice tight sense of melodrama and spreads forth his horrors with a nice light touch. "The West Pier" is the opening volume in a series to deal with the life of Ernest Ralph Gorse, a fictional creation dreamed up by Mr. Hamilton to trouble your sleep. Before getting into the first adventure which is the meat of this volume Mr. Hamilton spends quite a lot of time filling us in on the early background of Gorse. It seems that even as a child he had a turn for depravity, though not in the forms he was later to develop—torturing mice, tying little girls up in sheds, the usual kid stuff. His first big adventure comes when, just out of school, he ensnares the affections of a little shop girl at Brighton and sets out to get away from her, her small hoard of savings. How he does so is Mr. Hamilton's story and it is filled out with glimpses of all sorts of nasty perversities that make up his hero's character. These will presumably develop into full-sized perversities as his saga unfolds. Meanwhile, Ernest Ralph Gorse is off to a good start and we can look forward to his career in crime with anticipation.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 488

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 488 will be found in the next issue.

FP AFBNCO DRGNB

MRAKLHO, AFBNCO TLB

MRAKLHO NHRQXT. T. Z.

WTRCNLQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 487

All are lunatics, but he who can analyze his delusion is called a philosopher.

—AMBROSE BIERCE

—Jacket design for "Dear Emily."

FEMME FATALE: The Emily of Constantine Fitzgibbon's **"Dear Emily"** (Simon & Schuster, $3) is by no means a dear. The word is used in the conventional or theatrical sense. Actually Emily is a real nasty piece, and Mr. Fitzgibbon's purpose is to dissect her with sharpness, etch her in acid, and have you see her for just the nasty witch she is. He does this through telling us the story of her relations with two husbands and one lover and one son. Messed them all up she did, though the lover and the first husband were sufficiently self-centered in their own way not to show too many scars. The other husband, who had been something of a genius, she'd driven to drink and worse and that's what she was going to do with the son. Thoroughly unpleasant, as you can see.

This is the kind of portraiture that young writers—particularly British—frequently indulge in at least once. It's completely pointless except as an exercise, but can often be entertaining. This one is mildly entertaining, though at the end you may wonder why Mr. Fitzgibbon wasted all his time and words to no purpose. You will also be annoyed by the way he switches you around in time. But maybe that, too, was for the exercise.

—E. J. F.

THE BAD LUCK OF THE IRISH: It would seem that what happened to Lucian Brewse Burke during the week's holiday he began on his forty-third birthday could happen only with the palliate hilarity of the Irish. He finds himself this day a failure, a leaf for burning, a petty official in a dull Irish village, still defending his "breeding" and his Greek scholar training and muttering anti-clerical and anti-American sentiments. And almost before he knows it he is suddenly, in a whiskey-singing montage, involved with the lives and failures of some old friends and countrymen: Frank Peebles, failure as a painter and as a suicide, walking to Sligo to Yeats's funeral; Bob McMunn, the county engineer, leading a life of quiet desperation with a wife whose beauty has gone to pot; Senator Trefoil, who remembers his rebel days now from the side of reaction; Doctor Tullabawn, who nurses with one hand what he knocks down with the other; and whining Lorcan O'Friel, who is killed finally in a barroom brawl and buried with hypocrisy.

This slightly mad pack careens across Ireland fighting with themselves and each other until at last Lucian is left alone with Theodora Conroy, an old love, who turns down his proposition. But on his return to work Lucian is shot saving one shilling and eight-pence from a Revolutionary Army raider. For this he is laughed at by his superiors and admired by the raider who, because he claims to recognize good breeding, presents Lucian with a pack of Gold Flake cigarettes.

All of this is related in Merwyn Wall's **"Leaves for Burning"** (Devin-Adair, $3) with the humor of a wake and perhaps the reason it seems it could only happen among the melancholy Irish is that the book reminds me of a watered-down version of the travels of Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus.

—EDWARD PARONE.

AFRICAN MAGIC: Africa is the setting for Christine Garnier's **"Fetish"** (Putnam, $3), a tense little tragedy about a doomed love of a Negro nurse for a French colonial official. Doéllé, the nurse, had been the mistress of Dr. Flavien before he imported his wife, Christine, to the colony. Then Flavien, infatuated with the fair Christine, threw over Doéllé. Her sufferings, her attempted revenge, and her final resignation are the story frame on which Mme. Garnier spins out her story of the conflict between the two races. It is a story told in the first person by Doéllé, and while it cannot be said that the author contributes much real understanding to the basic problem, she does provide some nice perceptions into some of its manifestations. This is, the publishers tell us, Mme. Garnier's sixth novel although the first to be translated into English. (The job was done by Naomi Walford.) Her simplicity of style is a real asset, though she betrays some awkwardness in handling the mechanics of her first-person approach, particularly when she has to have something happen away from the presence of the narrator.

—E. J. F.

ROGUES AND REBELS: Robert Neill has supplied plenty of seventeenth-century atmosphere, lots of engaging

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characters who talk seventeenth-century dialogue, and a sturdy if somewhat over-complicated plot in **"Traitor's Moon"** (Doubleday, $3.50). The plot has to do with a dashing young clockmaker, John Leyburne, who gets smitten with Penelope Langley and before he knows it finds himself embroiled with papists, conspirators, and plotting rebels. How he saves the papists from the persecuting rogues, outwits the rebels, and, of course, gets the girl is Mr. Neill's tale. He is perhaps a shade too leisurely in its telling for some tastes, but that gives him time to get in the period atmosphere, which he makes surprisingly interesting. It also gives him time to develop

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

MIND YOUR P'S & Q'S

This odd assortment of characters (contributed by Margaret Thomsen Raymond, of Burlington, Iowa), like Chaucer's pilgrims, have common ends. In this case, their front ends. For the first or last name of each begins with a P or Q. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 48.

1. P..... ....
   She tricked a king into believing her master to be the rich Marquis of Carabas and won him a princess for his bride.
2. Q.....
   A Polynesian prince who sank his harpoon through four feet of blubber to the vitals of a whale.
3. P..... ...
   His beloved friends offered to die in his stead and so saved both their lives.
4. ..... Q.....
   "I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make beds, and do all myself."
5. .....P.....
   He believed that "All is for the best in this best of all possible worlds."
6. ..... Q..... .
   Inspector father, detective son, and double-jointed author.
7. P.....
   The gates of hell itself opened to let her out.
8. Q.....
   A cripple who dominated a cathedral.
9. P ....
   Swiss metaphysician who kept a small devil prisoner in the pommel of his sword.
10. .....P.....&.....Q.....
    Bosom friends, one an idealist, the other an earthy realist.
11. P..... Q..... ... .
    The very embodiment of evil—or perhaps only a figment of a governess' imagination.
12. P..... Q.....
    His weapon against an armless pirate was an alarm clock.
13. P..... Q..... ... ..
    Sitting at the clavier, he made a song to beauty.
14. ..... Q.....
    A hideous dwarf, cunning and malicious, who ate hard-boiled eggs, shell and all, for breakfast.
15. P.....
    With the little red button on top.
16. ..... Q..... .....
    Who killed John Keats? "I!" . . . 'Twas one of my feats."
17. P..... . ... .
    She let us in for lots of troubles—and a ray of hope.
18. Q.....
    A Scottish guardsman, who saved his King's life in a boar hunt and won the hand of the Countess of Groye.
19. P.....
    Beloved of Francesca, one of the sweet unhappy lovers whom Dante met in Hell.
20. Q.....
    Aztec god, whose emblem is a trogon, still shown on the coinage of Guatemala.

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Fiction of the Week

Listed below are new works of fiction which we do not have room to review in this issue. We hope to review many of them in coming issues.

CAST THE FIRST STONE. By Chester Himes. New York: Coward-McCann. $3.75. The coming-of-age of nineteen-year-old Jim Monroe serving a twenty-year sentence for robbery.

CONFESSORS OF THE NAME. By Gladys Schmitt. New York: Dial Press. $3.95. A picture of Rome in the year 250 A.D., "a time of troubles" likened by the historian Toynbee to our own.

DEBUT. By Livingston Biddle, Jr. New York: Julian Messner. $3.75. What happened when a Philadelphia debutante became a Red Cross nurse in Italy in World War II.

THE DESCENT. By Fritz Peters. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. A highway catastrophe in New Mexico and its effects on a variety of people.

GIGI; CHANCE AQUAINTANCE; JULIE DE CARNEILHAN. By Colette. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. Three short novels by the popular French author retranslated and presented in a single volume.

THE GOLDEN THREAD. By Louis de Wohl. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. A novel based on the life of St. Ignatius Loyaloa.

THE HARD WAY. By Robert V. Williams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3. The story of a tough guy who learns the hard way that blackmarket deals and doublecrosses lead only to prison and other troubles.

HOUSE OF EARTH. By Dorothy Clarke Wilson. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. $3.50. A novel of India on the eve of its independence.

A LITTLE BOY IN THE HOUSE AND OTHER STORIES. By Maza de la Roche. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. Ten short stories, set in England and Canada, by the author of the "Jalna" novels.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY. By Ernest Buckler. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50. The fortunes of a farming family in a remote area of Nova Scotia.

THE NAKED STREETS. By Vasco Pratolini. New York: A. A. Wyn. $3. Poverty and its effect on adolescents in present-day Florence pictured by the author of "A Tale of Poor Lovers."

NATURAL CHILD. By Calder Willingham. New York: Dial Press. $3.50. Humor, depravity, and wackiness as practised by denizens of a New York rooming house.

THE RIVER GARDEN OF PURE REPOSE. By Grace Boynton. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. An account of the inspiration wrought on the lives of many people by Jane Breasted, a Quaker missionary in China.

A SHOWER OF SUMMER DAYS. By May Sarton. New York: Rinehart & Co. $2.75. A house in Ireland of great tradition and its present tenants.

TRIAL BY DARKNESS. By Charles Gorham. New York: Dial Press. $3.50. Avery Hollister revolts against his nine-generation Connecticut heritage.

THE WAYWARD ONES. By Sara Harris. New York: Crown Publishers. $3. Sixteen-year-old Bessie Reeves and her experiences at the Hamilton Training School for Delinquent Girls.

those subsidiary characters. I liked particularly an eccentric astrologer, although he was inclined to go on at somewhat too great length about his craft. —E. J. F.

FOR THE YOUNG OF ALL AGES: There are many writers today who can tell a warm, simple story in which people are basically good and in which virtue is rewarded. Bettina Ehrlich has the happy faculty of being naturally and spontaneously at home with uncomplex, wholesome sentiment and with simple people. The poor people she writes about in **"A Horse for the Island"** (Harper, $2.75) are good without being plaster saints. The lives they lead are, by and large, uneventful but not dull. Even the open moralizing, which occasionally appears in these pages without any disguise, is light-handed and light-hearted.

Miss Ehrlich's book is the story of a little island off the Adriatic coast in Italy and of a hard-working family, mother, father, and two little boys, and of how they brought a horse, Cavallo, to the island to help them with the farming. The island was very little and most older people, as well as all the boys and girls, had never seen a horse. Well, they finally saw one and loved him and played with him. Children who read "A Horse for the Island" will have a great experience. —SERGE HUGHES.

DREAMS COME TRUE: There is an old-fashioned substantiality about the writing and much of the construction in Guthrie Wilson's second novel, **"Julien Ware"** (Putnam, $3.50), that is deeply satisfying. His first book was a war novel of remarkable vividness. This second ends in the war but is primarily concerned with the meticulous examination of the life, motives, and dreams of a man growing up in New Zealand in the decades before the war.

Julien Ware began life as the son of a poor rabbiter in the New Zealand wasteland. Early in his life the two dominant facets of his character were set: a deep distrust and hatred of women, arising from the hostility his mother bore him, and a consuming ambition. He would gain wealth, power, reclaim and enrich the land his father had labored on, and he would —out of the same ambition—marry the aristocratic daughter of the land's present owner. It is Mr. Guthrie's story that he accomplished all these ends, and it is a convincing story. Carefully building with infinite detail the author has shown us not only the steps along the way to Julien's success, but also—and more importantly —the cost in the gradual warping and distortion of his character. It is an impressively developed story, rich with psychological understanding though free of jargon, peopled with believable characters, and carried forward by the kind of strong dramatic conflict that used to be more prevalent in novels.

At the end the author's hand falters and the fault here is a serious one. Julien goes off to World War II after the breakup of his marriage and returns for a furlough with indications of a changed character. When again he goes back to war he is killed and the book is ended. The fault is twofold: the earlier establishment of his warped character had been so convincingly achieved that we cannot believe in the swift, off-stage change that is suggested. In addition, his death at this precise moment serves no purpose thematically and appears a mere contrivance to bring the book to a close. These are serious but not disastrous failings by a novelist who has twice now indicated potentialities of considerable stature. —MARTIN RICE.

MRS. TIM RIDES AGAIN: That lady of equable humor, pleasant habits, leisurely charm, and sound common sense, Mrs. Tim, is back in circulation, not to mention the circulating libraries. In **"Mrs. Tim Flies Home"** (Rinehart, $3) D. E. Stevenson transports her gentle heroine by plane from Kenya to the North Country of England, plonks her down in the village of Old Quinings, establishes her in a charming house called—naturally—The Small House, and then sets the usual village goings-on going on about her. In her usual placid way Mrs. Tim straightens everything out before the tale is told. The boy with the over-possessive mother is freed from her clutches and handed over to the lovely daughter of the squire. The groundwork is laid for romance between Mrs. Tim's daughter and the best friend of Mrs. Tim's son (a further development of this can presumably be looked for); Anne Carlyle's legacy is restored to her; and Mrs. Tim herself weathers some malicious gossip. By some magic D. E. Stevenson is able to make these mild tempests in tea-pots into readable prose. By even greater magic she keeps her heroine from appearing either a fool or an offensive busy-body. —E. J. F.

MUGGY ALLEGORY: Egypt and Northern Africa have provided the setting for a considerable part of postwar avant-garde literature. **"The Lazy Ones"** by Albert Cossery (New Directions, $2.75) is the latest addition to this muggy lot. Again we have the miasmic atmosphere, the intimations of meanings never quite revealed, heavy latherings of perverse sexuality, and a brooding sense of doom. Mr. Cossery's

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offering is, the publishers tell us, comic. The "comedy" concerns a family dedicated to sleep, who live in a house in the suburbs of an Egyptian city, and whose struggle is to keep the world of wake men away from their sleep world. Much of the fun and games centers around Papa Hafez's hernia which, as you can imagine, is funny as all get-out. The rest of the novel deals with the efforts of Serag to escape from the house of sleep into the world. He does and falls asleep. I nearly joined him. —E. J. F.

AMERICANS IN ROME: A city is a group of friends, a few places we like to see, and people going somewhere or pausing to look or to talk. If the city is beautiful, the friends are very good ones, the places very interesting, and the people going or resting are likeable and cordial. Rome for John H. Secondari is a very beautiful city. His

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
INTO THIN AIR *Jack Iams* (Morrow: $2.50)	Voice of America commentator vanishes; news ed follows gal-cluttered NY trail around; FBI in at payoff.	Lively and literate job, with real characters, heady pace, breezy writing.	Good
KISS ME, DEADLY *Mickey Spillane* (Dutton: $2.50)	Mike Hammer, hell on wheels or off, slugs it out with N.Y. dope ring; dames fail to impede mission.	Old formula still operating; this one just as wild as predecessors.	Shake well before using
THE FACE IN THE SHADOWS *Peter Ordway* (A. A. Wyn: $2.75)	Newsman ticketed as Commie trails Red agent over half U.S., Canada, to prove hero is good security-risk.	Soft in spots, but has moments of tension as trail takes in Wisconsin, Chicago, Montreal, etc.	Middling
DRUMBEAT FOR A DIRGE *Brandon Bird* (Dodd Mead: $2.50)	N.Y. dance band (also plays Penn., W.Va.) develops sour notes, corpses; Hampton Hume, understudy, aids cops.	Technical setting authentic; characters nicely drawn; told with liveliness and humor.	Good
A CASE FOR MR. CROOK *Anthony Gilbert* (Random: $2.50)	British nurse, not young, involves self in intricate crime jam; Arthur Crook, lone operative, goes to work.	Plot ingenious without being tricky; personnel three-dimensional; treatment sound.	Good
THE CASE OF THE VELVET CLAWS *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.50)	First offering in Collectors' Edition of E.S.G. is yarn that introduced Perry Mason to universe in 1933.	Della Street also makes bow here; now she is secretary to the millions.	For auld lang syne
NICE PEOPLE POISON *Mary Hastings Bradley* (Longmans: $2.50)	Midwest bride, scenting death, alters will; lawyer tries hand at sleuthing.	Nice job, but lacks sharpness and clear focusing of previous effort.	Medium
GHOSTS WITH A PURPOSE *Elliott O'Donnell* (Roy: $3.)	Fifty-odd "true" cases of spirits (many U.S.) who had missions to accomplish; many involve crimes.	Author, noted spook fan diligent in quest of variety. Treatment uninspired, telegrammic.	Unusual posy
FLIGHT INTO PERIL *Douglas Rutherford* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Youth bodyguards British tycoon on trip to Trieste; handsome sec'y (f) goes along for ride.	Pace brisk in spots, but crises adhere to conventional spythriller pattern.	Medium
A SHROUD FOR MR. BUNDY *James M. Fox* (Little Brown: $2.75)	John and Suzy Marshall, L.A. private-eye team, take on case of man who collapses on their front lawn.	Swell start, but plot rides off in all directions before hitting lively climax.	Has its moments
VALSE MACABRE *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Korean vet returns to New England to find wife ticketed suicide; Elisha Macomber says 'taint so.	Three die before dénouement; show folk produce several oddities among characters.	Standard

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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love for Rome, however, does not prevent him from using it as a backdrop for an ordinary, uninspired story about Americans there, **"Coins in the Fountain"** (Lippincott, $3.50). The result is that the background, the most interesting part of the novel, is always partly blocked off by characters coming on and off stage. There is the old and world-famous American author who is dying of cancer but cannot endure the thought of death. There are vulgar, curious tourists. There is the pretty young American secretary who falls in love with the poor but promising Italian boy, and who becomes a nervous wreck debating whether or not they should marry, for America is America and Italy is Italy, and how will the twain ever meet? Even the hard-boiled husband who what-the-hells himself into irreproachable fidelity and into a job back in the States is here. And the voluptuous Titanesque redhead. They're all here, plausible, stereotyped, and easy to read about. It's all very much like Sinclair Lewis's "World So Wide" or Paul Hugh Bonner's "S.P.Q.R.," neither of which left the reader heavy with memories. The problem presented in the novel, the plight of dateless American secretaries, for there are not enough Americans around, is, granted, a serious one. The trouble, perhaps, is that life makes us callous.

Yet if you've just come back from a trip to Italy, in a boat or in your mind, and if you feel like reminiscing, this novel will help. There are just enough Italian phrases, with no imperfect subjunctives of irregular verbs. The opening scene, the neatest thing in the novel, is also something pleasant to remember: men toward dusk cleaning the Fountain of Trevi, talking about the good old days when real money used to be tossed into it.

There is only one terribly overdone part of the book which will not get past any reader over twenty-one. It is possible, not probable, that a pretty young woman with morning sickness could never dream of what it points to. It is hardly possible for the natural father, and a Roman at that, to be so completely stunned. Un po' troppo .... that's a little bit too much.

—SERGE HUGHES.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Puss in Boots. 2. Queequeg. 3. Pythias. 4. Mistress Quickly. 5. Dr. Pangloss. 6. Ellery Queen. 7. Persephone. 8. Quasimodo. 9. Paracelsus. 10. Sancho Panza. 11. Peter Quint. 12. Peter Pan. 13. Peter Quince. 14. Daniel Quilp. 15. Panjandrum. 16. The Quarterly Review. 17. Pandora. 18. Quentin Durward. 19. Paolo. 20. Quetzalcoatl.

The Film Forum

FOR THE CLASSROOM

***The Saturday Review's* Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

PEOPLE ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI. *Produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Brittanica Films, Wilmette, Illinois.* (20 *min.*)

The proof that movies are better than ever can be found (if nowhere else) in the increasing number of new, almost experimental, classroom films which are bringing visual excitement into the classroom.

"People Along the Mississippi" is a fine example of this new page in the history of American classroom films. It is a very good film—not wonderful, but very good. It is imaginative, happy, provocative, and even a bit daring. The purpose is to show something of the people and places along the Mississippi River. The film story involves the adventures of a toy sail boat from the source of the river to its mouth and then out to sea. The children who find the boat and continue it on its way are of a variety of racial stocks that make up the population of the United States.

The film is very good. The wonderful fact is that the "formula" for classroom films is at last being abandoned, and now we can hope for bigger and better improvements. "Life Along the Mississippi" is written, directed, and photographed by John W. Barnes and Gorden Weisenborn—the latter formerly of the production staff of the National Film Board of Canada.

IT TAKES EVERYBODY TO BUILD THIS LAND. *Produced by Ritter, Young and Lerner Associates. Distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, see above.* (21 *min.*)

With folk-singer Oscar Brand as musical narrator, this charming film tells the story of modern economics from the viewpoint of the individual worker who makes the goods that give us the highest living standard in the world. Self-sufficiency was never part of our heritage, for always the farmer traded with other specialists in his little community—the carpenter, the blacksmith, the cobbler, and so on. Today's specialization is much intensified, as is our inter-dependence. The aim of the film is to help youngsters understand the social and personal value of making a work contribution to what is essentially a mutual security pact right here at home. Words and music tell the story in a more enjoyable way than a teaching film is usually apt to do.

LAPLANDERS. *Produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, see above.* (11 *min.*)

Using camera work of the outstanding Swedish documentarian Arne Sucksdorff, this is another encouraging sign among educational films for children. Photographically there is a real excellence in this account of a reindeer round-up and life among the Laplanders of Northern Sweden. The commentary, by Donald Hoffman, is in every way meaningful and warm; the narration voice and the background music are unusually good for a film of this kind; in short, "Laplanders" has gone down in my note-book as a first-rate classroom teaching film.

SEED DISPERSAL. *Produced and distributed by United World Films, Education Division, 1445 Park Ave., New York 29, N.Y.* (14 *min.*)

For the complex task of reproduction, plant life has developed a number of techniques by which seeds are released and carried to fertile ground. In slowed motion the film shows maple wings, salsify parachutes, burdock stickers, and some most fascinating explosion and corkscrew devices of other lesser-known seeds. It is thoroughly fascinating, informative, and entertaining, and except for the brief review at the end no one would ever suspect that it was made for school children. Even so, it should be excellent for fare on any adult film program.

Others in this botany series are "Life Cycle of a Plant," "Root Development," "Photosynthesis," "Plant Survival," and "Climbing Plants"—each about ten minutes.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND TODAY. *Produced and distributed by Eastin Pictures, Putnam Bldg., Davenport, Iowa.* (15 *min., color*)

This is a pleasant educational travelogue of Stratford and surrounding Warwickshire country—with emphasis on the landscape, the gardens, and the thatched-roofed, "half-timbered" houses which today look much as they did when Will was a lad.

NEW TOOLS FOR LEARNING. *Produced by the Center for the Study of Audio-Visual Education, University of Chicago. Distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois.* (20 *min.*)

Books are no longer the only tools for classroom learning. This film singles out the motion pictures as a major potential in speeded-up learning, face-to-face understanding, and vital acceptance of today's world in the classroom. Excerpts from a number of educational films are included as examples of what the motion picture can bring to the classroom. The further problem is to see that films are adequately budgeted for in schools, and that teachers are helped to understand how a good film can be put to best use.

—CECILE STARR.

*For rentals consult the list of *SRL* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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Bookmarks

A few weeks ago we were brash enough to remark that the only mention of the centennial of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" we had noticed was in *Antiquarian Bookman*. That was true as far as it went, but it, or we, didn't go far enough. We should certainly have gone as far as Baltimore, where the Enoch Pratt Free Library gave the anniversary a full window display, no less, which included among other exhibits a life-size photographic blow-up of Harriet Beecher Stowe, ringlets and all. We hang our head before Miss Kate Coplan, chief of exhibits and publicity at the Enoch Pratt, who very properly calls the lapse to our red-faced notice.

* * *

One of the advantages of belonging to the Indiana Historical Society (there are several) is that members will be privileged next October to enjoy a week-end trip on the Ohio River from Cincinnati to Louisville and back as paying guests of the Society of Indiana Pioneers. The cruise will be aboard the *Delta Queen*, the only passenger craft still plying the river, and a ship which also owns the distinction of having had a book written about it. Historical societies these days have shed much of their sedentary character; they don't wait for history to come to them; they go out and look for it. Tourism with a background provides the most satisfying kind of pilgrimage.

* * *

Gene M. Brown of the *New York Herald Tribune* interviewed a cluster of merchandizing and industrial executives the other day with a view to determining their reading habits. His most remarkable discovery was "a man who sets fashion trends for uptown Fifth Avenue shoppers" who "reads any non-fiction book by a woman author. He believes a book written by a woman is a sounding board on trends 'in feminine thought and psychology.'" Look, Mr. Setter of Fashion Trends, these women writers, they're even putting feminine thought and psychology into novels now.

* * *

"She shuddered as she sat, still silent, on her seat, and he saw that she shuddered." Thus, midway of "Can You Forgive Her?" Anthony Trollope, not in an attempt to go she-sells-seashells one better, but in plain straightforward English prose narrative. No, Mr. Trollope, the question is not one of forgiving her, but of forgiving you. —J. T. W.

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. Congregational clergyman, close friend of Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner, Harriet Beecher Stowe; figures in "A Tramp Abroad".

B. An official of the lowest rank in Chinese mosques.

C. Small grotesque figures of Chinese or Japanese workmanship.

D. Star in Ursa Major, of 1.7 magnitude (Astron.).

E. Disreputable; frowsy.

F. Greek word for eagle, familiar in combining form in zoological class names, etc.

G. A group of about 32 islands that belonged to Japan in 1875, were returned to Russia in 1945.

H. Novel by Sir Walter Scott (with "The").

I. Of the character of a roué.

J. English cabinet maker and designer of furniture marked by straight lines and graceful proportions.

K. Ancient division of Greece whose chief towns were Athens, Piraeus, Eleusis.

L. Queen in the Old Testament.

M. Of people and things, free from fault or error.

WORDS

1	183	10	22	186	151	34	37
41	44	56	191	53			
21	3	32	115	50	149		
33	156	96	112	182	167		
6	19	94	128	172	97	129	
60	114	12	102	137			
39	122	91	5	146	45	153	
36	71	154	121	4			
7	23	81	130	152	178		
11	118	92	20	75	42	72	31
28	55	173	13	17	69		
27	79	51	95	43	168		
140	78	24	119	124	134	180	14	35	147

DEFINITIONS

N. Persons in France of noble rank.

O. Abounding in goods or riches.

P. Swiss historian, called "father of Swiss history" (1505-72).

Q. Large ropes for towing, mooring, etc.

R. The Biblical land of Cush.

S. Makes a put-out in baseball.

T. English sailor and adventurer; companion of Byron and Shelley in Italy, etc.

U. Flagrant; gross.

V. Discomposed.

W. London grocer who founded Rugby School (d. in 1567; "Tom Brown's School Days").

X. A number of heterogeneous or pertinent things (3 wds.).

Y. More prevalent.

Z. Mischievous; tricksy.

Z¹. Grand divisions of geological time.

Z². In ancient Norway and Iceland, the god most widely worshiped (Norse myth.).

WORDS

150	157	83	15	40	101	132	65		
82	46	86	64	143	8	158	166		
73	131	135	139	176	111	187			
174	88	190	126	16	181	138			
77	89	74	52	127	98	59	109		
104	188	9	63	49	144	120			
117	48	85	177	184	68	110	108		
125	159	80	87	61	106	93	133	185	
165	90	67	116	105	179	161			
169	2	160	142	38	57	66			
25	145	47	70	164	113	58	107	18	171
									162
123	26	170	155	76					
136	84	175	30	141	62				
99	189	103	148						
29	54	163	100						

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	1 A	2 W	3 C	4 H	■	5 G	6 E	7 I	8 O	9 S	10 A	11 J	12 F
13 K	14 M	15 N	16 Q	■	17 K	18 X	19 E	20 J	21 C	■	22 A	23 I	24 M	25 X	26 Y	27 L
28 K	29 Z²	30 Z	31 J	32 C	■	33 D	34 A	35 M	■	36 H	37 A	38 W	39 G	40 N	■	41 B
42 J	■	43 L	44 B	45 G	■	46 O	47 X	48 T	49 S	50 C	■	51 L	52 R	53 B	54 Z²	55 K
■	56 B	57 W	■	58 X	59 R	60 F	61 U	62 Z	63 S	64 O	65 N	66 W	67 V	■	68 T	69 K
70 X	■	71 H	72 J	73 P	74 R	■	75 J	■	76 Y	77 R	78 M	79 L	80 U	81 I	82 O	83 N
84 Z	85 T	■	86 O	87 U	88 Q	89 R	90 V	91 G	92 J	■	93 U	94 E	■	95 L	96 D	97 E
■	98 R	99 Z¹	100 Z²	101 N	102 F	103 Z¹	104 S	105 V	106 U	107 X	108 T	■	109 R	110 T	111 P	■
112 D	113 X	114 F	■	115 C	116 V	■	117 T	118 J	119 M	■	120 S	121 H	122 G	123 Y	124 M	125 U
126 Q	■	127 R	128 E	■	129 E	130 I	131 P	■	132 N	133 U	134 M	135 P	136 Z	137 F	138 Q	■
139 P	140 M	141 Z	■	142 W	143 O	144 S	145 X	146 G	147 M	148 Z¹	149 C	150 N	151 A	152 I	153 G	■
154 H	155 Y	156 D	157 N	158 O	159 U	160 W	161 V	■	162 X	163 Z²	■	164 X	165 V	166 O	■	167 D
168 L	169 W	■	170 Y	171 X	172 E	173 K	174 Q	175 Z	176 P	177 T	■	178 I	179 V	180 M	181 Q	182 D
■	183 A	184 T	185 U	■	186 A	187 R	188 S	■	189 Z¹	190 Q	191 B	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 37 of this issue

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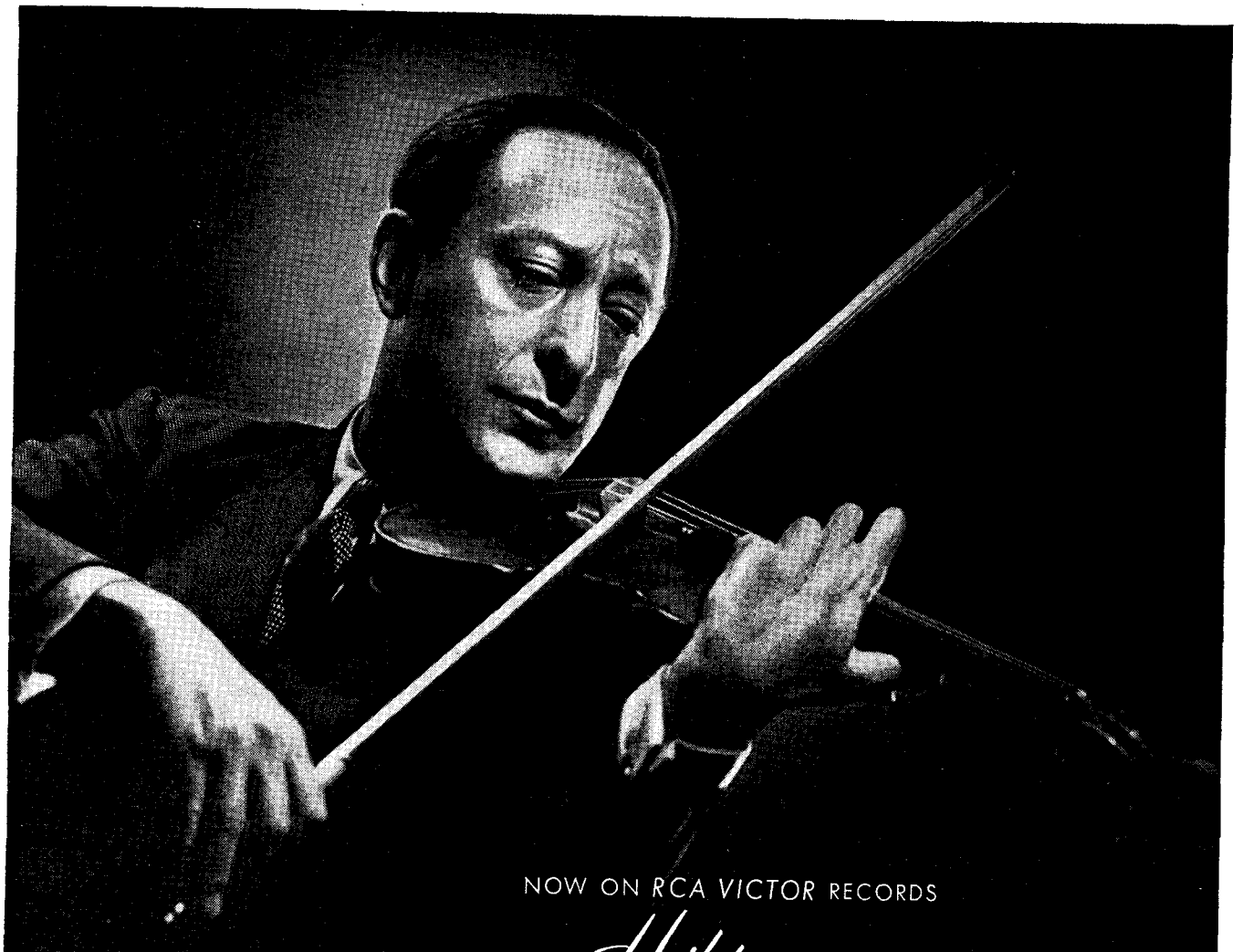

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SR / RECORDINGS SECTION

HIGHLIGHTS

Page

A Musician Looks at Audio
By David Sarser.....53

"Così" in English
By C. G. Burke.....58

Alban Berg's "Lulu"
By Arthur Berger.....60

Recordings in Review
By Irving Kolodin.....64

The Telefunken Mike
By Edgar M. Villchur.....68

Audio Fair Forecast.....71

A Musician Looks at Audio

DAVID SARSER

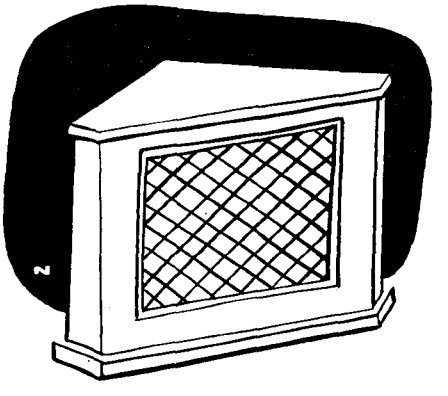
As a musician who is also versed in the science of electronics, I have often been asked a number of similar questions by music-lovers and record enthusiasts who have invested some money in high-fidelity equipment and may be thinking of investing some more. When the yearly Audio Fair comes along (in New York on October 29, 30, 31, and November 1 this year), the tempo of the questions increases. In the hope that I can provide some useful answers, I have listed a few below.

Perhaps the most common question asked is: "Why do I need an audio amplifier with frequency response up into the stratosphere when the music I listen to only goes to eight or ten thousand cycles?" This is a good question and one that most manufacturers don't bother to answer.

Certainly, lack of response above twenty thousand cycles will not contribute to distortion in most of the records we play. Distortion occurs much lower down on the frequency range. However, it is important to emphasize that wide response is just a by-product of the engineer's effort to make an amplifier that will reproduce *all* music with exactitude; hence the effort to build an amplifier that imposes a minimum of noise and distortion on the music as it passes through the system. The basic aim is to convert the impulse from the record, by means of the amplifier, into enough power to "drive" the speaker into giving back the original sound.

The sound system considered satisfactory for yesterday's recordings generated an amount of distortion not acceptable for today's improved discs. Among the cures to eliminate noise and distortion is the one called feedback. "Feedback" means, simply, the process of sending a small portion of the music back into the amplifier before it reaches the loudspeaker. What results is a curtailment of the gain (or sensitivity) of the amplifier along with a similar decline in the noise and distortion originally generated. The net power reaching the speaker is still the same, but without the noise and distortion that prevailed before the feedback circuit was devised.

I can hear you say: "Let's apply feedback to everything and clean up the whole result." This is not as easy as it sounds, for certain rules of physics must be followed or you will wish you had never heard of feedback. For one thing, the amplifier must be designed much more carefully than before. It must have a pronounced linear (flat) response several octaves greater, in treble and bass, than you require in practical use. The way in which the response drops off beyond these limits must also be strictly controlled. Otherwise, when "feedback" is applied, irregularities in the response beyond the musical range will also be fed back and the amplifier will tend to be unstable. Modern tubes and components contribute much to widening the range, but they have to be handled carefully or you will get



David Sarser is a member of the violin section of the NBC Symphony and also the co-designer of the "Musician's Amplifier." He has designed a great many high-fidelity systems, including one for Arturo Toscanini. He invites visitors to the Audio Fair to look him up, as he will be present.

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LL-629 $5.95 — **SYMPHONY NO. 2 IN D MAJOR** (Beethoven) (Opus 36) Carl Schuricht The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra

LL-638 $5.95 — **SYMPHONY NO. 2 IN C MAJOR** (Schumann) (Opus 61) Carl Schuricht The Paris Conservatory Orchestra

LL-635 $5.95 — **SYMPHONY NO. 1 IN G MINOR** (Nielsen) (Opus 7) Thomas Jensen—The Danish State Radio Symphony Orch.

ORCHESTRAL:

LL-624 $5.95 — **THE GOOD HUMOURED LADIES**—Ballet Suite (Scarlatti)
LES BICHES—Ballet Suite (Poulenc) Roger Désormierè—The Paris Conservatory Orchestra

LS-620 $4.95 — **TRUMPET VOLUNTARY**—*Clark—arr. Wood; Formerly Purcell*

DAMNATION OF FAUST—Excepts (Berlioz)
THE ROYAL FIREWORKS—Suite (Handel—arr. Harty) Eduard van Beinum—Concertgebouw Orchestra, Amsterdam

LS-621 $4.95 — **DANSES SACREE ET PROFANE** (Dubussy)
INTRODUCTION AND ALLEGRO FOR HARP (Ravel) Eduard van Beinum—Members of Concertgebouw Orchestra

LL-623 $5.95 — **VICTOR SCHERTZINGER SUITE**
HOAGY CARMICHAEL SUITE Robert Farnon and his Orchestra

CONCERTI:

LL-628 $5.95 — **CONCERTO NO. 2 IN B FLAT MAJOR** (Brahms) (Opus 83) Wilhelm Backhaus with The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Carl Schuricht

LL-537 $5.95 — **CELLO CONCERTO IN B MINOR** (Dvorák) (Opus 104) Zara Nelsova with The London Symphony Orchestra Conductor: Josef Krips

LL-596 $5.95 — **TOCCATA FOR FOUR WIND INSTRUMENTS** (Willy Burkhard)
SINFONIA FOR STRING ORCHESTRA (Paul Müller) Paul Sacher—Collegium Musicum, Zurich

SOLO:

LL-603 $5.95 — **SONATA NO. 22 IN F MAJOR** (Beethoven) (Opus 54)
SONATA NO. 24 IN F SHARP MAJOR (Beethoven) (Opus 78) Wilhelm Backhaus
SONATA NO. 10 IN G MAJOR (Beethoven) (Opus 14, No. 2) (piano)

CHAMBER MUSIC:

LL-587 $5.95 — **STRING QUARTET IN A MINOR** (Schubert) (Opus 29) The Vegh Quartet

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the effect called "motorboating"—a put-put sound in the speaker or an oscillation in the very high frequencies.

Another common question concerns power or "watts." "How much do I really need?," wonders the music-lover, studying specifications that promise, in return, for a sharply increased number of dollars, thirty, forty, fifty watts of "undistorted power." The number of watts required for home use depends on such factors as the size of your listening room, the efficiency of your loudspeaker, and the degree of exactness you hope to achieve relative to the original sound.

Room size and speaker efficiency must be considered together because they have so much bearing upon each other. We can rate the efficiency of a loudspeaker by the volume of sound it produces per watt just as you can figure the mileage of your car per gallon of gasoline consumed. Consequently, the more efficient the speaker, the greater success it will have when operated on a lower powered amplifier. For an average-size living room, the most efficient of today's speakers requires one quarter of a watt for average listening level while a less efficient speaker will require ten times as much power for an equivalent performance. In order to handle the peaks of loudness, at least ten times the average power level should be available. Thus, the necessary range will be from two-and-a-half watts to twenty-five watts, depending on the efficiency of the speaker in delivering the desired "cleanness" of sound.

Now comes the question of exactness or "fidelity." This is the consideration which is most affected by the distortion or *change in distortion* in your amplifier. Usually, the distortion rating of an amplifier is stated as a given percentage at a given number of watts. But more important than the quantity of distortion is its variation from zero to maximum output. As everyone who uses a car radio or a table set knows, our ears have the uncanny ability to make adjustments, to adapt themselves to a given environment of sound. They can quite readily become used to a considerable amount of *steady* distortion. However, the change in kind of distortion, from lesser to greater and vice versa, is very quickly detected, inducing the kind of irritation known as "listening fatigue." Thus, a really desirable amplifier should add both a minimum, and a constant, amount of distortion to the original source up to and including its rated output.

Those who read catalogues or listen to sales arguments are well acquainted with the main subdivisions of distortion—"harmonic" and "intermodulation." Some clarification of these terms is in order since they have an independent effect on the final sound, and may be present either separately or in combination in different amplifiers in different degrees of intensity.

The reading for harmonic distortion is obtained by applying a single pure tone to the amplifier and measuring the "harmonics" (distortion) generated by the amplifier. The reading for intermodulation distortion is found by applying two pure tones, one in the bass and one in the treble, and measuring the distortion generated by the amplifier in mixing these two tones. Since music is made up of many low and high tones (intermodulated) it is clear that this factor will have the greatest bearing on the evaluation of an amplifier for reproduction of music.

LISTENING tests have also borne this out. Laboratory tests have proven that an amplifier with low harmonic distortion will not necessarily have low intermodulation distortion, but almost always one with low intermodulation distortion will have low harmonic distortion. A general rule is that the harmonic distortion in an amplifier equals about one-fourth the intermodulation distortion reading (exceptions are possible). Among the manufacturers of high quality amplifiers, 8 per cent intermodulation distortion is an agreed point at which to rate the power output of a good amplifier. Here, however, is where the efficiency of the speaker comes in. For exactness of reproduction and avoidance of "listening fatigue" (caused by rapid changes in amounts of distortion), the power required to drive the speaker should contain under 2 per cent intermodulation distortion. If the speaker is efficient, the conventional fifteen-watt amplifier will do an admirable job. If it is not, fifty watts or more may be required to give the same "cleanness of sound."

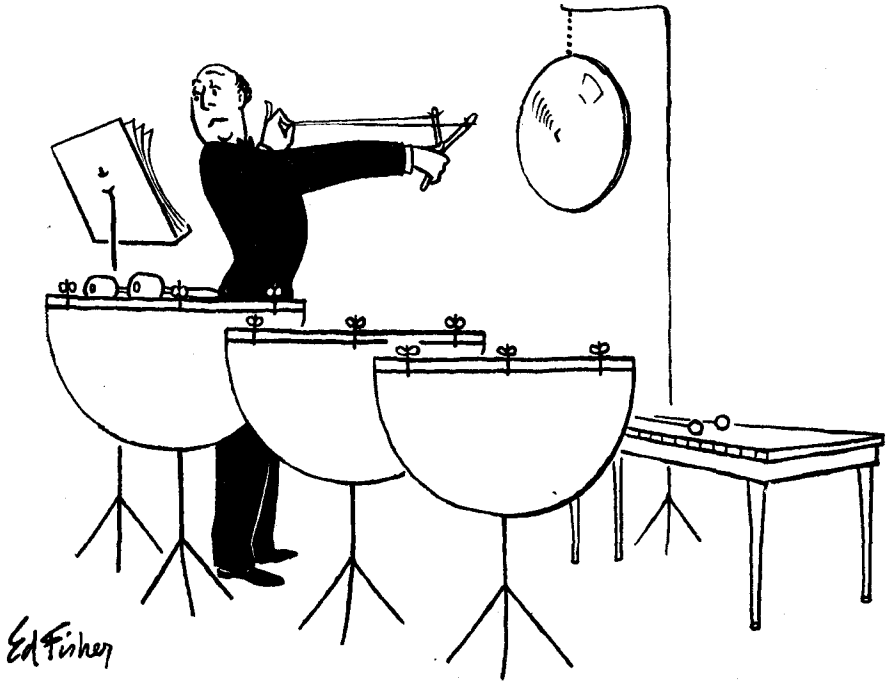
In music, "listening quality" is everything, whether it is in reproduced sound or performance in the concert hall. Two singers can sing a top C, on pitch and in tune, yet produce sounds that make totally different "listening quality." Similarly the fact that speaker manufacturers cite, in general, the same specifications of performance for their products does not mean that the sound we will hear has the same "listening quality."

The characteristic sound of a line of speakers by a given manufacturer is a reflection of the conception held by the designers of it as to how live music sounds. We assume that the purpose is to make a speaker that will produce a sound as close to the real thing as possible, but do they make their measurements only in the laboratory, or do they compare the end result with the live original?

One should not be aware of any of the elements used in the making of a loudspeaker, such as an aluminum or phenolic diaphragm or the quality of the paper used in the cone. If any of these impart a characteristic flavor to the sound, they will spoil the "taste" of it, just as a pot which imparts its flavor to a food will spoil an otherwise well prepared stew.

Since I spend a good deal of my time in an orchestra making live music, I have, perhaps, a keener image in my memory of what I like to hear

(*Continued on page* 67)



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"Aida," "Tosca," "Don Pasquale"

ONE great singer (or even several of them) is no guarantee that a recording so blessed will merit praise, but in building its new "Aida" and "Tosca" around Renata Tebaldi, London at least has affirmed its awareness that there is no substitute for quality. Considering the difficulty the Metropolitan is having in persuading the lady to spend a part of the winter here, it may be that she will remain for most of us what Claudia Muzio was—a phonographic phenomenon. Certainly it is an ever-expanding image of her talents that Tebaldi has given us, first in "Bohème" and "Butterfly," now in "Aida" and "Tosca."

The evidence is somewhat slow in coming in "Aida" (London LP set LLA 13, $17.85) for, as everyone knows, this is a peculiar opera, with the first two acts cluttered with Meyerbeerian display that isolate the moments of purer Verdi. But from the Nile Scene on, "Aida" is in large part Aida; and Miss Tebaldi's superbly pliant voice, her feel for line and phrase, her responsive sense of drama dominate everything else.

Would that the Rhadames, Mario del Monaco, were as attentive to musical values as his gifted partner! It takes a little time to get over the impact of his assault on "Celeste Aida," but it would be foolish to deny the manly brilliance and unflagging vocal strength with which he goes through the role. But a pianissimo by the measure's brim is just another note to him, which is regrettable, for he has every physical resource to charm the ear as well as magnetize it. I can forgive much for the strikingly healthy sound he makes, but not the glottis gasp on "amori" (page 242) in a phrase Verdi has carefully marked "dolce."

However, these and other details are well integrated under the solid direction of Alberto Erede, with Ebe Stignani's Amneris rising to something like tragic splendor after a vocally uncertain beginning, Aldo Protti singing a powerful Amonasro, and Dario Caselli providing an outstanding voice for Ramfis. Fortunately, too, London's engineers have not made a Neapolitan holiday out of the parade-ground effects in the score, holding them to a level of restrained brilliance that gives due value throughout to the voices.

Even more than in "Aida," Tebaldi is the reason for enthusing about the newest "Tosca" (London LL660/1, $11.90), for the cast, taken together, is not as well balanced as RCA Victor's trio of Gigli, Caniglia, and Borgioli, the recording lacks some of the impressive traits of the Westminster, and Erede finds an effective pace harder to strike and hold than in "Aida." However, the crux of "Tosca" is Act II, and here Tebaldi drives over and beyond the limitations of her associates to a singular auditory experience. Not only does she carry the dramatic load womanfully on her shoulders, she imparts a cold fury to the destruction of Scarpia which, for once, gives reality to these theatrics.

However, she is decidedly less the voice for the Tosca of Act I, in which she overplays the capriciousness of the character in rather shrill tones. Giuseppe Campora brings a bright fresh voice to Cavaradossi, though not enough of it to manage the climaxes of the role without strain and shouting. As for Scarpia, Enzo Mascherini may be complimented for creating a rather effective illusion without having, really, the vocal "character" for the part. All the smaller parts are well done, and the sense of a performance is present despite Erede's stop-and-go tempos.

How does this compare with the other available Toscas? It is better sounding, surely, than the older RCA, if not so consistently well sung; and it is better sung, if not as brilliant in some sound effects, as the Westminster (which, at three-record length, is appreciably more expensive). In short, good goods, reasonably priced.

Westminster's second venture with opera, in natural train to the remarks above, shows an accretion of virtue in vocal quality, no abatement of reproductive quality. The choice of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" (Westminster WAL 206, $12.50) will delight all those who know its abundant gayety, and find the ancient version on Victor, with Tito Schipa as its nuclear element, either unavailable or barely audible. In appointing the able Scipio Colombo to be its Pasquale, Westminster has acted wisely, and Melchiore Luise (Malatesta), Lina Aimaro (Norina), and Juan Oncina (Ernesto) all have sound claim on the attention—the first two, indeed, exercised it at the Metropolitan.

As marshaled by Argeo Quadri, the cast is unquestionably first rate in the instances of Colombo and Luise, occasionally so in Aimaro's spirited but sometimes edgy vocalism, and not much more than promising in Oncina's flexible but not too steady voice. In terms of reproduction, this is a spectacular success, especially in the broad dynamic range of the second act finale, and the big scene of Act III.

I would not cite this as the ultimate in "Don Pasquale," for the Busch performances a few years ago at the Metropolitan acquainted us with values in this score not projected by Quadri. In addition, though Colombo and Luise manage to act with their voices alone, neither Aimaro nor Oncina do so with any consistency.

Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène" (in Renaissance set SX 206, $12.55) is much the same as the previous French operettas directed by René Leibowitz, which means that it is musically alert and full of relevant style. However, none of the women is more than fair vocally and the male voice of Agamemnon (Jaques Linsolas), the best of the lot, is hardly outstanding. Perhaps the greatest liability is the dull-sounding studio recording, which rather blankets the gay spirit of Offenbach's masterful work.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Renata Tebaldi—"a singular auditory experience."

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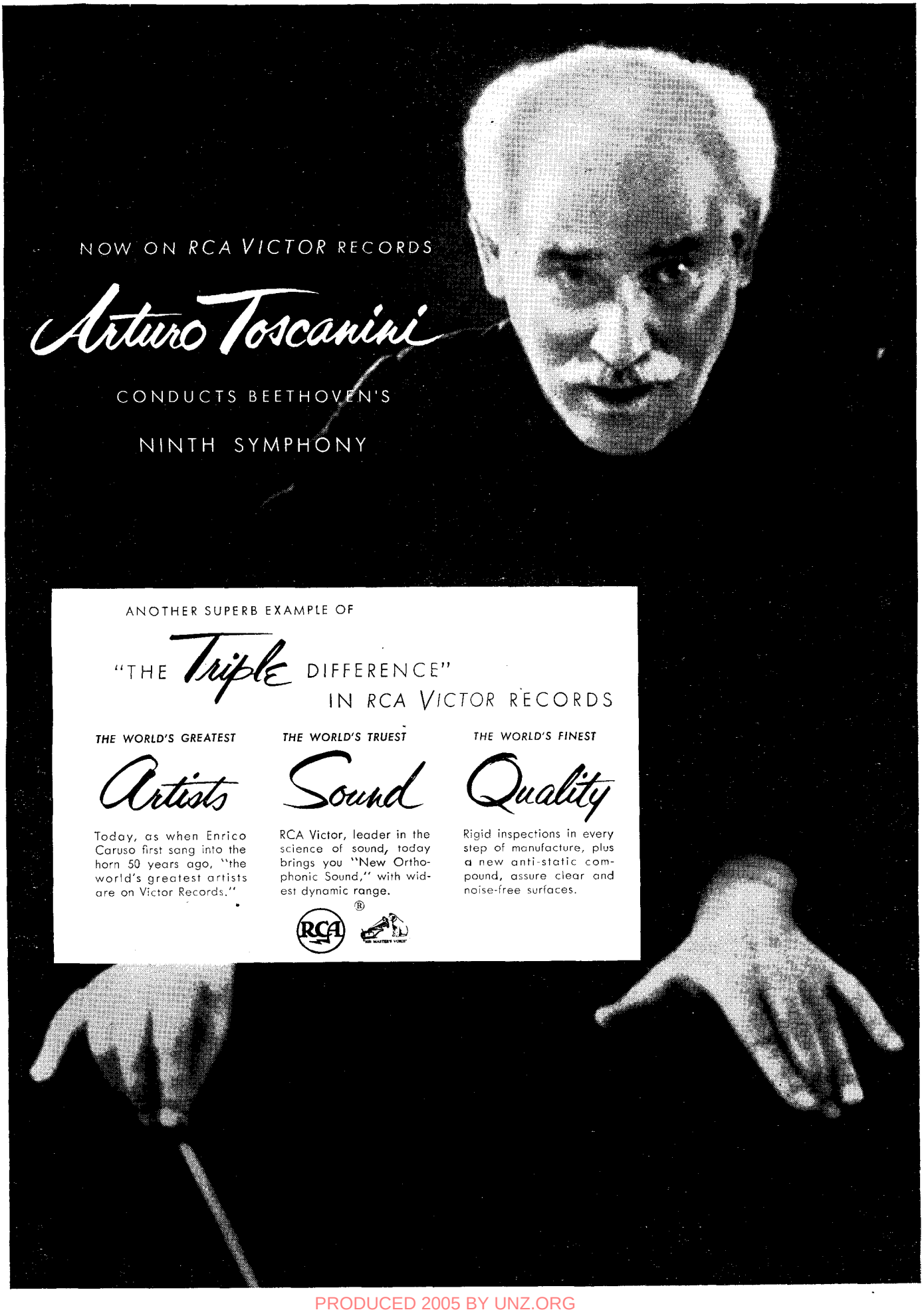
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"Così" in English

MOZART: *"Così fan tutte." Eleanor Steber, Roberta Peters, sopranos; Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; Frank Guarrera, baritone; Lorenzo Alvary, bass; chorus and orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Association, Fritz Stiedry, conductor.* (Columbia LP set SL-122, $17.35.)

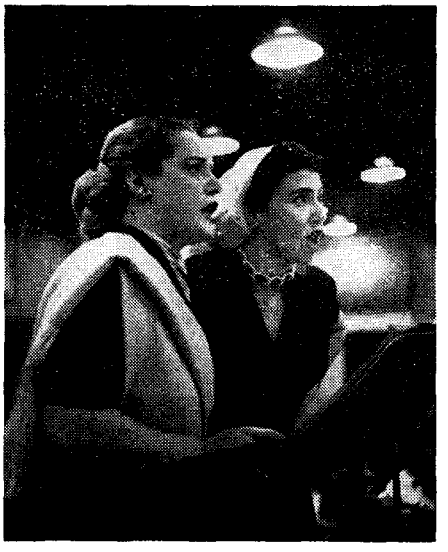
COLUMBIA with the help of a gracious RCA, who lent the even more gracious Blanche Thebom to the enterprise, now adds to its beautifully sung "Figaro" and "Magic Flute" a "Così fan tutte" in substantially the same production as last year's very successful resuscitation at the Metropolitan.

It is sung, with admirable enunciation, in English, and has stimulated the ancient controversy on the suitability of that tongue for opera. The translation used, which is new, sings well, requires little misaccentuation, is not very literal, and interpolates just enough anachronism to insure success without nourishing critical revulsion. For the recording, the *recitativo secco* —accompanied by a piano in remarkable faithfulness—has been extensively pruned and is formally not the worse for it although several entire scenes have disappeared. Enough is left to preserve a dramatic continuity and avoid the kind of ruthless telescoping of remote numbers that brings a succession of disagreeable shocks to hearers of the Columbia "Figaro." There are other cuts too, traditional in performance, of no great concern except Ferrando's cavatina "Tradito, schernito," which is needed as a musical and dramatic counterbalance to Guglielmo's preceding aria, "Donne mie."

The producer of "Così" faces a formidable task in presenting it as a cohesive whole. It is basically farce, but with delicate care can be mounted as salon comedy except during the metamorphoses of Despina, which are simple burlesque resisting the most willing credulity, a burlesque made inescapable by the words that the soubrette must sing as quack and notary. The Metropolitan has met the problem of cohesion by staging the opera as burlesque, with broad exaggerations of costume, posture, and declamation; and much of this is very funny, at least at first inspection. On the stage, of course, the manner clashes with the music, which is not burlesque nor is it so sung. The buffooneries are confined to the action and to the recitatives. The latter, as skeletonized for the records, reduce the broadness of the fun to a number of short perplexing interludes in a musical mosaic allocating valid emotions to veritable people. The irresistible contrition of Fiordiligi's rondo "Per pietà" is in lovely dead earnest and so Miss Steber sings it. The little trio "Soave sia il vento," a gem of tenderness and taste, would not be out of place in "Alcestis."

The six principals in the Columbia "Così" have without exception good voices, with first honors to the ladies, which is almost inevitable in good performances. Miss Steber has probably never been better, and manages the wicked trials demanded of Fiordiligi as if they were not, in a soprano of sustained rondure and clarity. Miss Thebom is admirable, and the intertwining of her darker tones with the Steber transparency in their various duets, especially in "Prenderò quel brunettino," is an experience in Mozartean expertise such as we have been told we may not hear nowadays. Miss Peters, perhaps a little overcome by the girlish fun of it all, is inclined to commence her allotments with an acrid voice presumably adjusted to lampoon, but once into such a piece of delicate, airy cynicism as "Una donna a quindici anni" her natural instinct for singing gets the better of her lesser gift for satire. (She did not have the benefit of playing the part on the stage, since Patrice Munsel was the invariable Despina.)

Mr. Alvary has a special accent in English which is rather pleasant and certainly not detrimental, but his Alfonso is too complacently sceptical to realize the niceties of Mozart's requirements. The impressive Tucker tenor is intelligently guided, if over strongly in places, and his "Un' aura amorosa" is luscious. Mr. Guarrera is steadily competent.



Steber and Thebom—"first honors."

Dr. Stiedry has presided with a firm hand and volatile musical apprehension. The orchestra quivers with the subdued laughter of elegant farce even while lamenting what is pathetic in the imbroglio it is describing. Here a darkening of the wind tone, a reinforcement of the harmony, softens the outline, romanticises the romance; there an emphasis on the swirling violins points the irony and illuminates the deceit. The implications are in the score, but no casual study can bring them to the light.

The sound as such is consistently excellent after the first half of the first side, marked by a slight plangency of the violins and an excess of vocal sibilancy. A remarkable blending of the wind instruments bespeaks equally the care of the conductor and the engineers. The singers are not too far to the front except possibly Mr. Tucker at the beginning; and there are tuttis in which every member can be distinguished. Bass is solid and unfogged, the treble bright but unassertive.

IT is interesting to compare this version with what we have had before. The old Glyndebourne HMV-Victor simply does not give out the sound of the new Columbia, and the Stiedry subtleties are apparent where the Busch were veiled. In John Brownlee, Glyndebourne had a Don Alfonso beautifully stylized, but no ladies to compare with Mmes. Steber and Thebom. Victor LM 1126, with extended excerpts from the Glyndebourne production of 1951, has beautiful singing by Jurinac and Thebom, but excerpts do not make an opera.

There is a complete version on Period 555—complete, that is, in the Columbia way, with much of the recitative eliminated. This performance is in Italian, a harpischord replaces the piano, and there is no evidence of burlesque. It presents a first-rate Guglielmo, a smooth Alfonso, a weak Ferrando, and three women perceptive of style without quite the voices to realize their perception. The conductor, Josef Dünwald, has not been provided with an orchestra or chorus large enough to produce the effect required—a pity, since the conductor has obvious ability. This Period production, in a vivid recording whose major fault is rumble, has considerable charm, but after the bold and full-bodied Columbia enterprise is heard, the charm is that of a miniature facing a mural.

—C. G. BURKE.

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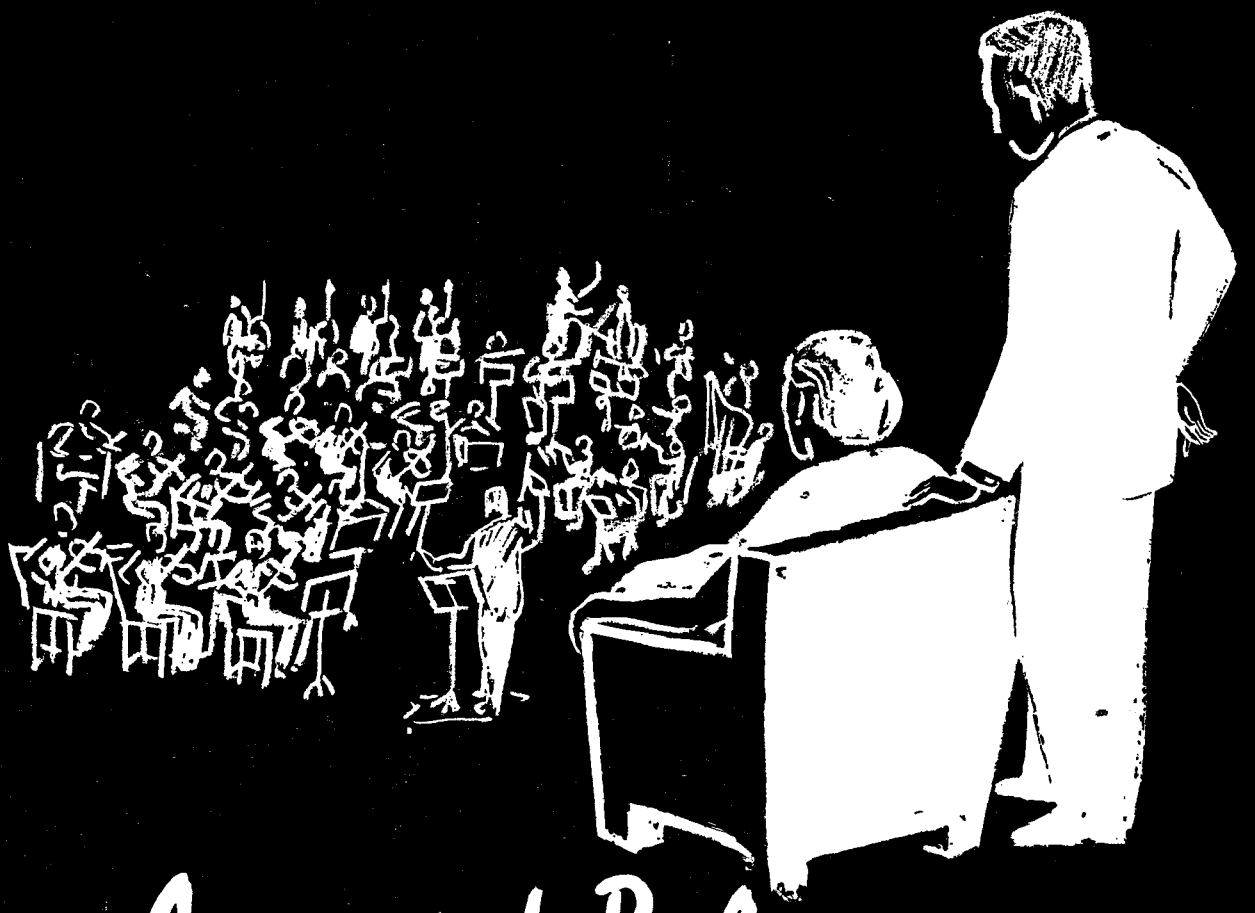

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Alban Berg's "Lulu"

ARTHUR BERGER

ALBAN Berg's "Lulu" (Columbia SL-121, $17.35) is a startling and forceful work not to be ignored by anyone who prides himself on comprehensive knowledge of the operatic field. Berg left most of Act III in piano score alone, and the recording is confined to as much of the opera as he orchestrated, namely, two acts and a finale. The incompleteness should not discourage the record collector. The impact is so violent that it is hard to imagine enduring more than six sides, and it is most rewarding to listen to each scene at a different time. As to the story, it reaches a point of conclusiveness in Act II, and what follows is a kind of sequel of rather loose character. The missing scenes of Act III may provide an element of contrast, but their absence does not leave us in any serious state of suspension.

What the ideal performance might do to make listening at one sitting more feasible is a matter for conjecture. A complex new opera, which needs such a performance more than anything else if its value is to be made manifest, is usually the last to get it. Doubtless many months of relentless labor went into preparation of the present version in Vienna, and the notes and rhythms are remarkably accurate. But the singing, for the most part, is not of high caliber, and the Vienna Symphony under the late Herbert Häfner scarcely offers us the most lucid readings in the difficult spots.

Even in the ideal performance, I suspect, this is not a work for the living room precisely because it is such masterly theatre. The ensembles—one of them in as many as six parts—are pandemonium unleashed. You find yourself anxious to see what the excitement is about, as when a hubbub rises from your street. With voices deployed on a stage so that they approach you from different points and with the dramatic situation immediately present, such excitement can be quite another matter.

Thunderous episodes recur regularly just as you settle into tender passages of sensuous beauty that are far more suave and subtle than those in Berg's first opera, "Wozzeck." The charm of such passages owes something to an orchestra that is smaller and more discreetly used than that of "Wozzeck" and that defers to the voice and word in a manner very gratifying after German opera of Wagner and Strauss. Even the words of ensembles may be understood, and there are some remarkable duets which are surprisingly symmetrical for this contemporary chromatic idiom. But the intensity at climaxes is of a kind to drain the record listener's attention when it recurs periodically. On the other hand, the prospect of "Lulu" in the theatre at any but rare intervals is a remote one, while a recording provides access to some of Berg's finest inspirations and orchestral magic, yours to relish in quantities most suitable to adequate absorption.

Final judgment on "Lulu" should properly follow longer acquaintance and the opportunity to see it more than once in the theatre. But I do even now question the claim that Berg's formal treatment illuminates the inner meaning of the two-part Wedekind drama from which he adapted a libretto ("Erdgeist" and "Die Büchse der Pandora"). If this were true, listening to the records would be a more complete experience. Lulu's twelve-tone row, which is not wholly stated until her big aria at the climax of Act II, Scene II, is a basis from which motives for other characters are derived (including a pentatonic figure for the Countess). Since the question inevitably arises, it should be said at once

Review Resume

BEETHOVEN: Concerto No. 5. Vladimir Horowitz, piano, with Fritz Reiner conducting the RCA Victor Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 1718. *SR* Oct. 4.

BEETHOVEN: Three Overtures. Joseph Keilberth conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Capitol P 8164. *SR* Oct. 18.

BRUCH: Concerto in G minor. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Symphony. RCA Victor LM 9007. *SR* Oct. 4.

BRUCH: Concerto in G minor. Zino Francescatti, violin, with Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. (Also Beethoven: Romances Nos. 1 and 2.) Columbia ML 4575. *SR* Oct. 4.

PUCCINI: Excerpts sung by Anna Roselle and Alfred Piccaver. Eterna O-478. *SR* Oct. 11.

ROSSINI: "William Tell" and other overtures. Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. London LL 358. *SR* Oct. 18.

SCHUBERT: Various Songs. Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone. Decca DL 9620/4. *SR* Oct. 11.

SULLIVAN: "Iolanthe" and other overtures. Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 7006. *SR* Oct. 18.

WOLF: Sixteen songs from the "Italienisches Liederbuch." Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone. Decca DL 9632. *SR* Oct. 11.

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that, despite this, the opera is neither strictly twelve-tone nor noticeably atonal.

The thematic relations, as well as the use of such contrivances as sonata for Dr. Schön or rondo for his son Alwa, become in Berg's hands formalistic rather than formal expedients, props for a composer essentially more inspired than well organized. What emerges is music astonishingly apposite to dramatic situations, music directly complementing the realistic play. The most effective dramatic device is that of placing crucial phrases in relief through symmetrical recurrences and choice of the most suitable notes for the words and sense. This reinforces the realism by making us more aware of what is going on. Unlike "Wozzeck," in which symbolism is pointed up by sounds of nature and the insinuations of the captain and doctor, "Lulu" has the character of "verismo," though even so extreme an Italian realist as Giordano seems mild in terms of the sudden death, suicide, murder, sex, and perversion of Wedekind's text in Berg's adaptation.

It has been said of this German poet that he is so symbolic in his plays that "people exist to give living form to ideas." The monologues delivered when more than one person is on the stage are cited in particular as a means of transporting us from the world of action to the world of the mind. Perhaps this is true in spoken drama. But in opera, once the basic convention is granted, singing one's thoughts is no less realistic than conversing in song.

WE follow Lulu's nefarious activities far too closely to feel ourselves outside looking in or drawing conclusions. The atmosphere is not unlike that of "The Blue Angel," and the lines Dietrich sings in that fine old film paint Lulu's portrait too—the dispassionate beauty around whom men flock "like moths around a flame." Lulu drives not one, but over half a dozen lovers (including a schoolboy and a countess) to destruction or degradation. But she has no deep or lasting feeling over the love any of them offers her, or over their death when she has cast them off. The refrain, "I can't help it," in the "Blue Angel" song has its parallel in Lulu's refrain, "I do not know," to a series of questions as to whether she believes in God or has any principles (at the end of Scene I).

It is the refrain of a neurotic prototype. But it does not make her out as a "symbolic, legendary figure," since her activities, rather than their cause, are the subject. Their amoral nature is logical within the frame, and only the prudish will be shocked. But the way in which lust, death, and greed over

(*Continued on page 76*)

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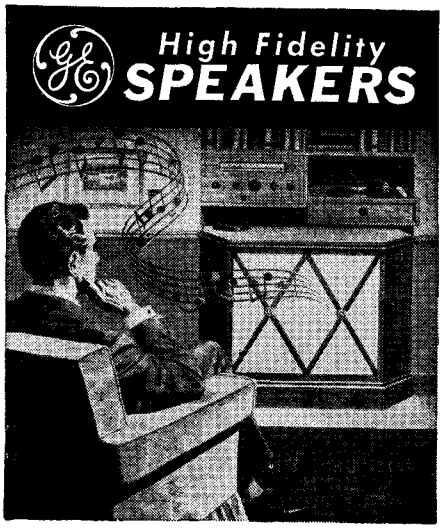

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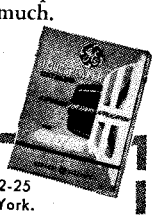

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The foreign reports this month emanate from Britain, where the HMV-Columbia combine has just released its first LP's, and from Japan, where Gerhard Hüsch has recently been recording.*

LONDON.

NEVER before has the atmosphere in the Festival Hall been so charged with tension as it was on a recent Monday night when Manoug Parikian, the brilliant young leader of the Philharmonia Orchestra, took his place on the platform and more than three thousand pairs of eyes turned expectantly to one side of the orchestra. No one who was fortunate enough to be present that night is ever likely to forget the wave of emotion that swept through the auditorium as audience and orchestra rose to their feet to greet Arturo Toscanini as he made his way to the rostrum. It did not require more than a few bars of the "Tragic" Overture to tell us that, despite the fact that he looks very, very old, the fire burns as strongly as ever and he is still able to exercise that extraordinary spell over players and listeners alike. That this was possible after only three rehearsals with a strange orchestra speaks volumes both for Toscanini's particular brand of magic and the amazing responsiveness of the Philharmonia.

Neville Cardus, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, finely summed up what many of us felt: "More magnificent still was the performance of the Fourth Symphony. . . . There was an autumnal beauty in all the movements, with a superb climax. One felt a valedictory sadness in the music, especially during the slow movement, and it was not easy to look upon this wonderful old man without feelings not only of the highest esteem for his art, but also affection for him personally." Despite the usual rumors of impending retirement, thousands upon thousands of music-lovers in this country fervently hope that the "wonderful old man" will be able to visit us again next year, for a longer stay, and they are encouraged in this hope by Toscanini's enthusiasm for the Philharmonia Orchestra and for our new hall.

HMV has not been slow to extract the maximum impetus for its first LP releases from Toscanini's visit; among the issues are not only the magnificent "Eroica" and a group of Rossini overtures but also brand new versions of Brahms's First and Second symphonies. EMI's first LP list contains some forty-five discs, including the Karajan "Nozze di Figaro," the Berger-Peerce-Warren "Rigoletto," and the Bayreuth 1951 "Walküre," Act III. From a technical point of view many of the issues are disappointing and few of them even approach the standard of recent Decca issues. The choice of repertoire is along conventional lines—thus we have the Grieg, Schumann, and Tchaikovsky piano concertos as well as Gieseking's new "Emperor." In fact, by far the greater part of these lists is taken up with performances that have been available for some time on 78 rpm, and this fact has caused much disappointment. We can only hope that the selection will be considerably widened before Christmas and that the general quality of the discs will improve.

The success of long-playing records in this country can now be taken for granted, of course, and as far as longer works are concerned the 78-rpm disc is virtually a thing of the past. Far more interesting will be the coming struggle for short-playing supremacy between 78 and 45 rpm. With regard to the latter type of disc the situation in this country is vastly different from that in the USA when RCA Victor introduced the third speed; then it was a case of 45 versus LP, whereas here HMV's first 45 release is confined to short pieces and includes only two small "sets," "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" (Furtwängler) and Bach's "Dorian" Toccata and Fugue in D minor (Germani). What has surprised most of us is the almost total absence from the list of popular music of the tin-pan-alley type. To begin with, at any rate, such music is to remain faithful to 78.

Prominent among the latest Decca issues are "Pelléas et Mélisande," Walter's magnificent new version of Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," the Ninth Symphony recorded in Vienna under Erich Kleiber's direction, and that outstanding disc of Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat" which marks another triumph for Ansermet and the Decca recording team.

Just to show that they were serious when they promised to continue 78 rpm side by side with microgroove, HMV's October list is a fairly exten-

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sive one, including not only the two Toscanini Brahms symphonies and Hindemith's "Mathis" (NBC-Cantelli), but also the noisy E flat Concerto by Liszt, played with considerable style and taste by Shura Cherkassky and the Philharmonia under Fistoulari, plus a large number of single discs. Among the latter are Heifetz's brilliant new version of one of his most celebrated prewar phonographic achievements, the "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso" by Saint-Saëns, a splendid "Dance of the Comedians" from Smetana's "Bartered Bride" (Philharmonia-Kubelik), Mendelssohn's "Rondo Brilliant," Opus 29, attractively played by Moura Lympany with the London Symphony Orchestra, and a disc containing two of the loveliest Nocturnes among German songs, Schubert's "Nacht und Träume" and Schumann's "Mondnacht." The singer here is the young baritone Fischer-Dieskau, a sensitive artist whose mezza-voce, though often lovely, is not yet entirely adjusted to the microphone.

ON Columbia there is an outstanding performance of the Prelude to Act I of "Lohengrin" by Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic; perhaps the string tone in the upper register lacks the firmness of the two Toscanini versions but apart from this it is a most beautiful disc. Gieseking makes one of his rare excursions into the music of Brahms resulting in an almost ideal performance of the B minor Rhapsody, Opus 79, No. 1, which is, moreover, excellently recorded. Astrid Varnay's best record to date brings us two excerpts from the Act II of "Parsifal," the famous "Herzeleide" Narrative, "Ich sah das Kind," and a later passage, "Seit Ewigkeiten." Accompanied by the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by her husband, Hermann Weigert, she gives a most sensitive and intelligent account of Kundry's music which is but rarely marred by vocal unsteadiness. Lastly we have Leonie Rysanek, the 1951 Bayreuth Sieglinde, in two excerpts somewhat "off the beaten track," Marta's "Ich weiss nicht wer mein Vater war" from Eugen d'Albert's "Tiefland" and the far more attractive aria "Das war sehr gut Mandryka" from Richard Strauss's "Arabella." Rysanek has a rich and warm soprano at times reminiscent of De los Angeles.

All in all it has been a week so packed with music, both "live" and recorded, that most of us are still feeling more than a little dizzy, and it is impossible as yet to assess the impact which this host of new records at three different speeds is going to make

(*Continued on page 77*)

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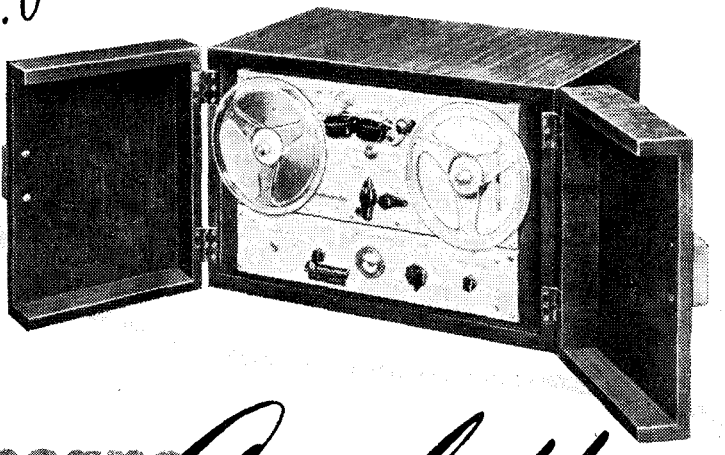

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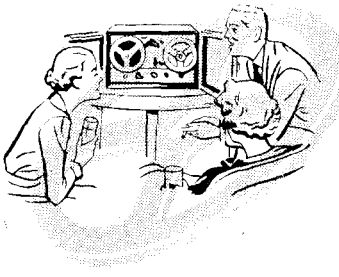

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Recordings in Review

Number Nine Number Two

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony in D minor, No. 9 ("Choral"). Erich Kleiber conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, with Hilde Gueden, soprano, Sieglinde Wagner, contralto, Anton Dermota, tenor, and Ludwig Weber, basso.* (London LL 632-3, $11.90.)

THIS second "major" Ninth Symphony in as many months (with another still to come from Westminster) offers a striking contrast not only in results but in objectives to the recently acclaimed one by Toscanini [RECORDINGS, *SR* Sept. 27]. Unlikely as it may seem (considering the general progress in the art of reproducing sound in a dozen years), it is a Vienna performance not only in the suavity of strings and the prevailingly broad tempos, but also in the overhang of sound familiar in other Ninth Symphonies of similar origin, including not only the famous Weingartner one but also a Von Karajan not released in this country.

The conclusion must be that the largest available hall in Vienna is not suitable for a clear, well balanced, strongly defined recording of this peculiarly demanding work. The tympani are too prominent throughout, the middle voices of the orchestra consistently more audible than they should be. By far the best section is the adagio, wonderfully sung by the Viennese strings; but even here the emphasis on a total sound leaves salient details unrevealed.

Kleiber's conception of the work propounds a more limited objective than Toscanini's, and it is relatively well realized. However, the rise is slighter, the decline more gentle, and nowhere is there a verging on the ultimate values that Toscanini, for all his nervous haste (in the first movement) and occasional unbounded vigor, shows us. Measured by the standard of the greatest moments achieved by Toscanini, Kleiber is almost painfully inadequate. On the whole, the quartet is superior to RCA's (especially Ludwig Weber's rolling bass tones), but Gueden gasps as painfully as Farrell at the climax of the soprano part. It should also be kept in mind that forthright delivery of a comfortable tempo is much easier than adequate measurement to an exacting one. Each movement has been allotted the full length of a single side, which makes this version more expensive than the RCA, without the bonus of the Symphony No. 1 included in the Toscanini set.

Mozart's "Haffner" Again

MOZART: *Serenade in D ("Haffner"), K. 250. Ferdinand Leitner, conducting the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra.* (Decca DL 9636, $5.85.)

MOZART'S "Haffner" Serenade has been for so long an inaccessible experience, and thus beglamoured by the imagination into an unquestioned masterpiece, that it is only now in the aftermath of its second recorded issue (Vox offered a previous one directed by Clemens Krauss on its LP 6850) that one can hear it clear and see it plain. It now becomes my dubious pleasure to say, in paraphrase of the old joke about Paderewski, it is a charming work but no "Haffner."

That is to say, it is as rippling and pleasurable an experience one could ask for as dinner music or as a background for conversation, but it doesn't come within leagues of K. 361 (Serenade for Thirteen Wind Instruments) or K. 375 as a total expression of this composer's genius. That is no indictment at all of this adept performance in which Dénes Zsigmondy plays the solo violin part with style and esprit, or of the reproduction, which is razor keen if a little lacking in suavity. In the last analysis, it is a work which only Mozart could have written, but it is a little disillusioning to hear him write eight successive movements and keep his own individuality so thoroughly in check. I may remark also, for those who may be hearing the new "Cosi" concurrently, the resemblance (in outline only) of the last "Menuetto" to the "Toast" or "Prayer" in the wedding scene of the opera.

Non-Pathetic "Pathétique"

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 6 in B minor ("Pathétique"). Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4544, $5.45.)

ORCHESTRAS, like people, even nations, have their periods of growth, maturity, and decline; though, if they are luckily in the care of able enough specialists, the decline can be leveled off short of senescence and a new tenure of life given to the second-growth stock. Without indulging in comparisons with its legendary competitors, it seems fair to recognize that the Philadelphia Orchestra is now, under the guidance of the perceptive conductor Ormandy has become in the last few years, on the rise again after a leveling off on a plateau somewhere below Mt. Stokowski.

Various other things, beginning with the memorable "Fantastique," have pointed the upward trend, though not as strongly as this muscular, well disciplined, yet flexible playing of the "Pathétique." Its course also suggests the small yet distinctive ways in which the orchestra's sound today differs from that of its earlier glory: the instruments, sound for sound, are closer to their inherent physical properties than Stokowski strove to achieve—trumpets have a full brassy blast rather than the more idealized golden sound he liked, the flutes and oboes play with less wide vibrato, the strings sing but do not dig into the instruments in the old way.

These observations are prompted by the riches revealed in this recording, one of the most powerful and acute that Columbia has yet achieved. It also has a lighter, more luminous sound than we are accustomed to hear from the Academy of Music, possibly because it was played on a completely bare stage, with no reflecting shell. As a conception, I find Ormandy's "Pathétique" an attractive mean between the Mengelberg extravagance (as one type) and the Toscanini restraint (as another). I do not proclaim it an ultimate in any sense, but it is very hard to find fault with it.

Mozart Now and Then

MOZART: *Various excerpts sung by Mario Sammarco (baritone), Francesco d'Andrade (baritone), Maurice Renaud (baritone), Maria Ivogün (soprano), Leo Slezak (tenor), etc.* (Eterna LP 469, $5.95.)

I DON'T know whose preserves Eterna is poaching on in offering this collection of resurrections from the phonograph past, but it seems to me that the public service involved is more considerable than any incidental infringements. Most of us have heard, at one time or another, of the D'Andrade version of "Finch'han dal vino" (from "Don Giovanni") or Renaud's "Serenade" or Sammarco's "Non più andrai." To hear them, however, is another and decidedly illuminating, thing.

Vocally, they are all that legend that acclaims them to have been, but what Figaro today would dream of

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interpolating into "Non più andrai" the high G that Sammarco sponsors, or choosing so sentimental a pace for the "Serenade" as Renaud considers appropriate? As for D'Andrade's "Finch'han dal vino," it is amazingly spirited but musically reprehensible, with interpolated "Bravos" to prompt a reprise!

However, there is nothing like knowing yesterday to appreciate today, and these examples make us aware that, if we are not granted such virtuosos as Renaud and D'Andrade, what we hear from our singers is, musically at least, nearer to the Mozartian ideal. On the other hand, Slezak's singing of "Hier soll ich dich denn sehen" (from "Seraglio") is almost magnificent, Ivogün's "Zauberflöte" excerpt is remarkably good, and Gabrielle Ritter-Ciampi's "Il Re Pastore" is close to one's memory of it. Allowing for the age of the material involved, the processing is remarkably good.

Devoir to Désormière

SCARLATTI-TOMMASINI: *"Good Humoured Ladies";* POULENC: *"Les Biches." Roger Désormière conducting l'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris.* (London LL 624, $5.95.)

CONSIDERING the time that has elapsed since word circulated some months ago that Roger Désormière had suffered a serious illness in Italy, one would like to take this fine record as evidence of his recovery. However, it is the greater probability that it was made prior to that unhappy occurrence, and thus provides merely another occasion to speak our respect for him and hope that his recovery will soon be complete.

After all it is hard to think of another conductor (Ansermet excepted, perhaps) who could provide so subtle a blend of taste and musicianship for these cherishable works of Scarlatti so well translated into orchestral language by Tommasini. Few who knew it can have forgotten Eugene Goossens's delightful version of the Thirties (fewer had the opportunity to become acquainted with a Sargent issue for English Decca enshrined as EDA 2), and we honor it in memory. However, thanks to his own invincible talents and the improved arts of reproduction, Désormière has an even livelier accomplishment to his credit.

Poulenc's lively "Les Biches" score is a perfect foil and companion piece for the Scarlatti-Tommasini, invoking the same senses of rhythmic and melodic sensibility with a more astringent tonal treatment. (Note, especially, the take-off on the Franck D minor Symphony!) Altogether an A-1 effort by Désormière, which means it is a choice record for any collection. Exceptionally luminous recording throughout, with a sharper bite and tonal definition than we associate with London.

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Plucked and Strummed

WEISS, S. L.: *Prelude, Ballet and Gigue, etc. Andrès Segovia, guitar.* (Decca DL 9633, $5.85.)

MILAN: *Fantasia, etc. The same.* (Decca DL 9638, $5.85.)

NIN: *Variations, etc. Rey de la Torre, guitar.* (Philharmonia 106, $5.95.)

EVER since the earliest days, plucked and strummed instruments have registered with peculiar intensity on recording devices (accounting, probably, for the twentieth-century enthusiasm, at various times, for the mandolin, the ukelele, and the Hawaiian guitar) and new techniques have but intensified that suitability. Segovia, as everyone knows, has previously committed almost his entire repertory to records, but this time around the clarity, delicacy, and reality of the sound yields nothing in fidelity to the real thing.

Among a roundup of such familiar Segovia specialities as his Bach, Schubert, and Torroba ("Sonatina") I am particularly taken by the little suite ("Prelude, Ballet, and Gigue") of Sylvius Leopold Weiss, a Bach contemporary. This Gigue is a singularly delightful bit of music, enunciated by Segovia with the highest kind of art. And for stylistic appreciation, lend an ear to his "Venetian Boat Song" (Mendelssohn).

Included on both the second Segovia disc and the one by De la Torre is Manuel de Falla's "Homenaje a Debussy," but the contents are otherwise dissimilar, with De la Torre favoring music of this century (Rodrigo, Orbón, Albeniz, Granados, etc.). No direct comparison between the players is possible (even in the same music) for De la Torre has been recorded in a very resonant space (the Village Church at Bronxville, New York) with a close-up mike that gives his instrument harplike breadth and power. A sensitive musician, certainly, and a master of his instrument, De la Torre seems to be playing something other than the guitar here. Perhaps he will have more representative treatment next time.

The Slavic Sense of Strings

SUK: *"Serenade for Strings," Opus 6;* SMETANA: *"Bohemian Dances." Harold Byrns conducting a chamber orchestra.* (Capitol P 8174, $4.98.)

SMETANA: *"Aus meinem Leben" Quartet;* DVORAK: *Quartet in F, Opus 96. Koeckert Quartet.* (Decca DL 937, $5.85.)

THOUGH all these works are in a major line of descent from Smetana (Dvorak was his spiritual offspring, and Suk was Dvorak's actual son-in-law) it is a reassuring testimonial to the healthy spirit of Czech music that each has its strong individuality. Running through them as a binding thread is a conviction about the appropriate music for strings to play, related, no doubt, to the practical experience of the three men.

Suk's work, the most ambitious in scope and the least familiar in content, is particularly founded on a strong affinity for the inherent capacities of the instruments employed. His ideas surge and shimmer through their chosen voices as they would through no other, and Byrns's virtuoso ensemble does as much for them as is conceivably possible. The second side dances ("Merry Chicken Yard," "The Little Onion," and "Circus") are as keenly appraised, and reproduced with the same kind of unobtrusive but wholly welcome fidelity.

The good repute of the Koeckert Quartet (natives of the Sudetenland) is sustained by their performances of the well-matched quartets of Smetana and Dvorak, but neither strikes me as a notable example of quartet recording. The tone tends to dryness and less than the resonance reasonably expectable today. Fortunately, the Dvorak, which is splendidly played, is also the better sounding.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonatas in F minor (Opus 57) and A (Opus 101). Wilhelm Backhaus, piano. London LL 597, $5.95.	A rather dispassionate "Appassionata" in which order and accuracy take precedence over energy or abandon. Beethoven's creative process are carefully traced, but the skeleton emerges more clearly than the whole body of the music. The A major, in particular, asks more impetuosity and freshness of feeling. Good concentrated piano sound.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 1 in C. Carl Schuricht directing the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London LS 631, $4.95.	A warm, winning performance by the able Schuricht whose disc catalogue is not nearly as long as it ought to be. It is a particular pleasure to hear the superb Vienna strings in the slow movement, which—let us remember—Beethoven marked "Cantabile" as well as "Andante."
Böhm: "Calm as the Night," etc. Ezio Pinza, basso, and Nathan Milstein, violin, others. RCA Victor LM 1703, $5.72.	Seldom has the word "great" been so strained as it is in these so-called "Great Combinations," in which a miscellaneous duet literature is purveyed by Marian Anderson and Gregor Piatigorsky; Robert Merrill and Yehudi Menuhin; Jan Peerce, Risë Stevens and Mischa Elman. What Piatigorsky's cello playing adds to Anderson's singing of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" only a sales manager could say. Certainly not recommended for the perfunctory musical treatment of Rachmaninoff's "In the Silence of the Night" or Handel's "Ombra mai fu." Only fair recording.
Dvorak: Concerto in B minor. Zara Nelsova, cello, with Joseph Krips conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London LL 537, $5.95.	A far cry, in spirit and insight, from the celebrated version of Casals and Szell, though it is many decibels louder. Nelsova plays with fine tone and virtuosity, but Krips's leadership stresses the sentimental traits in the music, which is no favor to Dvorak. Beautiful sound withal.
Griffes: "Poem." Julius Baker, flute, with orchestra conducted by Daniel Saidenberg. Decca DL 4013, $2.50.	A remarkably expressive, well-wrought work, which adds more than a little stature to the currently underrated Griffes. Baker, of course, is a superb advocate at the bar, Saidenberg an able assistant counsel. Overside is Arthur Foote's "Night Piece" for flute and quartet, highly listenable if not notably individual in style. Excellent recording throughout. Lack of notes for these is inexcusable.
Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 54 (in G) and 70 (in D). Hans Swarowsky directing a chamber orchestra. Lyrichord LL 32, $5.95.	A pair of extremely attractive works played (according to the annotation by H. C. Robbins Landon) from manuscript and thus unknown to most listeners. Swarowsky's conducting is more than merely competent, but the tonal values are just above passable—strings incline to be wiry, reeds thin, tympani overprominent.
Mozart: German Dances. Erich Kloss conducting the Frankenland State Symphony Orchestra. Lyrichord LL 31, $5.95.	Delightful repertory (the works are those grouped in Köchel Nos. 509, 571, 600, and 605), played with appropriate grace and spirit. Excellent substance in the orchestral sound and more than customarily quiet surfaces.
Pfitzner: "Kätchen von Heilborn" Overture. Fritz Lehmann conducting the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra. Decca DL 4017, $2.50.	Highly skilled orchestral writing, in a neo-Strauss idiom, but without much distinction of thought. If you seek records for special acoustic properties, this one will provide some interesting high string and massed brass effects. With it is a well-sounding version of Schumann's "Manfred" Overture.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto in D minor (No. 3). Moura Lympany, piano, and the New Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anthony Collins. London LL 617, $5.95.	The only count against this performance is the superior one available on RCA from Horowitz and Reiner. Miss Lympany is better here, perhaps, than in anything else she has recorded, but it still finds her short of the power demanded for the big climaxes. The orchestral playing is excellently integrated with her conception, the sound beauifully balanced (more so, certainly, than in the RCA).
Ravel: "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales." Miklos Schwalb, piano. Academy ALP 307, $4.75	Fluent, sensitive performance by Schwalb, the only version other than that included in the complete issue of Ravel's piano music by Casadesus. With it is Liszt's laboriously showy "Spanish Rhapsody" (based on the theme used by Corelli in "La Folia"). Schwalb plays it ably, but with no particular justification for those not interested in pianistic setting-up exercises. Uncommonly good piano sound, especially in the Ravel.
Schumann: "Carnaval" and "Fantasia." Alexander Brailowsky, piano. RCA Victor LM 9003, $5.72.	By either new (Novaes) standards or old (Rachmaninoff), Brailowsky's "Carnaval" strikes me as prosaic. The "Fantasia" (Opus 17) on the second side is more worthwhile, both as performance and reproduction. But it does not, for me, match either the continuity or the personal feeling of the Firkusny version (Columbia ML 4238).
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5. Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50008, $5.95.	More of the excellent sound remarked in last month's issue of "Scheherazade," though the pressure Dorati puts on the strings results in more wiry tone than I care for. Moreover, the "expression" is rather mechanically applied, without real style or much striving for subtlety. On the whole, not a version which can be recommended without serious reservations, for all its impressive sound values.
Tchaikovsky: "Romeo and Juliet." Andre Kostelanetz and orchestra. Columbia ML 4546, $5.45.	Something of the same story as above, so far as mechanical virtues taking precedence over musical ones are concerned. In competition with Toscanini, Stokowski, and Van Beinum, Kostelanetz is rather overmatched. The overside waltzes ("Sleeping Beauty," "Nutcracker Suite No. 2," etc.) are similarly overproduced.
Von Suppe: "Schöne Galatea" and "Jolly Robber," "Poet and Peasant" and "Light Cavalry" overtures. Kurt Graunke conducting the Bavarian Symphony Orchestra. Decca LL 4020, 4021, $2.50 each.	Excellent performances by Graunke and his Bavarians, and well recorded, if not wholly a match for the celebrated Solti performances on London. However, the disc that mates "Beautiful Galatea" with the "Jolly Robber" is well worth a place in anybody's Von Suppe collection. The latter, something of esoterica where Von Suppe is concerned, is a particularly spirited affair, with more than a slight suggestion of Auber's "Fra Diavolo." It is also directed in virtuoso style by Graunke, a conductor worth encouraging if he can deliver more matter in this manner. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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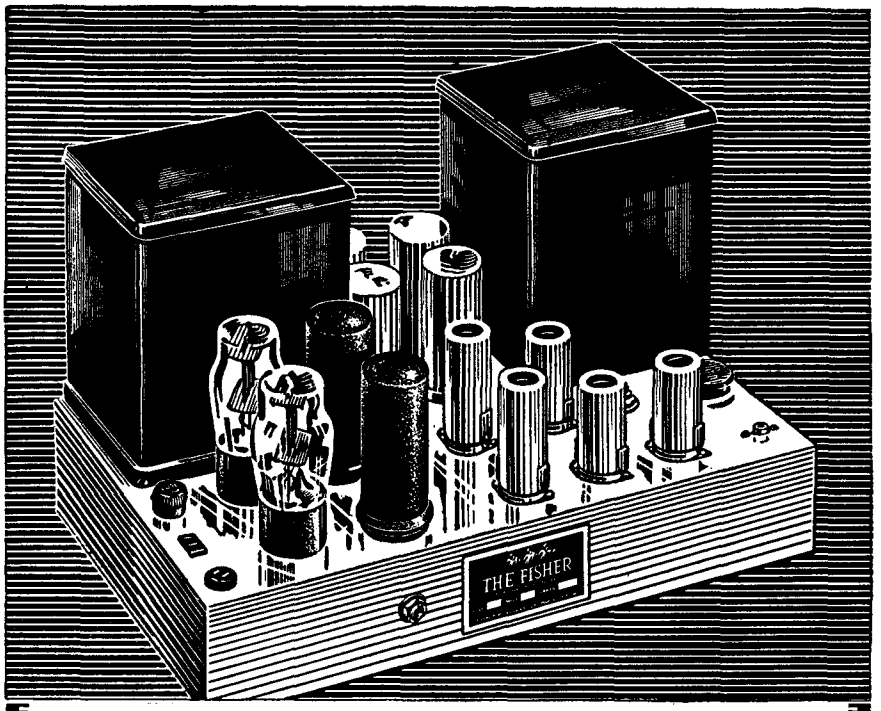
A MUSICIAN AND AUDIO

(*Continued from page 55*)

in reproduced music than the person not so fortunately situated. When I walk into a demonstration room, I listen for something like what I had heard in a rehearsal an hour before. For example, I would listen to hear whether the loudness level is approximately the same for a given solo instrument as it would be in actuality. (It is much harder to listen in terms of a whole ensemble, of course.) It is unfair to amplify a poor little flute to three or four times the volume it gives out in actual performance and cite this as an example of good reproduction. Take the oboe in the slow movement of the Brahms Violin Concerto. It should sound approximately the way it would in the fifteenth row of the auditorium, not with a piercing clarity unlike any performance ever given.

On the whole, listening tests have more to do with pickup and speaker than with an amplifier. An amplifier that performs, according to electronic tests, in conformity with the specifications above mentioned, should give excellent service for almost all kinds of recordings. It can be appraised as an almost unchanging middle factor in various combinations of speakers and pickups. If you want to evaluate an amplifier for performance, use it in combination with a pickup and speaker you are familiar with—and, of course, with a record whose qualities are known to you. If you are trying to evaluate pickups and speakers, use the same amplifier to act as the crucial link in the chain.

The place, really, where room for improvement exists is in the speaker itself. More than one engineer has raised the question whether we are on the right track as far as speaker design is concerned, and a radical new design has been proposed in France (it was discussed in last month's RECORDINGS by Edgar Villchur). This year's Audio Fair will show a tremendous improvement in speakers designed in the conventional way with circular voice coils, diaphragms, and coils. I refer to the new Altec-Lansing line, which I have had for testing purposes for a number of weeks now, and which I find remarkably good. Naturally, one wonders whether this is the ultimate we can expect from speakers designed in this manner, and whether it is time to try a different approach. Impending developments, not yet known to the public, may supply the answer.



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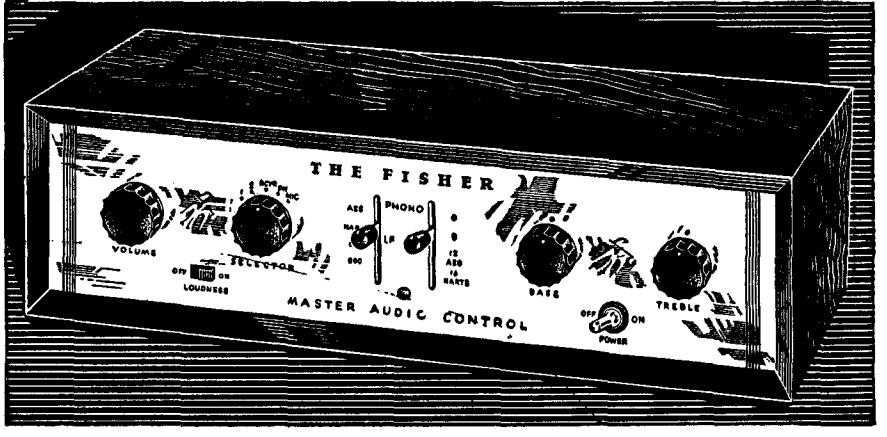

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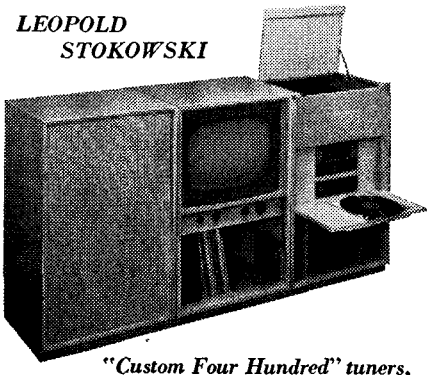

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Monteverdi to Handel

PERHAPS the most interesting of the pieces in this choral survey is Monteverdi's "Il combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda," a little drama, dating from 1624, with a text from Tasso's "Gerusalemme liberata." Although the composer left instructions for the staging of this miniature opera, he published it among his madrigals, a fact which perhaps justifies its inclusion in this group. Lacking visual action, the main weight of the story falls not upon the two protagonists but upon the *Testo,* or narrator. His music is written in a declamatory style which carries amazing dramatic conviction even today. In this performance by a Venetian group under Angelo Ephrikian (Period SPLP 551, $5.95) the *Testo* is a contralto, Maria Amadini. An earlier recording, available only at 78 rpm, engaged the tenor Max Meili for this part (Anthologie Sonore AS 141-43) and he made a great deal more of it without transgressing in matters of style. However, if the "Combattimento" under these auspices seems a little dull, there is reason for buying the disc in the two stunning madrigals on the reverse—"Ballo delle ninfe d'Istra" and "Mentre vaga angioletta."

An important addition to recorded Schütz is the "Saint Matthew Passion," delivered with simplicity by singers from Stuttgart under Hans Grischkat (Renaissance SX 203, $11.90). Though plainly a precursor of Bach's great setting, the whole passion is without accompaniment, chorus and soloists taking their dramatic parts, with the main burden falling on the tenor Evangelist. Klaus Stemann sings better here than he has on any of the various other recordings that have reached us; the other soloists and chorus are good. The two lovely and sonorous motets that fill the odd side will be an eye-opener to those who don't know this great composer.

An altogether delightful disc brings us five solo cantatas of Buxtehude sung by Margot Guilleaume (Vox PL 7330, $5.95). The voice is appealingly sweet, clear, and flexible, the style above reproach.

Bach's Cantata 189, "Meine Seele rühmt und Preist," has been with us before, at least once since the coming of LP. As sung by Walther Ludwig with a chamber orchestra conducted by Fritz Lehmann (Decca DL 9619, $5.85) it achieves its best performance to date, and one difficult to better. This despite the qualification that Ludwig's voice is a little heavy for the ideal in this kind of music. A feature of the performance is the use of a recorder in the ensemble; the effect is very lovely in the fine clean recording. The reverse carries two contralto cantatas sung by Hildegard Hennecke with August Wenziger conducting. No. 53, "Schlage doch, gewünschte Stunde," is the better known of the two; others have sung it more fervently. No. 200, "Bekennen will ich seinen Namen," is a shorter work, full of echoes of Buxtehude. Again the singing is rather uneventful.

Last July I discussed in these columns a recording of Cantata 201, or "Phoebus and Pan." Now a second version is offered by a group from Stuttgart under Grischkat (Renaissance X 42, $5.95). The choice between performances might be a toss-up, but mechanically the previous one (Bach Guild BG 514) is easily superior. Certain of the arias, however, such as "Patron, das macht der Wind" and "Mit Verlangen," are quite as obviously better sung here.

Under the auspices of the Handel Society a performance of "Judas Maccabaeus" comes from the University of Utah under Maurice Abravanel's direction (HDL 12, $17.85) and from Cornell University comes "Alexander's Feast" under Robert Hull (HDL 13, $11.90). The Utah performance is in the festival tradition, though chorus and orchestra have been kept to reasonable size. Issued as it is under so official-sounding a sponsorship, one wonders at the cuts and the textual liberties allowed. The soloists appear to be a group of young people, promising enough, but hardly ready to give a definitive performance.

They manage these things better in Ithaca. Leona Scheunemann, Leslie Chabay, and Keith Falkner are the thoroughly professional trio in "Alexander's Feast"; soprano and tenor furnish some examples of phrasing and breath control well worthy of study by aspiring oratorio singers. Mr. Hull, who furnished the jacket notes, is a scholar as well as a musician, and he makes plain the justfication for such liberties as he has taken. Negligible cuts include trimming the end of the work. The vocal ornaments added have been carefully worked out in authentic style. Chorus and orchestra are well trained. Mechanically the set is acceptable, though not quite grade A.

—PHILIP L. MILLER.

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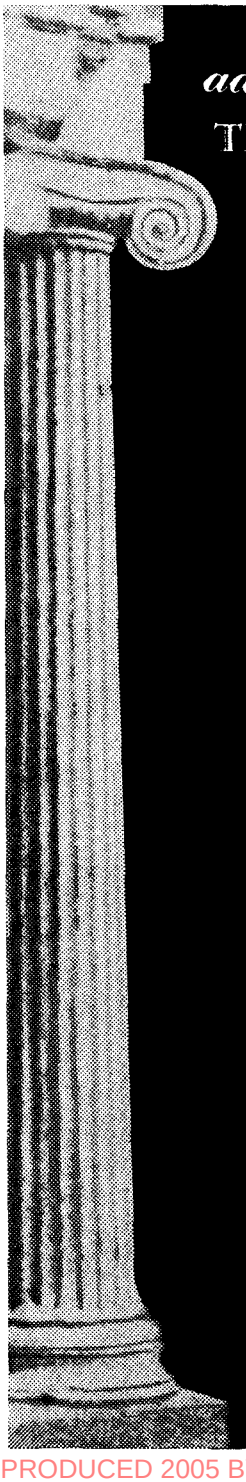
The Telefunken Mike

READERS of the commentaries on record envelopes will have noted that recent Mercury issues mention the use of a single Telefunken microphone in making its Olympian series (also Capitol in its Pittsburgh Symphony recordings). The sound of these records (the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra's "Scheherazade" is a good example) tends to be rich and clean, clearly with a wide dynamic and frequency range, and with something of the reverberant quality of the London FFRR's. Particularly noteworthy is the absence of a certain stridency and harshness that sometimes appears in showy high-fidelity records, a stridency which we may, on occasion, grimly overlook for fear of favoring juke-box tone. How much of this richness and lack of harshness may be attributed to the microphone?

As in reproducing assemblies, the weakest links in the chain of recording equipment are not the purely electronic components, but the mechanical devices which contain moving parts; the recording head with its pivoted cutting stylus, and the microphone with its suspended diaphragm. We have not yet succeeded in subjecting the machine to the same rigid control that we can apply to the electronic circuit. It is only natural, then, that the major improvements that are being made in recording techniques have to do with the fields of mechanics and acoustics, and are concerned with that apparatus in which sound is changed into pulsating electrical currents, or with an apparatus in which these electrical currents direct the engraving of a groove.

During the last year or so the new microphone of Telefunken (a name which has prospered in and out of wars) has been received very favorably by many recording engineers, and it is included in the batteries of most of the recording studios, both major and minor. Robert Fine, recording engineer for Mercury, believes that it played an important role in the achievement of the tonal qualities of the records which he made with it. However, the microphone, which is referred to as the capacitor type, is of no revolutionary design. It has excellent dynamic range with low distortion, and an impressive frequency response curve, but what is probably most significant is the fact that it is especially well suited to single mike pick-up at a distance, due to its high sensitivity and its exceptionally even (and adjustable) directional pattern. Use of the Telefunken unit encourages and aids in the success of single-mike or predominantly single-mike technique, and the writer feels that this is the factor which is at least partly if not mainly responsible for creating the noticeable differences in quality.

There is a type of recording technique in which each section of the orchestra plays directly into its own microphone mounted immediately in front of it, and where most of the work of balance is performed electronically on the dials of a control board. This type of microphone layout is used extensively in motion pictures, where it may be desired to "point up" parts of the music at various times, for specific dramatic reasons. Here the convention of deleting "auditory perspective" has long been accepted for the sake of convenience, so that sounds originating at various distances are given equal prominence. But the use of such close points of reception has its effects on tone, and plays havoc in records, especially where large orchestras are involved. The hall or chamber in which instru-



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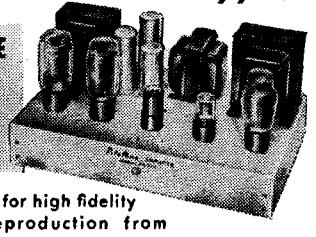

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ments are sounded has an important influence on timbre; not only are the effects of varying distance and of reverberation introduced, but there is a redistribution of the relative intensity of partials, an effect which makes a significant contribution to the final sound. One hall differs from another of course, but the result of microphone pick-up from a point very close to the instrument is effectively to eliminate the hall almost entirely. To the writer's ears this technique, even when supplemented by over-all pick-up to "add" presence, tends to create a hothouse variety of sound, a sterilized electronic version of the music of the concert hall.

It may be reasonably inferred that the craftsman who made the musical instrument, and the composer who chose to use it, had in mind the timbres that would appear in a musical chamber or hall. The distortion produced by minimizing the acoustical influence of the hall may be compared, in quality if not in degree, with the effect of picking up the sound of a violin by a contact microphone clipped to the vibrating belly.

THE Mercury recordings were made with the single-microphone suspended at points which varied from fifteen to twenty-five feet above the conductor's stand. The mike pattern control was set for omni-directional reception, so that the reverberation components of the sound would be introduced in their natural proportions. The unit is well adapted to this sort of use, and fits in with the type of recording which utilizes natural reverberation, recording which does not produce the effect of musicians playing in an airless enclosure. Engineers may reassemble sound and pass it through echo chambers to introduce artificial reverberation, but, like those foods which have first been vitiated and then synthetically fortified with chemicals, something is apt to be missing.

The Telefunken microphone, in addition to use as the sole pick-up agent, has also been employed successfully with recording set-ups in which a single mike was predominant but did not bear the whole burden, where weaker sounds were felt to be, under the particular circumstances, unduly masked. It is certainly a welcome addition to the equipment at the disposal of the recording engineer. It has evidently aided in the recording of music with natural color, with a tonal balance determined by the conductor rather than by the mixing operator, and, as a result of these characteristics, with a clarity of textural detail that does not thrive in acoustical hothouses. —EDGAR M. VILLCHUR.

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Audio Fair Forecast

(New York, No. 4)

ALL the information above points the way in which audio interest has blossomed in the brief four years since word circulated, rather uncertainly, in the fall of 1949 that something unusual was about to happen in the Hotel New Yorker. The yearly renewal establishes beyond doubt the widespread interest in the whole field; the designation locating it in New York points the fact that one has to be specific about where a particular Audio Fair is happening, for Chicago has already been initiated, and Los Angeles audiophiles will have their opportunity in February.

We congratulate the sponsors on adding a day to the previous total of three, and urge all *SR* music-lovers in the metropolitan area to set aside an hour or two on October 29, 30, 31, or November 1 for an inspection of the manifold miracles of reproduced sound in this year of 1952. We can guarantee that it will be profitable, if not uniformly pleasurable.

If any trends are evident from the sampling of exhibitor intentions it would be in the direction of "packaged sound systems." That is to say, an assemblage of superior components, grouped in graded price categories. Stromberg-Carlson is one prominent manufacturer who has entered this field, and among several others are two (H. H. Scott and Arrow Audio Center) showing complete units based on those recommended by C. G. Burke in "The Saturday Review Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction."

In the following compilation of data received in response to a questionnaire, an asterisk (*) indicates those who have not previously exhibited at the New York Audio Fair. The numbers in parentheses indicate the number of years each company has been represented.

Altec-Lansing Corp. (4)—New exhibits this year include a new series of Duplex speakers designed to give greatly improved home reproduction. Also promised are new public address amplifiers and loudspeakers.

Amplifier Corporation of America (3)—New exhibits include miniature and sub-miniature battery-operated magnetic tape recorders. Among them are 7½-inch per second units, and a 15-inch per second unit.

Arrow Audio Center (3)—A complete "price-no-object" high-fidelity system based on the "Saturday Review Home Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction."

Audak Company (3)—Recording cutters, tone arms, and reproducers. New exhibits this year include a chromatic diamond polyphase reproducer and studio arms.

Audio Instrument Co. (4)—Measuring instruments and reverberation units, with a new Model 40 reverberation unit using a tape loop and multiple heads to create acoustical reverberation adjustable both as to duration and character.

*Beam Instruments Corp.—"Q. U. A. D." Amplifier and control units manufactured by Acoustical Company, England. Also Barker "Duode" reproducer and "Tannoy" dual con-

Numbers in parentheses indicate room numbers at Hotel New Yorker.

Acro Products Co.	(542)	Karlson Associates	(608)
Alcott Radio Service	(545)	Klipsch Eastern, Inc.	(538)
Allied Sound Corp.	(520)	Langevin Mfg. Corp.	(531)
Alpha Wire Corp.	(539)	James B. Lansing Sound, Inc.	(507)
Altec Lansing Corp.	(520)	Leonard Radio, Inc.	(536-7)
(Peerless Division)	(619-20)	Magnecord, Inc.	(604-6)
American Elite, Inc.	(544)	Jeff Markell Associates	(644)
Ampex Electric Corp.	(505)	McIntosh Engineering Lab.	(606)
Amplifier Corp. of America	(622)	Measurements Corp.	(527)
Arrow Electronics	(550)	Music Masters	(637)
Audak Company, Inc.	(629)	Newcomb Audio Products Co.	(623)
Audio Devices, Inc.	(651)	Pentron Corp.	(548)
Audio Engineering Soc.	(617)	Permoflux Corp.	(640)
Audio Exchange, The	(644)	Pickering and Co., Inc.	(624-5)
Audio Instrument Co., Inc.	(630)	Pilot Radio Corp.	(643)
Audio & Video Products	(612-5)	Precision Electronics, Inc.	
Beam Instrument Corp.	(603)	(Grommes)	(610)
Bell Sound Systems, Inc.	(524)	Presto Recording Corp.	(621)
Berlant Associates	(529)	Radio Craftsmen, Inc.	(540)
David Bogen Co., Inc.	(632)	Radio Magazines, Inc.	(627)
Bohn Music Systems Co.	(517)	Radio Wire Television, Inc.	(543)
R. T. Bozak & Co.	(649)	Rangertone, Inc.	(609)
British Industries Corp.	(552-3)	Reeves Soundcraft Corp.	(508)
Brociner Electronics Lab.	(602)	Rek-O-Kut Co.	(636)
Brook Electronics, Inc.	(511)	The Representatives	(628)
Browning Laboratories, Inc.	(645)	Revere Camera Co.	(648)
Frank L. Capps & Co.	(647)	River Edge Industries	(504)
Cinema Engineering Co.	(611)	Rockbar Corp.	(607)
Collins Audio Products Co.	(547)	Hermon Hosmer Scott, Inc.	(528)
Cook Laboratories	(647)	Mark Simpson Mfg. Co.	(534-5)
Cowan Publishing Corp.	(627)	Sonocraft Corp.	(512-4)
Danby Radio Corp.	(510)	Sound Workshop	(520)
The Daven Co.	(616)	Soundcrafters	(516)
Electronic Workshop	(525)	Stephens Mfg. Corp.	(642)
Electro-Voice, Inc.	(626)	Stromberg-Carlson Co.	(541)
Fairchild Recording		Sun Radio & Electronics Co.	(601)
Equip. Corp.	(506)	Tape Master, Inc.	(551)
Fisher Radio Corp.	(529)	Telefunken Products	(544)
Gately Development Lab.	(646)	Telescopic Products, Inc.	(516)
General Electric Co.	(641)	Terminal Radio Corp.	(526)
G. & H Wood Products Co.	(521)	Thorens Co.	(510)
Gray Research &		Tung-Sol Electric, Inc.	(633)
Development Co.	(503)	Ultrasonic Corp.	(546)
Grayline Engineering Co.	(549)	United Transformer Co.	(522)
Harrison Radio Corp.	(523)	University Loudspeakers	(501)
H. A. Hartley Co., Ltd.	(533)	V-M Corp.	(618)
Harvey Radio Co., Inc.	(631)	Waveforms, Inc.	(502)
High Fidelity Magazine	(552-3)	Weathers Industries	(530)
Hudson Radio & TV Corp.	(634-5)	Webster-Chicago Corp.	(532)
Jensen Manufacturing Co.	(518-9)	WQXR	(539)
The Kelton Co.	(509)	Ziff-Davis Publishing Co.	(515)

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centric loudspeaker, all promising high standards of quality.

Bell Sound Systems, Inc. (4)—A standard line of quality amplifiers, this year featuring new ten- and twenty-watt high-fidelity amplifiers.

Bogen, David (2)—Amplifiers, tuners, transcription players, etc., including a new ten-watt high-fidelity amplifier, AM-FM tuners, three-speed portable transcription players, corner baffles, etc.

British Industries Corp. (3)—The Leak Amplifier, incorporating Leak three-stage triple-loop feedback circuit. Remote control preamp with equalization controls. Also, the KT-66 Tubes, which may be used as direct replacement for 6L6 tube in any circuit.

Brociner Electronics Laboratory (3)—Showing a new Model 4 corner horn, the model 2A2 control amplifier, and the model UL 1 Ultra-Linear Williamson Power Amplifier.

*Brook Electronics, Inc.—The new Brook Model 12A4 remote-control amplifier and the Model 10C4 thirty-watt remote control, incorporating a new preamp and playback characteristic unit with compensation for curves in general use.

Browning Laboratories, Inc. (4)—A new Model RV-31 FM tuner, designed for increased sensitivity in reception of the FM band.

Collins Audio Products Co., Inc. (2)—Four new prefabricated kits, including FM tuner, FM-AM tuner, FM receiver, FM-AM receiver, and various components thereto.

Electronic Workshop (3)—High-fidelity radio-phonograph systems, featuring the EW enclosure, the "packaged sound systems" being distributed by the Sound Workshop, and unique custom installations.

Electro-Voice, Inc. (4)—High-fidelity loudspeakers, speaker systems, enclosures, etc., including the new "Cornerless" corner speaker enclosure.

Fairchild Recording Equipment Corp. (4)—A new 215 series of pick-up cartridges, with high compliance resulting in the elimination of tracking distortion and reduced listening fatigue. Also a new three-speed synchronous transcription table, a low-priced control track generator, and the Model 126 tape recorder.

Fisher Radio Corp. (3)—Introduc-

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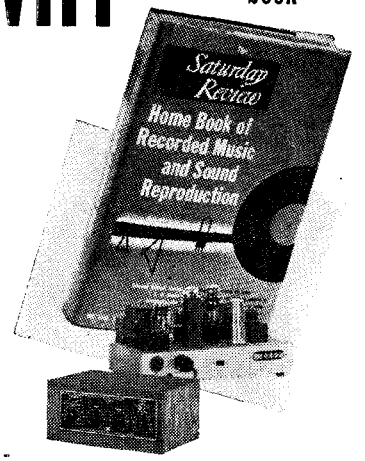

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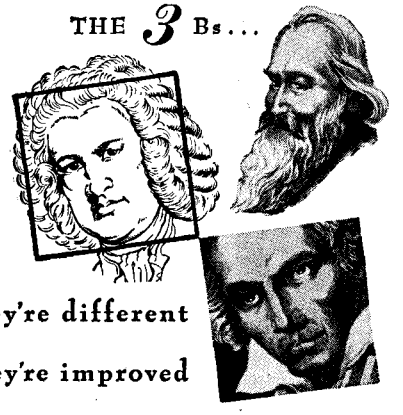

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ing the new Fisher Master Audio Control Model 50C, and the new Fisher Laboratory Standard Audio Amplifier Model 50-A. Both are designed to give the ultimate in home reproduction of recorded music.

Garrard Sales Corp. (4)—New exhibits this year include the RC-80 three-speed record changer with four-pole heavy-duty motor, interchangeable plug-in heads for any cartridge, and the 45-rpm "barrel" spindle with automatic cut-off.

*Gately Development Laboratory—Super Horn, a corner speaker enclosure employing new methods of horn loading designed to obtain smooth nonresonant bass response.

Gray Research and Development Co. (2)—Model 108B and 106SP viscous-damped tone arms.

Harrison Radio Corp. (3)—Jobbers featuring the Bell 2200 amplifier and the Karlson enclosure simulating a single "point source of origin."

Harvey Radio Co. (4)—New method of determining stylus wear in advance of damage to records, also a new compact wire recorder and a portable tape recorder no larger than a portable typewriter.

Hudson Radio and Television Corp. (4)—Custom-built installations featuring floor-to-ceiling cabinets, including "Nova" cabinets.

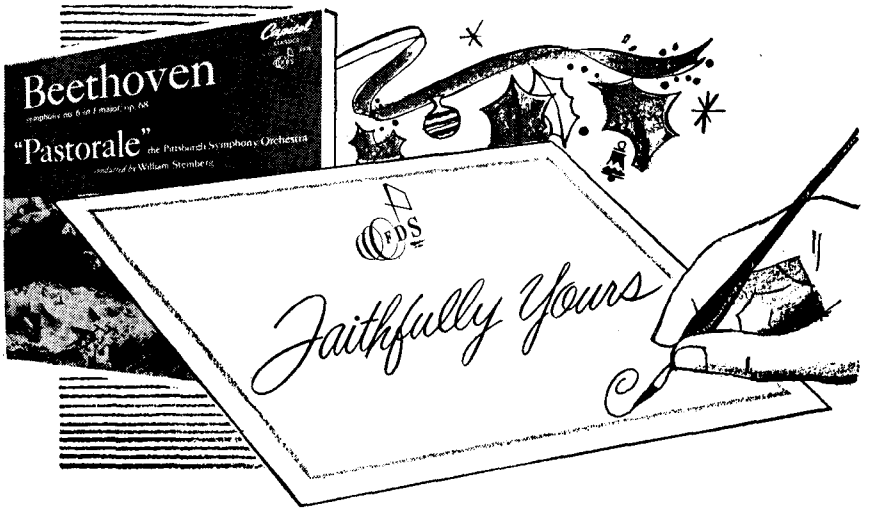
Lafayette Radio Co. (4)—Distributors of components, featuring the Stromberg-Carlson "Stokowski autograph" units, also new Lafayette equipment.

Leonard Radio, Inc. (3)—New items this year include the Tapesonic 70, incorporating three tape speeds (3¾, 7½, and 15 inches per second) at reasonable price.

Magnecord Inc. (4)—New line of prerecorded tape, utilizing Vox catalogue and other sources, a new one-case portable recorder, and a portable version of the Magnecordette. In prerecorded tape, price will be based on time of play incorporated, with an hour program at $9.95.

*Markell (Jeff) Associates—Offering dual-purpose audio equipment, such as the RC-116 equipment cabinet and step end table, other models including a cocktail table which may be used as part of wall unit. Speaker enclosures are separate.

McIntosh Laboratories Inc. (4)—



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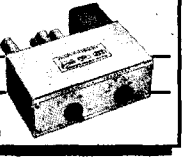

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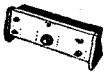

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*Newcomb Audio Products Co.—Audio amplifiers for the home, and a new table-model phonograph, also public address system components. All designed to high quality standards of interior and exterior workmanship.

Pentron Corp. (4)—Reel adapter for tape recorder, increasing recording or playback time to a four-hour period. Also multi-speed tape transport mechanism.

Permoflux Corp. (4)—New Coronet Dual eight-corner horn enclosure, making possible full range reproduction at tolerable home volume level.

Pickering and Co. (4)—Well-known line of pickup heads, arms, preamps, etc., with new components to be announced at the Fair.

Presto Recording Corp. (2)—Tape and disc recording equipment, blanks, cutting heads, etc.

*R-J Audio Products, Inc.—Compact speaker cabinets on new principle stressing smooth bass fundamentals.

Radio Craftsmen, Inc. (2)—Variety of audio components featuring a new 800C FM-AM tuner with record equalizer.

Reeves Soundcraft Corp. (4)—Magnetic recording tape, Magnastripe, recording discs, styli. New exhibit this year is magnetic sound (Magnastripe) on 8 mm film.

Rek-O-Kut Co. (4)—New Model B-16H transcription turntable, a three-speed sixteen-inch model, designed for easy installation in present studio consoles and tables.

*River Edge Industries—Complete line of furniture pieces to house high-fidelity equipment, also audio-engineered speaker enclosures. Variety of styles and woods.

*Rockbar Corporation—Automatic record changers (Collaro), with intermix feature at various speeds.

Scott, H. H., Inc. (4)—Improved Dynaural noise suppressor, in an exhibit featuring the "Category III" sound system recommended by C. G. Burke in "The Saturday Review Home Book of Recorded Music and Sound

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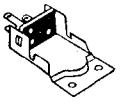

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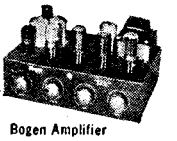

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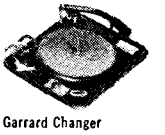

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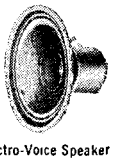

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Reproduction." Also amplifiers, preamplifiers, etc., and new professional Sound Analyzer.

Mark Simpson Manufacturing Co., (4)—Concertmaster twenty-watt high-fidelity amplifier, also new Model 52 tape recorder, Wirelessfone two-station intercom, etc.

Sonocraft Corporation (4)—Sound and recording equipment.

*Sound Workship—New series of packaged high-fidelity sound systems, featuring the EW enclosure. Designed to match commercial consoles in price with much higher performance characteristics.

Stephens Manufacturing Corp. (4)—New 500D output transformerless amplifier, Models 214 and 216 high-frequency driver units, also standard line of coaxial speakers.

*Stromberg-Carlson Co.—"Custom 400" series of audio and TV equipment, incorporating "Labryinth" speaker enclosure, new amplifiers, AM-FM tuners, etc. Units are available either independently or as part of matched cabinet ensembles.

Sun Radio and Electronics Co. (3)—Distributors of high-fidelity equipment and electronic components. New exhibits this year feature packaged sound systems.

Terminal Radio Corp. (4)—New baffles and accessories for simplifying custom home installations. Also showing Stromberg-Carlson "Custom 400" series. New audio catalogue for distribution.

*Thorens Company—New "Concert" record changer (CD-43), with "direct drive" governor, four-pole motor, special spindle for 45-rpm records, balanced tone arm accommodating various cartridges.

University Loudspeakers Inc. (4)—New fifteen-inch woofer, new mid-range horn, cabinets, etc. Also previously available line of cross-over networks, etc.

*V-M Corporation—New eight-watt portable amplifier for educational and industrial use. Also Trio-matic 960 record changer and portable units.

*Webster-Chicago Corp.—Magnetic recorders and phonograph units, featuring demonstration in ways to install three-speed units as replacements for conventional one-speed units.

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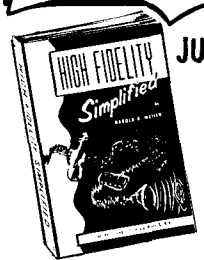

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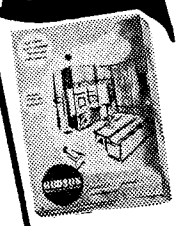

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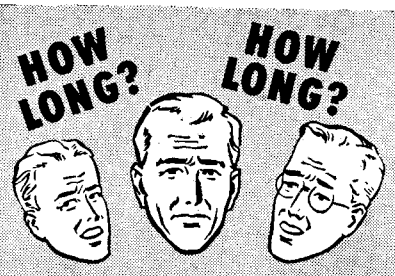

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BERG'S "LULU"

(*Continued from page* 61)

money are dwelt upon is all too close to life.

The high tension point is the middle of Act II, where Lulu's third husband surprises her with his son, while sundry suitors are hidden in the house. He reminds her of the tragedy her infidelity has wrought on previous husbands, and hands her a gun to shoot herself with. But she sings, in the aria already mentioned, "If men destroy themselves on my account that does not degrade me," and shoots him instead. A year elapses between this and the next scene, and a film between them shows her trial and imprisonment. (The failure to mention this in the otherwise adequate Columbia libretto may leave the listener confused at the beginning of the next scene.) This is the turning point at which Lulu yields to degradation, and as a woman of the streets sinks lower and lower until Jack-the-Ripper lures her to her death. Visitations from her dead husbands in the missing portion of the opera may conceivably provide a commentary. But in what is given, we have to provide this for the most part ourselves—after the fact, as it were. Perhaps this accounts for the sophistry of Wedekind apologists, who strive to make us believe he gave "perspective" to a "loose chain of events" that they themselves admit "might have been constructed by a cheap literary romanticist."

As a coloratura, Lulu is a convincingly insouciant character. The fusion of ornamental style and jagged chromaticism is very original at the same time that it calls for the Utopian singer. Ilona Steingruber does some of it very well, but she sounds none too happy in the realm of high D. Friedl Riedler (the schoolboy) negotiates the skips admirably, and among the men Claus Riegler and Otto Wiener are the most sympathetic. There is an unhappy tendency to mark single tones instead of phrasing, and no doubt listeners will think this and the ungainly singing tone are prescribed by Berg's special vocal idiom. In addition to straight singing and speaking, this idiom includes various degrees between the two. But the athlete, Karl Loida, makes no differentiation among these degrees, and Hans Libert (Alwa) makes painful tenor sounds above middle C. It is good to report that the orchestral players of vibraphone and saxophone do justice to Berg's sensitive writing for these instruments.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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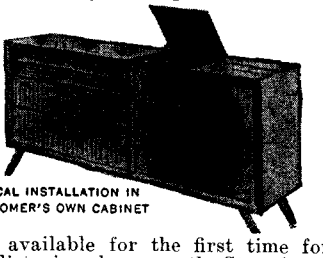

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THE OTHER SIDE

(*Continued from page 63*)

on the record-buying public of this country.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

* * *

TOKYO.

THERE has been a remarkable musical renaissance in Japan recently, especially in Tokyo, where one or more concerts are given daily. Most of these are devoted to Western music, the standard warhorses predominating—often to the extent of one work, such as the "Pathétique," being performed by two or three orchestras within one week. Unfortunately, little music of Japanese composers is performed.

The best of the four major symphony orchestras concertizing regularly in the Tokyo area is the Konoye Symphony, founded and conducted by Hidemaro Konoye, a brilliant conductor who conducted and recorded with the Berlin Philharmonic in former years. Another excellent organization, though not comparable to the major American or European orchestras, is Radio Tokyo's NHK Symphony, which has given some fine broadcasts and concerts under Kurt Wöss's direction. Mr. Wöss, known to American collectors through his Remington recordings, is one of the few conductors to play twentieth-century music. (The other conductors—with the exception of Hideo Saito, who conducted the Tokyo Symphony in a few modern works, including Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra—have been content to remain in the well-worn path of Beethoven and Tchaikovsky.) The Tokyo Symphony is a capable orchestra; the Tokyo Philharmonic is, regrettably, not equal to any of the other three.

Yehudi Menuhin was the first foreign artist to visit Japan since the war's end and was jubilantly received by the Japanese. His phenomenal success paved the way for other artists, and Helen Traubel, the next to concertize in Japan, received a like welcome. Her warm personality, as well as her beautiful singing of lieder and operatic excerpts, endeared her to the public.

The next visitor—and most interesting to American record collectors—was the German baritone Gerhard Hüsch, who toured Japan for three months at the invitation of the Nippon Broadcasting Co. Rather than present programs of miscellaneous lieder, he sang the three Schubert lieder cycles,

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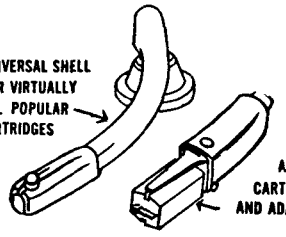

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"Dichterliebe," the "Vier Ernste Gesänge" of Brahms, and groups of Wolf and Strauss. In these performances, the pianist was Manfred Gurlitt, conductor of the Fujiwara Opera and a familiar name to those who remember the Polydor and Odeon issues of twenty-odd years ago. With the NHK Symphony, Hüsch also performed the "Kindertotenlieder," a group of Handel arias, and a Bach cantata. His voice no longer has all the velvety richness to be heard in the prewar HMV recordings, but it is still a beautiful one, despite the passage of time, and as artfully used as ever. In addition to these recitals, Hüsch gave the flimsy operatic structure of Japan a shot in the arm by appearing in seven performances of the Fujiwara Opera Co. Both his Wolfram in "Tannhäuser" and his Don Giovanni were consummate conceptions, superbly sung—though his Don is a somewhat supercilious figure.

A large share of the credit for these performances must go to Manfred Gurlitt's conducting. It is clear that he also had a share in making Lehmann's old "Fidelio" disc the classic it is. (The performances, incidentally, were in Japanese, with Hüsch singing in German.)

The fall season got under way with the appearances of the Budapest Quartet. Chamber music is not as popular here as other forms (I have not encountered a single Japanese quartet), but all concerts were sold out. The tour was not completed, though, due to Josef Rosiman's sprained wrist. The next visitor will be Alfred Cortot, whose ten concerts in Tokyo were sold out within twelve hours—even before all programs had been announced. Later in the season, Tokyo will hear Walter Gieseking, Pierre Fournier, and Marian Anderson. There is also a rumored possibility that the New York Opera Company will reciprocate the Fujiwara's current visit to the States.

FOR the record collector, Japan is truly a paradise. The Japanese catalogues abound with discs long out of print in the U.S. and Europe. Most of Elisabeth Schumann's lieder discs, as well as many Elena Gerhardt's and Lotte Lehmann's, are available. Other vocal rarities include two recordings of "Dichterliebe": the classic Panzéra-Cortot and Hüsch; Ivogün's "Fledermaus" Czardas, and many of Panzéra's French recordings (including the "Damnation of Faust" album with Coppola conducting).

Non-vocal items include some of the concertos Fritz Kreisler recorded in Berlin with Leo Blech in the late Twenties and Bach Suites by Casals (who is also represented in his trio

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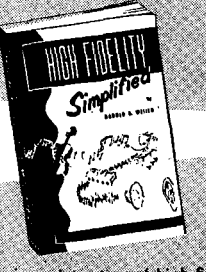

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recordings with Cortot and Thibaud). All the Cortot-Thibaud Sonata recordings are available, as well as most of Cortot's Schumann and Chopin, and the great " Kreutzer" Sonata by Hubermann and Friedmann.

The monthly lists include both recent and older recordings. In one month you may find Victoria de los Angeles and a fifteen-year-old Mozart concerto by Schnabel. The visits of foreign artists always produce a rash of their records. Menuhin's visit resulted in the formation of a "New Menuhin Recording Society" to reissue many of his early recordings and some Beethoven sonatas he made in Japan. Many of Hüsch's early Odeon Mozart discs, some Electrolas, and the "Winterreisse" were issued by Nippon Victor and Columbia to coincide with his visit.

Whenever possible, Nippon Victor tries to record all Victor artists appearing in Japan. In the case of Hüsch, they succeeded admirably, recording a complete "Schwanengesang" by one of the outstanding lieder singers of our time. Through the courtesy of Mr. Matsuoka of Nippon Victor, I was able to hear the original tapes. Vocally, they are an outstanding achievement. Manfred Gurlitt's accompaniments, however, are played on an unresonant piano and in some songs relegated to the background. Still, it is remarkable to have this recording after all these years, and from so unlikely a source. Perhaps RCA can be persuaded to issue this on LP —as well as the other Wolf and Strauss lieder and Bach "Kreutzstab" Cantata that Hüsch recorded here.

Some of the greatest finds the collector may encounter in Japan are hidden in dusty second-hand shops. Here one may stumble across almost anything. I have found Strauss's "Serenade" by Nordica, the Kreisler-Rachmaninoff sonata records, a couple of acoustic Toscanini, Strauss, and Nikisch discs, and Wolf's "Heimweh" sung by Gerhardt, with Nikisch at the piano.

LP's are being sold by both majors in Japan. But at 2,700 yen ($7.50) the price is quite steep for a Japanese who makes some 18,000 ($50) per month. But the market is increasing, for Columbia is already pressing them in Japan, and Victor expects to press its own within a few months. Despite their comparatively high prices, Japanese are still buying as many discs as they bought before the war, when Japan ranked close to the U.S. in sales. And it is gratifying to learn that the classics pay their way over here, for Victor is selling more classical discs than pop tunes.

—Gary Thalheimer.

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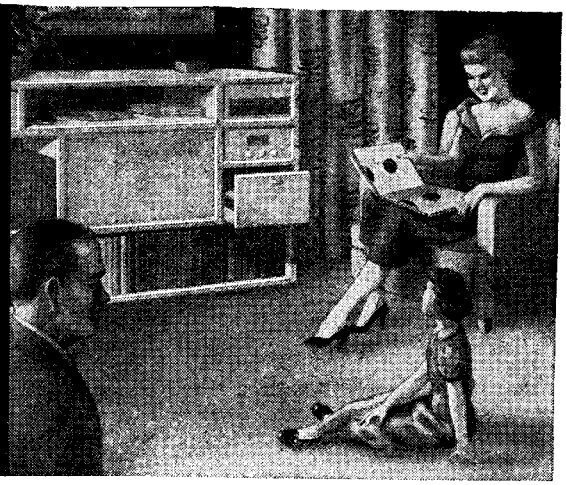

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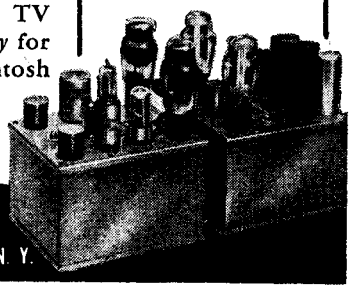

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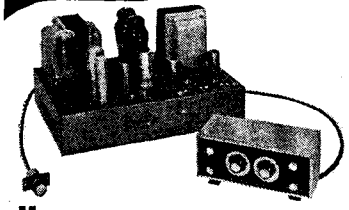

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HITS AND MISSES

THERE are solid values this month, in quantity and from various traditions:

"The Merry Widow" is with us again in a fine new film version, and the long-player manufacturers seem to be keeping gay pace. The most interesting version to me is the complete, original 1907 score with Dorothy Kirsten as the Widow, Robert Rounseville as Prince Danilo, and the orchestra and chorus under Lehman Engel (Columbia ML 4666, $5.45). Kirsten is quite up to the charming job. Perhaps Rounseville, excellent voice that he has, does not exactly convey the dynamic rounder who spent so much time snapping garters at Maxim's. He seems a little moony and wan for the part. But I will overlook this flaw of interpretation for the sake of the many delicious Leharesque details of the score which have disappeared from subsequent presentations of the operetta, and for the generally warm Viennese treatment of music which is often given too brittle and shallow an accent. From the sound track of the new film, on the other hand, comes a selection of Danilo's songs as rendered by the Argentine star Fernando Lamas. The numbers are "Night," "Can Can," "Gypsy Music," "Merry Widow Waltz," "Girls, Girls, Girls," "Maxim's," and "Vilia" (M-G-M E157, $3). And here my comment takes almost exactly the reverse tack. For while Lamas is every inch a vigorous, ingratiating, champagne-swilling Danilo, the whole orchestral setting in which he works is very American—that is to say, a little overly hard and brilliant, lacking the Austrian graces and tenderness which, we can be sure from his wonderful final recordings, the composer himself intended. But no one will accuse Lamas and his supporters of failing to provide a rousing, masculine account of these great songs.

There is a new long-player of songs by the robustly endearing little Parisienne, Edith Piaf. Called "Encores Parisiennes" it includes "Jezebel," "Padam, Padam," "La Chanson de Catherine," "Une Enfant," "Je Hais les Dimanches," "Chante-Moi," "Plus Bleu que Tes Yeux," and "Pleure Pas." The gamut here, as usual, is wide and suggests, as ever, that the wonderfully tough *and* sensitive artist has been around a great deal in the city of Paris and the province of the emotions. It seems impossible that anyone susceptible to French café music should not already know her work.

It is a good month for jazz piano fans. Ralph Sutton is back with a program of beauties, played with the lyric pertinence and rhythmic rock of a man who, as much as anyone, can claim the mantle of the late Fats Waller (Circle L 413, $3.85). Sutton offers two numbers of James P. Johnson's—"Fascination" and "A Flat Dream"—plus two of Waller's—"African Ripples" and "Sugar Rose." And there are "I'm Coming Virginia," "Love Me or Leave Me," and superb performances of two much neglected items, Duke Ellington's "Drop Me Off at Harlem" and Wood & Lopez's "Bees Knees." To repeat a favorite thesis of this department: the common notion that the *theme* upon which jazz improvisers work doesn't matter, that it is only the quality of the improvising that matters, is all poppycock. Any fairly decent musical sensibility will hear the theme like a counter-melody even if it isn't being played, and there is manifestly a difference in the melodic value of themes. Let us encourage the good and spurn the bad. Eddie Heywood, a pianist whose simplification, clarity, and poise have long delighted me, has a new collection of solos on what I should call a highly superior list of themes: "If Dreams Come True," "Perdido," "Stormy Weather," "Chlo-e" (I really don't care for that one—too theatrical), "Memories of You," "Cheek to Cheek," "Stompin' at the Savoy," and "It's Easy to Remember" (M-G-M E135, $3).

I THINK this column has seldom if ever paused to remark on the great virtues of the alto saxophonist Johnny Hodges. A wonderfully buoyant, riding soloist with Duke Ellington in the early days, he became in later years less notable for airy exuberance than for his grand mastery of a suavely pure *andante* or *adagio* mood. His worst things in this vein were rather slick and oily; his best were very fine music making; but the line between them was always so narrow that it was easy to see how Hodges could cross it. I have now a long-playing reissue of some of Hodges's finest sides in the manner referred to, made in 1940 and 1941 with Duke Ellington and certain other companions of the Ellington days, including the late bassist Jimmy Blanton, drummer Sonny Greer, trombonist Lawrence Brown, and

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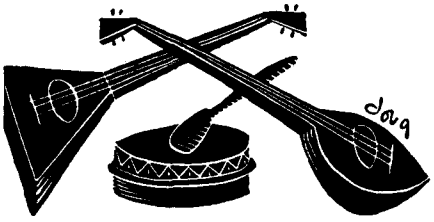
baritone saxophonist Harry Carney. The numbers, mostly arranged by Hodges, Ellington, or Billy Strayhorn, are "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," "Squaty Doo," "That's the Blues Old Man," "Good Queen Bess," "Day Dream," "Junior Hop," "Passion Flower," and "Going Out the Back Way" (RCA Victor LPT 3000, $3.15). This is elegant music, and with his present large and talented band Hodges has recently made an ingratiating "Tea for Two" (Mercury 8991, 89¢).

Probably the most brilliant of all "modern" jazz trombonists is Bill Harris, a staggering technician on both slide and valve trombones and a highly lyric improviser to boot. For some time now my favorite work of his has been his soaring solo on Woody Herman's middle-Forties recording of



Ralph Burns's splendid jazz rumba, "Bijou." Now, with his own band, Harris has made another disc of the same number (Mercury 8997, 89¢) and it is probably not at all remarkable to find his solo utterly different. He has come down out of the higher registers to trombone earth, where he is also very persuasive in what it is tempting to call a more sensual way. I am really not given to seeing specific images with music, but if, in the first version, Harris sounded enraptured, in the second he sounds enmeshed. On the other side, in a violent matter called "Poogerini," he shoots the trombone in staccato style as few men have ever been able. I am frankly never entirely sure whether he is on slide or valve, but hope he continues to assail both instruments.

The Latin-American department will settle this month for a smashing big-band mamba called "San Juan" by Noro Morales and his orchestra (M-G-M 11299, 89¢) and Dixieland service is maintained with the recommendation of a long-player by Wild Bill Davison and his springy new combination. The leader's cornet is backed by Eph Resnick, trombone; Joe Barry, clarinet; Charlie Traeger, bass; Eddie Phyfe, drums; and Dean Dewberry, piano. The tunes are mostly long-time hot favorites. I was not particularly impressed by Helen Ward's two vocals and I could wish that the skilfully elaborate trombone of Resnick was simpler, in keeping with the other players. But the band moves with traditional ease and grace.

—Wilder Hobson.

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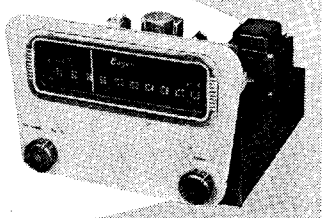

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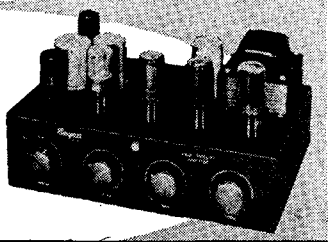

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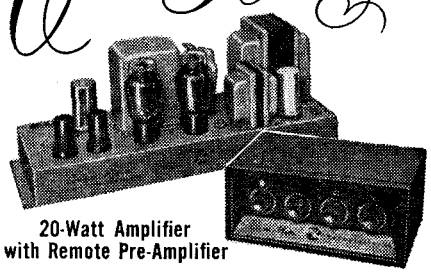

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George Byron

COLUMBIA'S show-score revivals have given us most of the meat from such great shows as "Babes in Arms" (ML 4488), "Pal Joey" (ML 4364), and "Girl Crazy" (ML 4475), but what of the many great tunes that went under with flop shows?

Desto Records apparently has rediscovered a batch of these, with the help of the composers themselves. Several months ago we commended the personally selected program of favorites by the late Jerome Kern interpreted by an excellent baritone, George Byron (Desto D-501). Now we have Mr. Byron's program of RE-DISCOVERED SONGS BY GEORGE AND IRA GERSHWIN (Desto D-502), and word has been received that the singer already has taped his Rodgers-Hart and Cole Porter packages, to be issued early in 1953. The current issue of Gershwin includes seven of the eight songs that appeared in a General album by the same Byron more than a decade ago. Mr. Byron's voice is at least as good in these new, vastly improved recordings. The single substitution—of the posthumous "Back Bay Polka" (from "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," 1945) for the atypical "Jolly Tar and the Milkmaid" (from "Damsel in Distress")—was suggested by Ira Gershwin, who also annotated the program. The "Polka" is angular and modern, with a lyric that anticipated the devastating "Boston Beguine" (from "New Faces of 1952") by at least seven years. "Back Bay Polka" is one of Byron's most successful interpretations.

Ira's co-billing has never been more justly merited. The most underrated of our top lyricists is certainly his brother's full partner in this collection. The evidence is here in a tender, satirical "Blah, Blah, Blah" (from "Delicious," 1931), in the naughty "Lorelei" (from "Pardon My English," 1932), and the nonsensical "I Love to Rhyme" (from "Goldwyn Follies," 1938). One of Gershwin's greatest, the waltz "By Strauss" (from "The Show Is On," 1936, and revived in "An American in Paris," 1951) is included, along with a couple of lovely, literate ballads. Byron's accompanist is the bright young pianist Dick Hyman, who has somehow managed to make modern jazz backgrounds sound as though Gershwin himself had arranged them. The Byron-Hyman collaboration on "The Half of It Dearie Blues" (from "Lady Be Good," 1924) is worth the price of the entire disc. —BILL SIMON.

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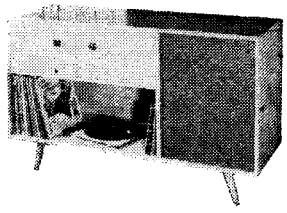

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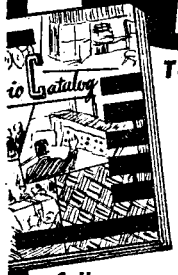

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

In Praise of the VSO

▶ A FEW WORDS OF PRAISE are owing a certain European orchestra whose LP's of immense quantities of music have been giving me (and, I suspect, a great many others) considerable listening pleasure. I refer, of course, to the Vienna Symphony Orchestra.

Despite the dull recording and wooden conducting on some issues, it seems remarkable to me that so much of the wide range of music this orchestra has taped (after all, Corelli to Milhaud is quite a jump!) has sounded so well on discs. This is even more remarkable considering that extensive commitments on the part of the VSO to a myriad of U.S. and foreign companies have resulted in records appearing by that organization with no less than twenty-four different conductors. Add to this the recent burdens of the Vienna International Music Congress, the ISCM Festival in Salzburg, and the much less publicized work being done for the American Recording Society, and you have quite a staggering schedule for an orchestra which was represented here before the war by only a few hack jobs on Columbia plus a wisp of Bruckner on RCA Victor.

There seems no more eloquent tribute to the manifold virtues of this orchestra's playing than the recent announcement of the exclusive contract between the VSO and the Philips-U.S. Columbia combine. The Vienna Symphony may not have the precision of our big-salaried domestic orchestras, but it does have what the latter often lack: genuine enthusiasm and spontaneity of performance.

ROBERT F. DUGUAY

Hartford, Conn.

Advice on Hi-Fi

▶ I AM CONTEMPLATING improving my set in the near future with the purchase of high-fidelity cartridges and a good pickup and turntable. I would like to know what your recommendations might be along this line.

ROBERT RUDOLPH.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A book is required to answer this kind of query, not a sentence or two. "The Saturday Review Home Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction" (published by Prentice-Hall) expounds our present thinking on the subject of high-fidelity equipment.*

In Cortot's Corner

▶ ROLAND GELATT'S comment on Alfred Cortot [*SR* Aug. 30] struck a responsive chord. I am a young man whose record collection dates back only to the early Forties, yet I am well acquainted with the art of Cortot. I have spent many hours combing record shops for out-of-the-way records by him, most of which (if not all!) are now out of the catalogues. Though most of these are old, they are still adequate of sound and are treasurable examples of his art. Many of Cortot's later recordings were never issued domestically (for instance the wartime French recording of the Chopin Etudes, Opus 10 & 25). Can't some effort be made to induce RCA Victor to reissue some of the best of his earlier performances and to bring to us some of his later ones from foreign sources in the LP format?

FRED A. WILD.

Belleville, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *RCA needs no inducing. Another Cortot LP, this one devoted to postwar recordings of Chopin, is due for release later this year.*

Characteristics Characterized

▶ SINCE THE RECORDING companies insist on being arbitrary about their recording characteristics, even changing them within their own output, it would seem fitting that they give music-lovers who use record compensators a "break." One procedure that would dispense with switching the compensator from one position to another in search of the correct setting would be for them to print on the record envelope the turnover point they happen to be using at the time. A simple designation, say on the lower left hand corner of the envelope, would be a great aid.

STANLEY SLOME.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Broken Jackets

▶ MANY JACKETS, at least 50 per cent I would say, are broken in transit, many of them too badly to be repaired sufficiently well to permit their use. To secure replacement jackets is next to impossible. This is a situation which is quite important to those who order LP records and should be rectified.

IRA D. BLOOM.

Little Rock, Ark.

The Philadelphia Stokowski

▶ HAVE YOU ANY information as to whether RCA Victor will issue on LP the Stokowski-Philadelphia Orchestra recording of Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony?

RAPHAEL R. HALEY.

Houston, Texas.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *LP reissues of the Stokowski-Philadelphia recordings are in the works. Glière's "Ilya Mourometz" Symphony is set for early 1953 release. No decision as yet on the Shostakovich Fifth, however.*

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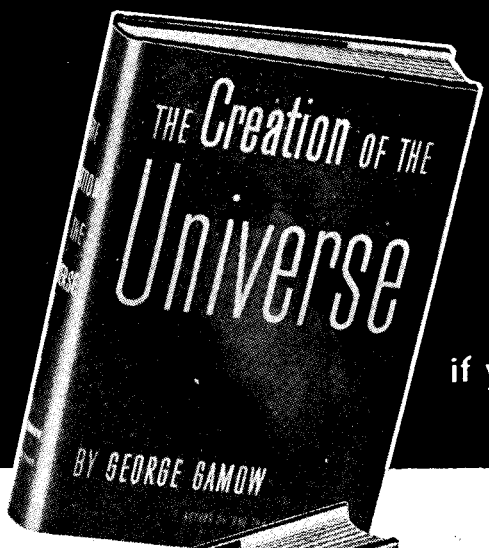

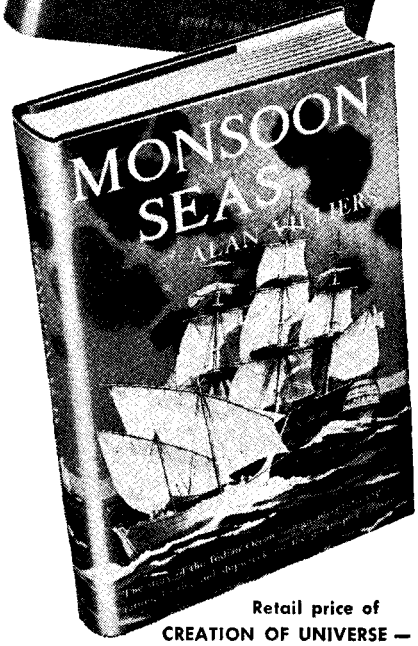

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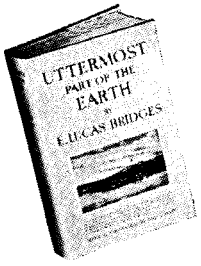

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